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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

XXIII.

WHEN the down express arrived at Stillwater, that night, two passengers stepped from the rear car to the platform: one was Richard Shackford, and the other a commercial traveler, whose acquaintance Richard had made the previous evening on the Fall River boat.

There were no hacks in waiting at the station, and Richard found his politeness put to a severe test when he saw himself obliged to pilot his companion part of the way to the hotel, which lay — it seemed almost maliciously — in a section of the town remote from the Slocums'. Curbing his impatience, Richard led the stranger through several crooked, unlighted streets, and finally left him at the corner of the main thoroughfare, within pistol-shot of the red glass lantern which hung over the door of the tavern. This cost Richard ten good minutes. As he hurriedly turned into a cross-street on the left, he fancied that he heard his name called several times from somewhere in the darkness. A man came running towards him. It was Mr. Peters.

"Can I say a word to you, Mr. Shackford?"

"If it is n't a long one. I am rather pressed."

"It is about Torrini, sir."

"What of him?"

"He's mighty bad, sir."

"Oh, I can't stop to hear that," and Richard quickened his pace.

"The doctor took off his hand last Wednesday," said Peters, keeping alongside, "and he's been getting worse and worse."

Richard halted. "Took off his hand?"

"Did n't you know he was caught in the rolling-machine at Dana's? Well, it was after you went away."

"This is the first I've heard of it."

"It was hard lines for him, sir, with the woman and the two children, and nothing to eat in the house. The boys in the yard have done what they could, but with the things from the drug-store, and so on, we couldn't hold up our end. Mr. Dana paid the doctor's bill but if it had n't been for Miss Slocum I don't know what would have happened. I thought may be if I spoke to you, and told you how it was" —

"Did Torrini send you?"

"Lord, no! He's too proud to send to anybody. He's been so proud since they took off his hand that there has been no doing anything with him. If they was to take off his leg, he would turn into one mass of pride. No, Mr. Shackford, I came of myself."

"Where does Torrini live, now?"

"In Mitchell's Alley."

"I will go along with you," said Richard, with a dogged air. It seemed as if the fates were determined to keep him from seeing Margaret that night. Peters reached out a hand to take Richard's leather bag. "No, thanks, I can carry it very well." In a small morocco case in one of the pockets was a heavy plain gold ring for Margaret, and not for anything in the world would Richard have allowed any one else to carry the bag.

After a brisk five minutes' walk the two emerged upon a broad street crossing their path at right angles. All the shops were closed except Stubbs the provision dealer's and Dundon's drug-store. In the window of the apothecary a great purple jar, with a spray of gas jets behind it, was flaring on the darkness like a Bengal light. Richard stopped at the provision store and made some purchases; a little further on he halted at a fruit stand, kept by an old crone, who had supplemented the feeble flicker of the corner street-lamp with a pitch-pine torch, which cast a yellow bloom over her apples and turned them all into oranges. She had real oranges, however, and Richard selected half a dozen, with a confused idea of providing the little Italians with some national fruit, though both children had been born in Stillwater.

Then the pair resumed their way, Peters acting as pioneer. They soon passed beyond the region of sidewalks and curbstones, and began picking their steps through a narrow, humid lane, where the water lay in slimy pools, and the tenement houses on each side blotched out the faint starlight. The night was sultry, and door and casement stood wide, making pits of darkness. Few lights were visible, but a continuous hum of voices issued from the human hives, and now and then a transient red glow at an upper window showed that

some one was smoking a pipe. This was Mitchell's Alley.

The shadows closed behind the two men as they moved forward, and neither was aware of the figure which had been discreetly following for the last ten minutes. If Richard had suddenly wheeled and gone back a dozen paces, he would have come face to face with the commercial traveler.

Mr. Peters paused in front of one of the tenement houses, and motioned with his thumb over his shoulder for Richard to follow him through a yawning doorway. The hall was as dark as a cave, and full of stale, moldy odors. Peters shuffled cautiously along the bare boards until he kicked his toe against the first step of the staircase.

"Keep close to the wall, Mr. Shackford, and feel your way up. They've used the banisters for kindling, and the landlord says he shan't put in any more. I went over here, the other night," added Mr. Peters reminiscentially.

After fumbling several seconds for the latch, Mr. Peters pushed open a door, and ushered Richard into a large, gloomy rear room. A kerosene lamp was burning dimly on the mantel-shelf, over which hung a coarsely-colored lithograph of the Virgin in a pine frame. Under the picture stood a small black crucifix. There was little furniture, — a cooking-stove, two or three stools, a broken table, and a chest of drawers. On an iron bedstead in the corner lay Torrini, muffled to the chin in a blanket, despite the hot midsummer night. His right arm, as if it were wholly disconnected with his body, rested in a splint on the outside of the covering. As the visitors entered, a tall, dusky woman with blurred eyes rose from a low bench at the foot of the bed.

"Is he awake?" asked Peters.

The woman, who comprehended the glance which accompanied the words, though not the words themselves, nodded yes.

"Here is Mr. Shackford come to see you, Torrini," Peters said.

The man slowly unclosed his eyes; they were unnaturally brilliant and dilated, and seemed to absorb the rest of his features.

"I did n't want him."

"Let by-gones be by-gones, Torrini," said Richard, approaching the bedside. "I am sorry about this."

"You are very good; I don't understand. I ask nothing of Slocum; but the signorina comes every day, and I cannot help it. What would you have? I'm a dead man," and he turned away his face.

"It is not so bad as that," said Richard.

Torrini looked up with a ghastly smile. "They have cut off the hand that struck you, Mr. Shackford."

"I suppose it was necessary. I am very sorry. In a little while you will be on your feet again."

"It is too late. They might have saved me by taking the arm, but I would not allow them. I may last three or four days. The doctor says it."

Peters, standing in the shadow, jerked his head affirmatively.

"I do not care for myself," the man continued, — "but she and the little ones — That is what maddens me. They will starve."

"They will not be let starve in Stillwater," said Richard.

Torrini turned his eyes upon him wistfully and doubtfully. "You will help them?"

"Yes, I and others."

"If they could be got to Italy," said Torrini, after meditating, "it would be well. Her father," giving a side look at the woman, "is a fisherman of Capri." At the word Capri the woman lifted her head quickly. "He is not rich, but he's not poor; he would take her."

"You would wish her sent to Naples?"

"Yes."

"If you do not pull through, she and the children shall go there."

"Brigida!" called Torrini; then he said something rapidly in Italian to the woman, who buried her face in both hands, and did not reply.

"She has no words to thank you. See, she is tired to death, with the children all day and me all night, — these many nights."

"Tell her to go to bed in the other room," said Richard. "There's another room, is n't there? I'll sit with you."

"You?"

"Your wife is fagged out, — that is plain. Send her to bed, and don't talk any more. Peters, I wish you'd run and get a piece of ice somewhere; there's no drinking-water here. Come, now, Torrini, I can't speak Italian. Oh, I don't mind your scowling; I intend to stay."

Torrini slowly unknitted his brows, and an irresolute expression stole across his face; then he called Brigida, and bade her go in with the children. She bowed her head submissively, and fixing her melting eyes on Richard for an instant passed into the adjoining chamber.

Peters shortly reappeared with the ice, and after setting a jug of water on the table departed. Richard turned up the wick of the kerosene lamp, which was sending forth a disagreeable odor, and pinned an old newspaper around the chimney to screen the flame. He had, by an odd chance, made his lamp-shade out of a copy of *The Stillwater Gazette*, containing the announcement of his cousin's death. Richard gave a quick start as his eye caught the illuminated head-lines, — *Mysterious Murder of Lemuel Shackford!* Perhaps a slight exclamation escaped Richard's lips at the same time, for Torrini turned and asked what was the matter. "Nothing at all," said Richard, removing the paper, and placing another in its stead.

Then he threw open the blinds of the window looking on the back yard, and set his hand-bag against the door to prevent it being blown to by the draught. Torrini, without altering the rigid position of his head on the pillow, followed every movement with a look of curious insistence, like that of the eyes in a portrait. His preparations completed for the night, Richard seated himself on a stool at the foot of the bed.

The obscurity and stillness of the room had their effect upon the sick man, who presently dropped into a light sleep. Richard sat thinking of Margaret, and began to be troubled because he had neglected to send her word of his detention, which he might have done by Peters. It was now too late. The town clock struck ten in the midst of his self-reproaches. At the first clang of the bell, Torrini awoke with a start, and asked for water.

"If anybody comes," he said, glancing in a bewildered, anxious way at the shadows huddled about the door, "you are not to leave me alone with him."

"Him? Whom? Are you expecting any one?"

"No; but who knows? one might come. Then, you are not to go; you are not to leave me a second."

"I've no thought of it," replied Richard; "you may rest easy. . . . He's a trifle light in the head," was Richard's reflection.

After that Torrini dozed rather than slumbered, rousing at brief intervals; and whenever he awoke the feverish activity of his brain incited him to talk, — now of Italy, and now of matters connected with his experiences in this country.

"Naples is a pleasant place!" he broke out in the hush of the midnight, just as Richard was dropping off. "The band plays every afternoon on the Chiaia. And then the *festas*, — every third day a festa. The devil was in my body when I left there and dragged lit-

tle Brigida into all this misery. We used to walk of an evening along the Marinella, — that's a strip of beach just beyond the Molo Piccolo. You were never in Naples?"

"Not I," said Richard. "Here, wet your lips, and try to go to sleep again."

"No, I can't sleep for thinking. When the signorina came to see me, the other day, her heart was pierced with pity. Like the blessed Madonna's, her bosom bleeds for all! You will let her come to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes! If you will only keep quiet, Margaret shall come."

"Margherita, we say. You are to wed her, — is it not so?"

Richard turned down the wick of the lamp, which was blazing and spluttering, and did not answer. Then Torrini lay silent a long while, apparently listening to the hum of the telegraph wires attached to one end of the roof. At odd intervals the freshening breeze swept these wires, and awoke a low æolian murmur. The moon rose in the mean time, and painted on the uncarpeted floor the shape of the cherry bough that stretched across the window. It was two o'clock; Richard sat with his head bent forward, in a drowse.

"Now the cousin is dead, you are as rich as a prince, — are you not?" inquired Torrini, who had lain for the last half hour with his eyes wide open in the moonlight.

Richard straightened himself with a jerk.

"Torrini, I positively forbid you to talk any more!"

"I remember you said that one day, somewhere. Where was it? Ah, in the yard! 'You can't be allowed to speak here, you know.' And then I struck at you, — with that hand they've taken away! See how I remember it!"

"Why do you bother your mind with such things? Think of just nothing at all, and rest. Perhaps a wet cloth on your forehead will refresh you. I wish

you had a little of my genius for not keeping awake."

"You are tired, you?"

"I have had two broken nights, traveling."

"And I give you no peace?"

"Well, no," returned Richard bluntly, hoping the admission would induce Torrini to tranquillize himself, "you don't give me much."

"Has any one been here?" demanded Torrini abruptly.

"Not a soul. Good Heaven, man, do you know what time it is?"

"I know, — I know. It's very late. I ought to keep quiet; but, the devil! with this fever in my brain! . . . Mr. Shackford!" and Torrini, in spite of his imprisoned limb, suddenly half raised himself from the mattress. "I — I" —

Richard sprung to his feet. "What is it, — what do you want?"

"Nothing," said Torrini falling back on the pillow.

Richard brought him a glass of water, which he refused. He lay motionless, with his eyes shut, as if composing himself, and Richard returned on tiptoe to his bench. A moment or two afterwards Torrini stirred the blanket with his foot.

"Mr. Shackford!"

"Well?"

"I am as grateful — as a dog."

Torrini did not speak again. This expression of his gratitude appeared to ease him. His respiration grew lighter and more regular, and by and by he fell into a profound sleep. Richard watched a while expectantly, with his head resting against the rail of the bedstead; then his eyelids drooped, and he too slumbered. But once or twice, before he quite lost himself, he was conscious of Brigida's thin face thrust like a silver wedge through the half-open door of the hall bedroom. It was the last thing he remembered, — that sharp, pale face peering out from the blackness of the inner chamber just as his grasp loosened

on the world and he drifted off on the tide of a dream. A narrow white hand, like a child's, seemed to be laid against his breast. It was not Margaret's hand, and yet it was hers. No, it was the plaster model he had made that idle summer afternoon, years and years before he had ever thought of loving her. Strange for it to be there! Then Richard began wondering how the gold ring would look on the slender forefinger. He unfastened the leather bag and took out the ring. He was vainly trying to pass it over the first joint of the dead white finger, when the cast slipped from his hold and fell with a crash to the floor. Richard gave a shudder, and opened his eyes. Brigida was noiselessly approaching Torrini's bedside. Torrini still slept. It was broad day. Through the uncurtained window Richard saw the blue sky barred with crimson.

XXIV.

"Richard did come home last night, after all," said Mr. Slocum, with a flustered air, seating himself at the breakfast table.

Margaret looked up quickly.

"I just met Peters on the street, and he told me," added Mr. Slocum.

"Richard returned last night, and did not come to us!"

"It seems that he watched with Torrini, — the man is going to die."

"Oh," said Margaret, cooling instantly. "That was like Richard; he never thinks of himself first. I would not have had him do differently. Last evening you were filled with I don't know what horrible suspicions, yet see how simply everything explains itself."

"If I could speak candidly, Margaret, if I could express myself without putting you into a passion, I would tell you that Richard's passing the night with that man has given me two or three ugly ideas."

"Positively, papa, you are worse than Mr. Taggett."

"I shall not say another word," replied Mr. Slocum. Then he unfolded the newspaper lying beside him, and constructed a barrier against further colloquy.

An hour afterwards, when Richard threw open the door of his private workshop, Margaret was standing in the middle of the room waiting for him. She turned with a little cry of pleasure, and allowed Richard to take her in his arms, and kept to the spirit and the letter of the promise she had made to herself. If there was an unwonted gravity in Margaret's manner, young Shackford was not keen enough to perceive it. All that morning, wherever he went, he carried with him a sense of Margaret's face resting for a moment against his shoulder, and the happiness of it rendered him wholly oblivious to the constrained and chilly demeanor of her father when they met. The interview was purposely cut short by Mr. Slocum, who avoided Richard the rest of the day with a persistency that must have ended in forcing itself upon his notice, had he not been so engrossed by the work which had accumulated during his absence.

Mr. Slocum had let the correspondence go to the winds, and a formidable collection of unanswered letters lay on Shackford's desk. The forenoon was consumed in reducing the pile and settling the questions that had risen in the shops, for Mr. Slocum had neglected everything. Richard was speedily advised of Blake's dismissal from the yard, but, not knowing what explanation had been offered, was unable to satisfy Stevens's curiosity on the subject. "I must see Slocum about that at once," reflected Richard; but the opportunity did not occur, and he was too much pressed to make a special business of it.

Mr. Slocum, meanwhile, was in a wretched state of suspense and apprehension. Justice Beemis's clerk had

served some sort of legal paper — presumably a subpoena — on Richard, who had coolly read it in the yard under the gaze of all, and given no sign of discomposure beyond a momentary lifting of the eyebrows. Then he had carelessly thrust the paper into one of his pockets and continued his directions to the men. Clearly he had as yet no suspicion of the mine that was ready to be sprung under his feet.

Shortly after this little incident, which Mr. Slocum had witnessed from the window of the counting-room, Richard spoke a word or two to Stevens, and quitted the yard. Mr. Slocum dropped into the carving department.

"Where is Mr. Shackford, Stevens?"

"He has gone to Mitchell's Alley, sir. Said he'd be away an hour. Am I to say he was wanted?"

"No," replied Mr. Slocum, hastily; "any time will do. You needn't mention that I inquired for him," and Mr. Slocum returned to the counting-room.

Before the hour expired he again distinguished Richard's voice in the workshops, and the cheery tone of it was a positive affront to Mr. Slocum. Looking back to the week prior to the tragedy in Welch's Court, he recollected Richard's unaccountable dejection; he had had the air of a person meditating some momentous step, — the pallor, the set face, and the introspective eye. Then came the murder, and Richard's complete prostration. Mr. Slocum in his own excitement had noted it superficially at the time, but now he recalled the young man's inordinate sorrow, and it seemed rather like remorse. Was his present immobile serenity the natural expression of an untroubled conscience, or the manner of a man whose heart had suddenly ossified, and was no longer capable of throbbing with its guilt? Richard Shackford was rapidly becoming an awful problem to Mr. Slocum.

Since the death of his cousin, Richard had not been so much like his former

self. He appeared to have taken up his cheerfulness at the point where he had dropped it three weeks before. If there were any weight resting on his mind, he bore it lightly, with a kind of careless defiance.

In his visit that forenoon to Mitchell's Alley he had arranged for Mrs. Morganson, his cousin's old housekeeper, to watch with Torrini the ensuing night. This left Richard at liberty to spend the evening with Margaret, and finish his correspondence. Directly after tea he repaired to the studio, and, lighting the German student-lamp, fell to work on the letters. Margaret, came in shortly with a magazine, and seated herself near the round table at which he was writing. She had dreaded this evening; it could scarcely pass without some mention of Mr. Taggett, and she had resolved not to speak of him. If Richard questioned her it would be very distressing. How could she tell Richard that Mr. Taggett accused him of the murder of his cousin, and that her own father half believed the accusation? No, she could never acknowledge that.

For nearly an hour the silence of the room was interrupted only by the scratching of Richard's pen and the rustling of the magazine as Margaret turned the leaf. Now and then he looked up and caught her eye, and smiled, and went on with his task. It was a veritable return of the old times. Margaret became absorbed in the story she was reading, and forgot her uneasiness. Her left hand rested on the pile of answered letters, to which Richard added one at intervals, she mechanically lifting her palm and replacing it on the fresh manuscript. Presently Richard observed this movement, and smiled in secret at the slim white hand unconsciously making a paper-weight of itself. He regarded it covertly for a moment, and then his disastrous dream occurred to him. There should be no mistake this time. He drew the small morocco case

from his pocket, and leaning across the table slipped the ring on Margaret's finger.

Margaret gave a bewildered start, and then seeing what Richard had done held out her hand to him with a gracious, impetuous little gesture.

"I meant to give it you this morning," he said, pressing his lip to the ring, "but the daylight did not seem fine enough for it."

"I thought you had forgotten," said Margaret, slowly turning the band on her finger.

"The first thing I did in New York was to go to a jeweler's for this ring, and since then I have guarded it day and night as dragonishly as if it had been the Koh-i-noor diamond, or some inestimable gem which hundreds of envious persons were lying in wait to wrest from me. Walking the streets with this trinket in my possession, I have actually had a sense of personal insecurity. I seemed to invite general assault. That was being very sentimental, was it not?"

"Yes, perhaps."

"That small piece of gold meant so much to me."

"And to me," said Margaret. "Have you finished your letters?"

"Not yet. I shall be through in ten minutes, and then we'll have the evening to ourselves."

Richard hurriedly resumed his writing, and Margaret turned to her novel again; but the interest had faded out of it; the figures had grown threadbare and indistinct, like the figures in a piece of old tapestry, and after a moment or two the magazine glided with an unnoticed flutter into the girl's lap. She sat absently twirling the gold loop on her finger.

Richard added the address to the final envelope, dried it with the blotter, and abruptly shut down the lid of the inkstand with an air of as great satisfaction as if he had been the fisherman in

the Arabian story corking up the wicked afrite. With his finger still pressing the leaden cover, as though he were afraid the imp of toil would get out again, he was suddenly impressed by the fact that he had seen very little of Mr. Slocum that day.

"I have hardly spoken to him," he reflected. "Where is your father, to-night?"

"He has a headache," said Margaret. "He went to his room immediately after supper."

"It is nothing serious, of course."

"I fancy not; papa is easily excited, and he has had a great deal to trouble him lately, — the strike, and all that."

"I wonder if Taggett has been bothering him."

"I dare say Mr. Taggett has bothered him."

"You knew of his being in the yard?"

"Not while he was here. Papa told me yesterday. I think Mr. Taggett was scarcely the person to render much assistance."

"Then he has found out nothing whatever?"

"Nothing important."

"But anything? Trifles are of importance in a matter like this. Your father never wrote me a word about Taggett."

"Mr. Taggett has made a failure of it, Richard."

"If nothing new has transpired, then I do not understand the summons I received to-day."

"A summons!"

"I've the paper somewhere. No, it is in the pocket of my other coat. I take it there is to be a consultation of some kind at Justice Beemis's office to-morrow."

"I am very glad," said Margaret, with her face brightening. To-morrow would lift the cloud which had spread itself over them all, and was pressing down so heavily on one unconscious head. To-

morrow Richard's innocence should shine forth and confound Mr. Taggett. A vague bitterness rose in Margaret's heart as she thought of her father. "Let us talk of something else," she said, brusquely breaking her pause; "let us talk of something pleasant."

"Of ourselves, then," suggested Richard, banishing the shadow which had gathered in his eyes at his first mention of Mr. Taggett's name.

"Of ourselves," repeated Margaret gayly.

"Then you must give me your hand," stipulated Richard, drawing his chair closer to hers.

"There!" said Margaret.

While this was passing, Mr. Slocum, in the solitude of his chamber, was vainly attempting to solve the question whether he had not disregarded all the dictates of duty and common sense in allowing Margaret to spend the evening alone with Richard Shackford. Mr. Slocum saw one thing with painful distinctness, — that he could not help himself.

XXV.

The next morning Mr. Slocum did not make his appearance in the marble yard. His half-simulated indisposition of the previous night had turned into a genuine headache, of which he perhaps willingly availed himself to remain in his room, for he had no desire to see Richard Shackford that day.

It was an hour before noon. Up to that moment Richard had been engaged in reading and replying to the letters received by the morning's mail, a duty which usually fell to Mr. Slocum. As Richard stepped from the office into the yard a small boy thrust a note into his hand, and then stood off a short distance, tranquilly boring with one toe in the loose gravel, and apparently waiting for an answer. Shackford hastily ran his eye over the paper, and turning

towards the boy said, a little impatiently, —

“Tell him I will come at once.”

There was another person in Stillwater that forenoon whose agitation was scarcely less than Mr. Slocum's, though it greatly differed from it in quality. Mr. Slocum was alive to his finger-tips with dismay; Lawyer Perkins was boiling over with indignation. It was a complex indignation, in which astonishment and incredulity were nicely blended with a cordial detestation of Mr. Taggett and vague promptings to inflict some physical injury on Justice Beemis. That he, Melanchthon Perkins, the confidential legal adviser and personal friend of the late Lemuel Shackford, should have been kept for two weeks in profound ignorance of proceedings so nearly touching his lamented client! The explosion of the old lawyer's wrath was so unexpected that Justice Beemis, who had dropped in to make the disclosures and talk the matter over informally, clutched at his broad-brimmed Panama hat and precipitately retreated from the office.

Mr. Perkins walked up and down the worn green drugget of his private room for half an hour afterwards, collecting himself, and then dispatched a hurried note to Richard Shackford, requesting an instant interview with him at his, Lawyer Perkins's, chambers.

When, some ten minutes subsequently, Richard entered the low-studded square room, darkened with faded moreen curtains and filled with a stale odor of law-calf, Mr. Perkins was seated at his desk and engaged in transferring certain imposing red-sealed documents to a green baize satchel which he held between his knees. He had regained his equanimity; his features wore their usual expression of judicial severity; nothing denoted his recent discomposure, except perhaps an additional wantonness in the stringy black hair falling over the high forehead, — that pallid high forehead

which always wore the look of being covered with cold perspiration.

“Mr. Shackford,” said Lawyer Perkins, suspending his operations a second, as he saluted the young man, “I suppose I have done an irregular thing in sending for you, but I did not see any other course open to me. I have been your cousin's attorney for over twenty-five years, and I've a great regard for you personally. That must justify the step I am taking.”

“The regard is mutual, I am sure,” returned Richard, rather surprised by this friendly overture, for his acquaintance with the lawyer had been of the slightest, though it had extended over many years. “My cousin had very few old friends, and I earnestly desire to have them mine. If I were in any trouble, there is no one to whom I would come so unhesitatingly as to you.”

“But you are in trouble.”

“Yes, my cousin's death was very distressing.”

“I do not mean that.” Mr. Perkins paused a full moment. “The district attorney has suddenly taken a deep interest in the case, and there is to be a rigorous overhauling of the facts. I am afraid it is going to be very unpleasant for you, Mr. Shackford.”

“How could it be otherwise?” asked Richard, tranquilly.

Lawyer Perkins fixed his black eyes on him. “Then you fully understand the situation, and can explain everything?”

“I wish I could. Unfortunately, I can explain nothing. I don't clearly see why I have been summoned to attend as a witness at the investigation to be held to-day in Justice Beemis's office.”

“You are unacquainted with any special reason why your testimony is wanted?”

“I cannot conceive why it should be required. I gave my evidence at the time of the inquest, and have nothing to add to it. Strictly speaking, I have had

of late years no relations with my cousin. During the last eighteen months we have spoken together but once."

"Have you had any conversation on this subject with Mr. Slocum since your return from New York?"

"No, I have had no opportunity. I was busy all day yesterday; he was ill in the evening, and is still confined to his room."

Mr. Perkins was manifestly embarrassed.

"That is unfortunate," he said. "I wish you had talked with Mr. Slocum. Of course you were taken into the secret of Taggett's presence in the marble yard?"

"Oh, yes; that was all arranged before I left home."

"You don't know the results of that manœuvre?"

"There were no results."

"On the contrary, Taggett claims to have made very important discoveries."

"Indeed! Why was I not told!"

"I can't quite comprehend Mr. Slocum's silence."

"What has Taggett discovered?"

"Several things, upon which he builds the gravest suspicions."

"Against whom?"

"Against you."

"Against me!" cried Richard, recoiling. The action was one altogether of natural amazement, and convinced Mr. Perkins, who had keenly watched the effect of his announcement, that young Shackford was being very hardly used.

Justice Beemis had given Mr. Perkins only a brief outline of the facts, and had barely touched on details when the old lawyer's anger had put an end to the conversation. His disgust at having been left out in the cold, though he was in no professional way concerned in the task of discovering the murderer of Lemuel Shackford, had caused Lawyer Perkins instantly to repudiate Mr. Taggett's action. "Taggett is a low, intriguing fellow," he had said to Justice

Beemis; "Taggett is a fraud." Young Shackford's ingenuous manner now confirmed Mr. Perkins in that belief.

Richard recovered himself in a second or two. "Why did not Mr. Slocum mention these suspicions to me?" he demanded.

"Perhaps he found it difficult to do so."

"Why should he find it difficult?"

"Suppose he believed them."

"But he could not believe them, whatever they are."

"Well, then, suppose he was not at liberty to speak."

"It seems that you are, Mr. Perkins, and you owe it to me to be explicit. What does Taggett suspect?"

Lawyer Perkins brooded a while before replying. His practice was of a miscellaneous sort, confined in the main to what is technically termed office practice. Though he was frequently engaged in small cases of assault and battery,—he could scarcely escape that in Stillwater,—he had never conducted an important criminal case; but when Lawyer Perkins looked up from his brief reverie, he had fully resolved to undertake the defense of Richard Shackford.

"I will tell you what Taggett suspects," he said slowly, "if you will allow me to tell you in my own way. I must ask you a number of questions."

Richard gave a half-impatient nod of assent.

"Where were you on the night of the murder?" inquired Lawyer Perkins, after a slight pause.

"I spent the evening at the Slocums', until ten o'clock; then I went home,—but not directly. It was moonlight, and I walked about, perhaps for an hour."

"Did you meet any one?"

"Not that I recollect. I walked out of town, on the turnpike."

"When you returned to your boarding-house, did you see any one?"

"No, I let myself in with a pass-key.

The family had retired, with the exception of Mr. Pinkham."

"Then you saw him?"

"No, but I heard him; he was playing on the flute at his chamber window, or near it. He always plays on the flute when he can't sleep."

"What o'clock was that?"

"It must have been after eleven."

"Your stroll was confined to the end of the town most remote from Welch's Court?"

"Yes; I just cruised around on the outskirts."

"I wish you had spoken with somebody that night."

"The streets were deserted. I was n't likely to meet persons on the turnpike."

"However, some one may have seen you without your knowing it?"

"Yes," said Richard curtly. He was growing restive under these interrogations, the drift of which was plain enough to be disagreeable. Moreover, Mr. Perkins had insensibly assumed the tone and air of a counsel cross-examining a witness on the other side. This nocturnal cruise, whose direction and duration were known only to young Shackford, struck Lawyer Perkins unpleasantly. He meditated a moment before putting the next question.

"Were you on good terms—I mean fairly good terms—with your cousin?"

"No," said Richard; "but the fault was not mine. He never liked me. As a child I annoyed him, I suppose, and when I grew up I offended him by running away to sea. My mortal offense, however, was accepting a situation in Slocum's yard. I have been in my cousin's house only twice in three years."

"When was the last time?"

"A day or two previous to the strike."

"As you were not in the habit of visiting the house, you must have had some purpose in going there. What was the occasion?"

Richard hung his head thoughtfully. "I went there to talk over family matters,—to inform him of my intended marriage with Margaret Slocum. I wanted his good-will and support. Mr. Slocum had offered to take me into the business. I thought that perhaps my cousin Lemuel, seeing how prosperous I was, would be more friendly to me."

"Did you wish him to lend you capital?"

"I didn't expect or wish him to; but there was some question of that."

"And he refused?"

"Rather brutally, if I may say so now."

"Was there a quarrel?"

Richard hesitated.

"Of course I don't press you," said Mr. Perkins, with some stiffness. "You are not on the witness stand."

"I began to think I was—in the prisoner's dock," answered Richard, smiling ruefully. "However, I have nothing to conceal. I hesitated to reply to you because it was painful for me to reflect that the last time I saw my cousin we parted in anger. He charged me with attempting to overreach him, and I left the house in indignation."

"That was the last time you saw him?"

"The last time I saw him alive."

"Was there any communication between you two after that?"

"No."

"None whatever?"

"None."

"Are you quite positive?"

"As positive as I can be that I live and have my senses."

Lawyer Perkins pulled a black strand of hair over his forehead, and remained silent for nearly a minute.

"Mr. Shackford, are you sure that your cousin did not write a note to you on the Monday preceding the night of his death?"

"He may have written a dozen, for all I know. I only know that I never

received a note or a letter from him in the whole course of my life."

"Then how do you account for the letter which has been found in your rooms in Lime Street, — a letter addressed to you by Lemuel Shackford, and requesting you to call at his house on that fatal Tuesday night?"

"I — I know nothing about it," stammered Richard. "There is no such paper!"

"It was in this office less than one hour ago," said Lawyer Perkins sternly. "It was brought here for me to identify Lemuel Shackford's handwriting. Justice Beemis has that paper."

"Justice Beemis has it!" exclaimed Richard.

"I have nothing more to say," observed Lawyer Perkins, reaching out his hand towards the green bag, as a sign that the interview was ended. "There were other points I wished to have some light thrown on; but I have gone far enough to see that it is useless."

"What more is there?" demanded Richard in a voice that seemed to come through a fog. "I insist on knowing! You suspect me of my cousin's murder?"

"Mr. Taggett does."

"And you?"

"I am speaking of Mr. Taggett."

"Well, go on, speak of him," said Richard desperately. "What else has he discovered?"

Mr. Perkins wheeled his chair round until he faced the young man.

"He has discovered in your workshop a chisel with a peculiar break in the edge, — a deep notch in the middle of the bevel. With that chisel Lemuel Shackford was killed."

Richard gave a perceptible start, and put his hand to his head, as if a sudden confused memory had set the temples throbbing.

"A full box of safety matches," continued Mr. Perkins, in a cold, measured

voice, as though he were demonstrating a mathematical problem, "contains one hundred matches. Mr. Taggett has discovered a box that contains only ninety-nine. The missing match was used that night in Welch's Court."

Richard stared at him blankly. "What can I say?" he gasped.

"Say nothing to me," returned Lawyer Perkins, hastily thrusting a handful of loose papers into the open throat of the green bag, which he garroted an instant afterwards with a thick black cord. Then he rose flurriedly from the chair. "I shall have to leave you; I've an appointment at the surrogate's."

The old man quitted the office without another word. Richard lingered a moment with his chin resting on his breast.

XXVI.

There was a fire in Richard's temples as he reeled out of Lawyer Perkins's office. It was now twelve o'clock, and the streets were thronged with the motley population disgorged by the various mills and workshops. Richard felt that every eye was upon him; he was conscious of something wild in his aspect that must needs attract the attention of the passers-by. At each step he half expected the leveling of some accusing finger. The pitiless sunshine seemed to single him out and stream upon him like a calcium light. It was intolerable. He must get away from this jostling crowd, this babel of voices. What should he do, where should he go? To return to the yard and face the workmen was not to be thought of; if he went to his lodgings he would be called to dinner, and have to listen to the inane prattle of the school-master. That would be even more intolerable than this garish daylight, and these careless squads of men and women who paused in the midst of their laugh to turn and stare. Was there no spot in Stillwater

where a broken man could hide himself long enough to collect his senses?

With his hands thrust convulsively into the pockets of his sack-coat, Richard turned down a narrow passage-way fringing the rear of some warehouses. As he hurried along aimlessly, his fingers encountered something in one of his pockets. It was the key of a new lock which had been put on the scullery door of the house in Welch's Court. Richard's heart gave a quick throb. There at least was a temporary refuge; he would go there, and wait until it was time for him to surrender himself to the officers.

It appeared to Richard that he was nearly a year reaching the little back yard of the lonely house. He slipped into the scullery and locked the door, wondering if his movements had been observed since he quitted the main street. Here he drew a long breath and looked around him; then he began wandering restlessly through the rooms, of which there were five or six on the ground-floor. The furniture, the carpets, and all the sordid fixtures of the house were just as Richard had known them in his childhood. Everything was unchanged, even to the faded peacock-feather stuck over the parlor looking-glass. As he regarded the familiar objects and breathed the snuffy atmosphere peculiar to the place, the past rose so vividly before him that he would scarcely have been startled if a lean, gray old man had suddenly appeared in one of the doorways. On a peg in the front hall hung his cousin's napless beaver hat, satirically ready to be put on; in the kitchen closet a pair of ancient shoes, worn down at the heel and with taps on the toe, had all the air of intending to step forth. The shoes had been carefully blacked, but a thin skin of mold had gathered over them. They looked like Lemuel Shackford. They had taken a position habitual with him. Richard was struck by the subtile irony

which lay in these inanimate things. That a man's hat should outlast the man, and have a jaunty expression of triumph! That a dead man's shoes should mimic him!

The tall eight-day clock on the landing had run down. It had stopped at twelve, and it now stood with solemnly uplifted finger, as if imposing silence on those small, unconsidered noises which commonly creep out, like mice, only at midnight. The house was full of such stealthy sounds. The stairs creaked at intervals, mysteriously, as if under the weight of some heavy person ascending. Now and then the wood-work stretched itself with a snap, as though it had grown stiff in the joints with remaining so long in one position. At times there were muffled reverberations of footfalls on the flooring overhead. Richard had a curious consciousness of not being alone, but of moving in the midst of an invisible throng of persons who elbowed him softly and breathed in his face, and vaguely impressed themselves upon him as being former occupants of the premises. This populous solitude, this silence with its busy interruptions, grew insupportable as he passed from room to room.

One chamber he did not enter, — the chamber in which his cousin's body was found that Wednesday morning. In Richard's imagination it was still lying there, white and piteous, by the hearth. He paused at the threshold and glanced in; then turned abruptly and mounted the staircase.

On gaining his old apartment in the gable, Richard seated himself on the edge of the cot-bed. His shoulders sagged down and a stupefied expression settled upon his face, but his brain was in a tumult. His own identity was become a matter of doubt to him. Was he the same Richard Shackford who had found life so sweet when he awoke that morning? It must have been some other person who had sat by a window

in the sunrise thinking of Margaret Slocum's love, — some Richard Shackford with unstained hands! This one was accused of murdering his kinsman; the weapon with which he had done it, the very match he had used to light him in the deed, were known! The victim himself had written out the accusation in black and white. Richard's brain reeled as he tried to fix his thought on Lemuel Shackford's letter. That letter! — where had it been all this while, and how did it come into Taggett's possession? Only one thing was clear to Richard in his inextricable confusion, — he was not going to be able to prove his innocence; he was a doomed man, and within the hour his shame would be published to the world. Rowland Slocum and Lawyer Perkins had already condemned him, and Margaret would condemn him when she knew all; for it was evident that up to last evening she had not been told. How did it happen that these overwhelming proofs had rolled themselves up against him? What malign influences were these at work, hurrying him on to destruction, and not leaving a single loop-hole of escape? Who would believe the story of his innocent ramble on the turnpike that Tuesday night? Who could doubt that he had gone directly from the Slocums' to Welch's Court, and then crept home red-handed through the deserted streets?

Richard heard the steam whistles recalling the operatives to work, and dimly understood it was one o'clock; but after that he paid no attention to the lapse of time. It was an hour later, perhaps two hours, — Richard could not tell, — when he roused himself from his stupor, and, descending the stairs, passed through the kitchen into the scullery. There he halted and leaned against the sink, irresolute, as though his purpose, if he had had a purpose, were escaping him. He stood with his eyes resting listlessly on a barrel in the further corner of the apartment. It was a heavy-hooped

wine-cask, in which Lemuel Shackford had been wont to keep his winter's supply of salted meat. Suddenly Richard started forward with an inarticulate cry, and at the same instant there came a loud knocking at the door behind him. The sound reverberated through the empty house, filling the place with awful echoes, — like those knocks at the gate of Macbeth's castle the night of Duncan's murder. Richard stood petrified for a second; then he hastily turned the key in the lock, and Mr. Taggett stepped into the scullery.

The two men exchanged swift glances. The bewildered air of a moment before had passed from Richard; the dullness had faded out of his eyes, leaving them the clear, alert expression they ordinarily wore. He was self-possessed, but the effort his self-possession cost him was obvious. There was a something in his face — a dilation of the nostril, a curve of the under lip — which put Mr. Taggett very much on his guard. Mr. Taggett was the first to speak.

"I've a disagreeable mission here," he said slowly, with his hand still resting on the latch of the door, which he had closed on entering. "I have a warrant for your arrest, Mr. Shackford."

"Stop a moment!" said Richard, with a glow in his eyes. "I have something to say."

"I advise you not to make any statement."

"I understand my position perfectly, Mr. Taggett, and I shall disregard the advice. After you have answered me one or two questions, I shall be quite at your service."

"If you insist, then."

"You were present at the examination of Thomas Blutton and William Durgin, were you not?"

"I was."

"You recollect William Durgin's testimony?"

"Most distinctly."

"He stated that the stains on his

clothes were from a certain barrel, the head of which had been freshly painted red."

"I remember."

"Mr. Taggett, *the head of that barrel was painted blue!*"

XXVII.

Mr. Taggett, in spite of the excellent subjection under which he held his nerves, caught his breath at these words, and a transient pallor overspread his face as he followed the pointing of Richard's finger. If William Durgin had testified falsely on that point, if he had swerved a hair's-breadth from the truth in that matter, then there was but one conclusion to be drawn from his perjury. A flash of lightning is not swifter than was Mr. Taggett's thought in grasping the situation. In an instant he saw all his carefully articulated case fall to pieces on his hands. Richard crossed the narrow room, and stood in front of him.

"Mr. Taggett, do you know why William Durgin lied? He lied because it was life or death with him! In a moment of confusion he had committed one of those simple, fatal blunders which men in his circumstances always commit. He had obliterated the spots on his clothes with red paint, when he ought to have used blue!"

"That is a very grave supposition."

"It is not a supposition," cried Richard. "The daylight is not a plainer fact."

"You are assuming too much, Mr. Shackford."

"I am assuming nothing. Durgin has convicted himself; he has fallen into a trap of his own devising. I charge him with the murder of Lemuel Shackford; I charge him with taking the chisel and the matches from my workshop, to which he had free access; and I charge him with replacing those arti-

cles in order to divert suspicion upon me. My unfortunate relations with my cousin gave color to this suspicion. The plan was an adroit plan, and has succeeded, it seems."

Mr. Taggett did not reply at once, and then very coldly: "You will pardon me for suggesting it, but it will be necessary to ascertain if this is the cask which Durgin hooped, and also if the head has not been repainted since."

"I understand what your doubt implies. It is your duty to assure yourself of these facts, and nothing can be easier. The person who packed the meat—it was probably a provision dealer named Stubbs—will of course be able to recognize his own work. The other question you can settle with a scratch of your penknife. You see. There has been only one thin coat of paint laid on,—the grain of the wood is nearly distinguishable through it. The head is evidently new; but the cask itself is an old one. It has stood here these ten years."

Mr. Taggett bent a penetrating look on Richard.

"Why did you refuse to answer the subpoena, Mr. Shackford?"

"But I haven't refused. I was on my way to Justice Beemis's when you knocked. Perhaps I am a trifle late," added Richard, catching Mr. Taggett's distrustful glance.

"The summons said two o'clock," remarked Mr. Taggett, pressing the spring of his watch. "It is now after three."

"After three!"

"How could you neglect it,—with evidence of such presumable importance in your hands?"

"It was only a moment ago that I discovered this. I had come here from Mr. Perkins's office. Mr. Perkins had informed me of the horrible charge which was to be laid at my door. The intelligence fell upon me like a thunder-clap. I think it unsettled my reason

for a while. I was unable to put two ideas together. At first he did n't believe I had killed my cousin, and presently he seemed to believe it. When I got out in the street the sidewalk lurched under my feet like the deck of a ship; everything swam before me. I don't know how I managed to reach this house, and I don't know how long I had been sitting in a room up-stairs when the recollection of the subpoena occurred to me. I was standing here dazed with despair; I saw that I was somehow caught in the toils, and that it was going to be impossible to prove my innocence. If another man had been in my position, I should have believed him guilty. I stood looking at the cask in the corner there, scarcely conscious of it; then I noticed the blue paint on the head, and then William Durgin's testimony flashed across my mind. Where is he?" cried Richard, turning swiftly. "That man should be arrested!"

"I am afraid he is gone," said Mr. Taggett, biting his lip.

"Do you mean he has fled?"

"If you are correct—he has fled. He failed to answer the summons to-day, and the constable sent to look him up has been unable to find him. Durgin was in the bar-room of the tavern at eight o'clock last night; he has not been seen since."

"He was not in the yard this morning. You have let him slip through your fingers!"

"So it appears, for the moment."

"You still doubt me, Mr. Taggett?"

"I don't let persons slip through my fingers."

Richard curbed an impatient rejoinder, and said quietly, "William Durgin had an accomplice."

Mr. Taggett flushed, as if Richard had read his secret thought. Durgin's flight, if he really had fled, had suggested a fresh possibility to Mr. Taggett. What if Durgin were merely the pliant instrument of the cleverer man who was now

using him as a shield? This reflection was precisely in Mr. Taggett's line. In absconding Durgin had not only secured his own personal safety, but had exonerated his accomplice. It was a desperate step to take, but it was a skillful one.

"He had an accomplice?" repeated Mr. Taggett, after a moment. "Who was it?"

"Torrini!"

"The man who was hurt the other day?"

"Yes."

"You have grounds for your assertion?"

"He and Durgin were intimate, and have been much together lately. I sat up with Torrini the night before last; he acted and talked very strangely; the man was out of his head part of the time, but now, as I think it over, I am convinced that he had this matter on his mind, and was hinting at it. I believe he would have made disclosures if I had urged him a little. He was evidently in great dread of a visit from some person, and that person was Durgin. Torrini ought to be questioned without delay; he is very low, and may die at any moment. He is lying in a house at the further end of the town. If it is not imperative that I should report myself to Justice Beemis, we had better go there at once."

Mr. Taggett, who had been standing with his head half bowed, lifted it quickly as he asked the question, "Why did you withhold Lemuel Shackford's letter?"

"It was never in my possession, Mr. Taggett," said Richard, starting. "That paper is something I cannot explain at present. I can hardly believe in its existence, though Mr. Perkins declares that he has had it in his hands, and it would be impossible for him to make a mistake in my cousin's writing."

"The letter was found in your lodgings."

"So I was told. I don't understand it."

"That explanation will not satisfy the prosecuting attorney."

"I have only one theory about it," said Richard slowly.

"What is that?"

"I prefer not to state it now. I wish to stop at my boarding-house on the way to Torrini's; it will not be out of our course."

Mr. Taggett gave silent acquiescence to this. Richard opened the scullery door, and the two passed into the court. Neither spoke until they reached Lime Street. Mrs. Spooner herself answered Richard's ring, for he had purposely dispensed with the use of his pass-key.

"I wanted to see you a moment, Mrs. Spooner," said Richard, making no motion to enter the hall. "Thanks, we will not come in. I merely desire to ask you a question. Were you at home all day on that Monday immediately preceding my cousin's death?"

"No," replied Mrs. Spooner wonderingly, with her hand still resting on the knob. "I was n't at home at all. I spent the day and part of the night with my daughter Maria Ann at South Millville. It was a boy," added Mrs. Spooner, quite irrelevantly, smoothing her ample apron with the disengaged hand.

"Then Janet was at home," said Richard. "Call Janet."

A trim, intelligent-looking Nova Scotia girl was summoned from the basement kitchen.

"Janet," said Richard, "do you remember the day, about three weeks ago, that Mrs. Spooner was absent at South Millville?"

"Yes," replied the girl, without hesitation. "It was the day before" — and then she stopped.

"Exactly; it was the day before my cousin was killed. Now I want you to recollect whether any letter or note or written message of any description was left for me at this house on that day."

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Janet reflected. "I think there was, Mr. Richard, — a bit of paper like."

Mr. Taggett, whose interest had been rather languid and skeptical up to this stage of the inquiry, riveted his eyes on the girl.

"Who brought that paper?" demanded Richard.

"It was one of the Murphy boys, I think."

"Did you hand it to me?"

"No, Mr. Richard, you had gone out. It was just after breakfast."

"You gave it to me when I came home to dinner, then?"

"No," returned Janet, becoming confused with a dim perception that something had gone wrong and she was committing herself.

"What did you do with that paper?"

"I put it on the table in your room up-stairs."

Mr. Taggett's eyes gleamed a little at this.

"And that is all you can say about it?" inquired Richard, with a fallen countenance.

Janet reflected. She reflected a long while this time. "No, Mr. Richard: an hour or so afterwards, when I went up to do the chamber-work, I saw that the wind had blown the paper off of the table. I picked up the note and put it back; but the wind blew it off again."

"What then?"

"Then I shut up the note in one of the big books, meaning to tell you of it, and — and I forgot it! Oh, Mr. Richard, have I done something dreadful?"

"Dreadful!" cried Richard. "Janet, I could hug you!"

"Oh, Mr. Richard," said Janet with a little coquettish movement natural to every feminine thing, bird, flower, or human being, "you've always such a pleasant way with you."

Then there was a moment of dead silence. Mrs. Spooner saw that the matter, whatever it was, was settled.

"You need n't wait, Janet!" she said, with a severe, mystified air.

"We are greatly obliged to you, Mrs. Spooner, not to mention Janet," said Richard; "and if Mr. Taggett has no questions to ask, we will not detain you."

Mrs. Spooner turned her small, amiable orbs on Richard's companion. That was the celebrated Mr. Taggett! "He does n't look like much," was the landlady's unuttered reflection; and indeed he did not present a spirited appearance. Nevertheless Mrs. Spooner followed him down the street with her curious gaze until he and Richard passed out of sight.

Neither Richard nor Mr. Taggett was disposed to converse as they wended their way to Mitchell's Alley. Richard's ire was slowly kindling at the shameful light in which he had been placed by Mr. Taggett, and Mr. Taggett was striving with only partial success to reconcile himself to the idea of young Shackford's innocence. Young Shackford's innocence was a very awkward thing for Mr. Taggett, for he had irretrievably committed himself at head-quarters. With Richard's latent ire was mingled a feeling of profound gratitude.

"The Lord was on my side," he said presently.

"He was on your side, as you remark; and when the Lord is on a man's side, a detective necessarily comes out second best."

"Really, Mr. Taggett," said Richard, smiling, "that is a handsome admission on your part."

"I mean, sir," replied the latter, slightly nettled, "that it sometimes seems as if the Lord himself took charge of a case."

"Certainly you are entitled to the credit of going to the bottom of this one."

"I have skillfully and laboriously damaged my reputation, Mr. Shackford."

Mr. Taggett said this with so heavy an air that Richard felt a stir of sympathy in his bosom.

"I am very sorry," he said good-naturedly.

"No, I beg of you!" exclaimed Mr. Taggett. "Any expression of friendliness from you would finish me! For nearly ten days I have looked upon you as a most cruel and consummate villain."

"I know," said Richard. "I must be quite a disappointment to you, in a small way."

Mr. Taggett laughed in spite of himself. "I hope I don't take a morbid view of it," he said. A few steps further on he relaxed his gait. "We have taken the Hennessey girl into custody. Do you imagine she was concerned?"

"Have you questioned her?"

"Yes; she denies everything, except that she told Durgin you had quarreled with the old gentleman."

"I think Mary Hennessey an honest girl. She's little more than a child. Her weakness is a fondness for Durgin. He was much too shrewd to trust her, I fancy."

As the speakers struck into the principal street, through the lower and busier end of which they were obliged to pass, Mr. Taggett caused a sensation. The drivers of carts and the pedestrians on both sidewalks stopped and looked at him. The part he had played in Slocum's Yard was now an open secret, and had produced an excitement that was not confined to the clientèle of Snelling's bar-room. It was known that William Durgin had disappeared, and that the constables were searching for him. The air was thick with flying conjectures, but none of them precisely hit the mark. One rumor there was which seemed almost like a piece of poetical justice, — a whisper to the effect that Rowland Slocum was suspected of being in some way mixed up with the murder. The fact that Lawyer Perkins, with his green bag streaming in the wind, so to speak, had been seen darting into Mr. Slocum's private residence at two o'clock that aft-

ernoon was sufficient to give birth to the horrible legend.

"Mitchell's Alley," said Mr. Taggett, thrusting his arm through Richard's, and hurrying on to escape the Stillwater gaze. "You went there directly from the station the night you got home."

"How did you know that?"

"I was told by a fellow-traveler of yours, — and a friend of mine."

"By Jove! Did it ever strike you, Mr. Taggett, that there is such a thing as being too clever?"

"It has occurred to me recently."

"Here is the house."

Two sallow-skinned children with wide, wistful black eyes, who were sitting on the stone step, shyly crowded themselves together against the door-jamb to make passage-way for Richard and Mr. Taggett. Then the two pairs of eyes veered round inquiringly and followed the strangers up the broken staircase, and saw one of them knock at the door which faced the landing.

Richard's hasty tap bringing no response, he lifted the latch without further ceremony and stepped into the chamber, Mr. Taggett a pace or two behind him. The figure of Father O'Meara slowly rising from a kneeling posture at the bedside was the first object that met their eyes; the second was Torrini's placid face, turned a little on the pillow; the third was Brigida sitting at the foot of the bed, motionless, with her arms wrapped in her apron.

"He is dead," said the priest softly, advancing a step towards Richard. "You are too late. He wanted to see you, Mr. Shackford, but you were not to be found."

Richard sent a swift glance over the priest's shoulder. "He wanted to tell me what part he had played in my cousin's murder," said Richard.

"God forbid! the wretched man had many a sin on his soul, but not that."

"Not that!"

"No; he had no hand in it, — no more

than you or I. His fault was that he concealed his knowledge of the deed after it was done. He did not even suspect who committed the crime until two days afterwards, when William Durgin" —

Richard's eyes lighted up as they encountered Mr. Taggett's. The priest mistook the significance of the glances.

"No," said Father O'Meara, indicating Brigida with a quick motion of his hand, "the poor soul does not understand a word. But even if she did, I should have to speak of these matters here and now, while they are fresh in my mind. I am obeying the solemn injunctions of the dead. Two days after the murder William Durgin came to Torrini and confessed the deed, offering to share with him a large sum in gold and notes if he would hide the money temporarily. Torrini agreed to do so. Later, Durgin confided to him his plan of turning suspicion upon you, Mr. Shackford; indeed, of directly charging you with the murder, if the worst came to the worst. Torrini agreed to that also, because of some real or fancied injury at your hands. According to Torrini, Durgin did not intend to harm the old gentleman, but simply to rob him. The unfortunate man was awakened by the noise Durgin made in breaking open the safe, and rushed in to his doom. Having then no fear of interruption, Durgin leisurely ransacked the house. How he came across the will, and destroyed it with the idea that he was putting the estate out of your possession — this and other details I shall give you by and by."

Father O'Meara paused a moment. "After the accident at the mill and the conviction that he was not to recover, Torrini's conscience began to prick him. When he reflected on Miss Slocum's kindness to his family during the strike, when he now saw her saving his wife and children from absolute starvation, he was nearly ready to break the oath

with which he had bound himself to William Durgin. Curiously enough, this man, so reckless in many things, held his pledged word sacred. Meanwhile his wavering condition became apparent to Durgin, who grew alarmed, and demanded the stolen property. Torrini refused to give it up; even his own bitter necessities had not tempted him to touch a penny of it. For the last three days he was in deadly terror lest Durgin should wrest the money from him by force. The poor woman, here, knew nothing of all this. It was her presence, however, which probably prevented Durgin from proceeding to extremities with Torrini, who took care never to be left alone."

"I recollect," said Richard, "the night I watched with him he was constantly expecting some one. I supposed him wandering in his mind."

"He was expecting Durgin, though Torrini had every reason for believing that he had fled."

Mr. Taggett leaned forward, and asked, "When did he go, — and where?"

"He was too cunning to trust his plans with Torrini. Three nights ago Durgin came here and begged for a portion of the bank-notes; previously he had reclaimed the whole sum; he said the place was growing too warm for him, and that he had made up his mind to leave. But Torrini held on to the money, having resolved that it should be restored intact to you. He promised Durgin, however, to keep his flight secret for three or four days, at the end of which time Torrini meant to reveal all to me at confession. The night you sat with him, Mr. Shackford, he was near breaking his promise; your kindness was coals of fire on his head. This is the substance of what the poor creature begged me to say to you with his dying regrets. The money is hidden somewhere under the mattress, I believe. A better man than Torrini would have spent some of it," added Father O'Meara,

waving a sort of benediction in the direction of the bed.

Richard did not speak for a moment or two. The wretchedness and grimness of it all smote him to the heart. When he looked up Mr. Taggett was gone, and the priest was gently drawing the coverlet over Torrini's face.

Richard approached Father O'Meara and said, "When the money is found, please take charge of it, and see that every decent arrangement is made. I mean, spare nothing. I am a Protestant, but I believe in any man's prayers when they are not addressed to a heathen image. I promised Torrini to send his wife and children to Italy. This pitiful, miserable gold, which cost so dear and is worth so little, shall be made to do that much good, at least."

As Richard was speaking, a light foot-fall sounded on the staircase outside; then the door, which stood ajar, was softly pushed open, and Margaret paused on the threshold. At the rustle of her dress Richard turned, and hastened towards her.

"It is all over," he said softly, laying his finger on his lip. Father O'Meara was again kneeling by the bedside.

XXVIII.

One June morning, precisely a year from that morning when the reader first saw the daylight breaking upon Stillwater, several workmen with ladders and hammers were putting up a freshly painted sign over the gate of the marble yard. Mr. Slocum and Richard stood on the opposite curbstone, to which they had retired in order to take in the general effect. The new sign read, — SLOCUM & SHACKFORD. Richard had protested against the displacement of its weather-stained predecessor; it seemed to him an act little short of vandalism; but Mr. Slocum was obstinate, and would have it done. He was secretly atoning

for a deep injustice, into which Richard had been at once too sensitive and too wise closely to inquire. If Mr. Slocum had harbored a temporary doubt of him, Richard did not care to know it; it was quite enough to suspect the fact. His sufficient recompense was that Margaret had not doubted. They had now been married six months. The shadow of the tragedy in Welch's Court had long ceased to oppress them; it had taken itself off with the departure of Mr. Taggett, who subsequently, in a very intricate case, redeemed the professional repute which had somewhat suffered by his management of the Shackford affair. Neither he nor William Durgin was seen again in the flesh in Stillwater; but they both still led, and will probably continue for years to lead, a sort of phantasmal, legendary life in Snelling's bar-room. Durgin in his flight had left no traces. From time to time, as the months rolled on, a misty rumor was

blown to the town of his having been seen in some remote foreign city, — now in one place, and now in another, always on the point of departing, self-pursued like the Wandering Jew; but nothing authentic. His after-fate was to be a sealed book to Stillwater.

"I really wish you had let the old sign stand," said Richard, as the carpenters removed the ladders. "The yard can never be anything but Slocum's Yard."

"It looks remarkably well up there," replied Mr. Slocum, shading his eyes critically with one hand. "You object to the change, but for my part I don't object to changes. I trust I may live to see the day when even this sign will have to be altered to — Slocum, Shackford & Son. How would you like that?"

"I can't say," returned Richard laughing, as they passed into the yard together. "I should first have to talk it over — with the son!"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TWOSCORE AND TEN.

ACROSS the sleepy, sun-barred atmosphere
Of the pew-checkered, square old meeting-house,
Through the high window, I could see and hear
The far crows cawing in the forest boughs.

The earnest preacher talked of Youth and Age:
"Life is a book, whose lines are flitting fast;
Each word a moment, every year a page,
Till, leaf by leaf, we quickly turn the last."

Even while he spoke, the sunshine's witness crept
By many a fair and many a grizzled head,
Some drooping heavily, as if they slept,
Over the unspelled minutes as they sped.

A boy of twelve, with fancies fresh and strong,
Who found the text no cushion of repose,
Who deemed the shortest sermon far too long,
My thoughts were in the tree-tops with the crows;

Or farther still I soared, upon the back
 Of white clouds sailing in the shoreless blue,
 Till he recalled me from their dazzling track
 To the old meeting-house and high-backed pew.

*"To eager childhood, as it turns the leaf,
 How long and bright the unread page appears!
 But to the aged, looking back, how brief,—
 How brief the tale of half a hundred years!"*

Over the drowsy pews the preacher's word
 Resounded, as he paused to wipe his brows:
 I seem to hear it now, as then I heard,
 Reëchoing in the hollow meeting-house.

*"Our youth is gone, and thick and thicker come
 The hoary years, like tempest-driven snows;
 Flies fast, flies fast, life's wasting pendulum,
 And ever faster as it shorter grows."*

My mates sat wondering wearily the while
 How long before his *Lastly* would come in,
 Or glancing at the girls across the aisle,
 Or in some distant corner playing pin.

But in that moment to my inward eyes
 A sudden window opened, and I caught
 Through dazzling rifts a glimpse of other skies,
 The dizzy deeps, the blue abyss of thought.

Beside me sat my father, grave and gray,
 And old, so old, at twoscore years and ten!
 I said, "I will remember him this day,
 When *I* am fifty, if I live till then.

"I will remember all I see and hear,
 My very thoughts, and how life seems to me,
 This Sunday morning in my thirteenth year;—
 How will it seem when I am old as he?

"What is the work that I shall find to do?
 Shall I be worthy of his honored name?
 Poor and obscure? or will my dream come true,
 My secret dream of happiness and fame?"

Ah me, the years betwixt that hour and this!
 The ancient meeting-house has passed away,
 And in its place a modern edifice
 Invites the well-dressed worshiper to-day.

With it have passed the well-remembered faces :
The old are gone, the boys are gray-haired men ;
They too are scattered, strangers fill their places ;
And here am I at twoscore years and ten !

How strangely, wandering here beside the sea,
The voice of crows in yonder forest boughs,
A cloud, a Sabbath bell, bring back to me
That morning in the gaunt old meeting-house !

An oasis amid the desert years,
That golden Sunday smiles as then it smiled :
I see the venerated head ; through tears
I see myself, that far-off wondering child !

The pews, the preacher, and the whitewashed wall,
An imaged book, with careless children turning
Its awful pages, — I remember all ;
My very thoughts, the questioning and yearning ;

The haunting faith, the shadowy superstition
That I was somehow chosen, the special care
Of Powers that led me through life's changeful vision,
Spirits and Influences of earth and air.

In curious pity of myself grown wise,
I think what then I was and dared to hope,
And how my poor achievements satirize
The boy's brave dream and happy horoscope.

To see the future flushed with morning fire,
Rosy with banners, bright with beckoning spears,
Fresh fields inviting courage and desire, —
This is the glory of our youthful years.

To feel the pettiness of prizes won,
With all our vast ambition ; to behold
So much attempted and so little done, —
This is the bitterness of growing old.

Yet why repine ? Though soon we care no more
For triumphs which, till won, appear so sweet,
They serve their use, as toys held out before
Beguiled our infancy to try its feet.

Not in rewards, but in the strength to strive,
The blessing lies, and new experience gained ;
In daily duties done, hope kept alive,
That Love and Thought are housed and entertained.

So not in vain the struggle, though the prize
Awaiting me was other than it seemed.
My feet have missed the paths of Paradise,
Yet life is even more blessed than I deemed.

Riches I never sought, and have not found,
And Fame has passed me with averted eye;
In creeks and bays my quiet voyage is bound,
While the great world without goes surging by.

No withering envy of another's lot,
Nor nightmare of contention, plagues my rest:
For me alike what is and what is not,
Both what I have and what I lack are best.

A flower more sacred than far-seen success
Perfumes my solitary path; I find
Sweet compensation in my humbleness,
And reap the harvest of a tranquil mind.

I keep some portion of my early dream:
Brokenly bright, like moonbeams on a river,
It lights my life, a far elusive gleam,
Moves as I move, and leads me on forever.

Our earliest longings prophesy the man,
Our fullest wisdom still enfolds the child;
And in my life I trace that larger plan
Whereby at last all things are reconciled.

The storm-clad years, the years that howl and hasten,
The world, where simple faith soon grows estranged,
Toil, passion, loss, all things that mold and chasten,
Still leave the inmost part of us unchanged.

O boy of long ago, whose name I bear,
Small self, half-hidden by the antique pew,
Across the years I see you, sitting there,
Wondering and gazing out into the blue;

And marvel at this sober, gray-haired man
I am or seem. How changed my days, how tame
The wild, swift hopes with which my youth began!
Yet in my inmost self I am the same.

The dreamy soul, too sensitive and shy,
The brooding tenderness for bird and flower;
The old, old wonder at the earth and sky,
And sense of guidance by an Unseen Power, —

These keep perpetual childhood in my heart.
 The peaks of age, that looked so bare and cold,
 Those peaks and I are still as far apart
 As in the years when fifty seemed so old.

Age, that appeared far off a bourn at rest,
 Recedes as I advance; the fount of joy
 Rises perennial in my grateful breast;
 And still at fifty I am but a boy.

J. T. Trowbridge.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.¹

IF it is true, as is often affirmed, that Scott no longer has as many readers and admirers as he did, say, fifty years ago, the reason is not hard to find. Our grandfathers, as well as many of ourselves, found in him the first guide into the regions of romance, and when he stood without a rival it is no wonder that he carried everything before him. But, as we all know, there is generally a reaction of the public taste against a writer who has been long admired, — a reaction felt by a later generation, which fully responds only to its own contemporaries, who speak its own language and echo its own desires and regrets; and, besides this, the same persons who once admired an author have a certain feeling of disappointment when, in later years, they read him again, and miss the surprise, the glow, that thrilled them when they were younger. We now see something of the same kind going on in the case of Macaulay, of Dickens, and, possibly, of Tennyson. Twenty years ago, when Macaulay died, a feeling of personal loss went through the English-speaking people, and yet since then we have all been taught to have our fling at him for being uncomplex, without the power of perceiving delicate shades of distinction, and over-fond of an elaborately simple style.

As for Dickens, how many people nowadays devote any part of the winter holidays to reading over those Christmas stories to which we all used to look forward as eagerly as do children for the tardy dawn of that day? Those who read Dickens when they were children, now that they are grown up, are prone to detect inaccuracy where once there seemed to be no fault. Who reads the *Pickwick Papers* with the glee with which he read it twenty years ago? Those who laughed over it then have no longer the same high spirits; the pathos of his other books has grown hackneyed in the hands of later writers, and we who are no longer aroused by it to the once familiar emotion are ungrateful enough to put the blame upon the author.

There is something of this indifference in the way that many people regard Scott. His successors no longer choose large canvases. Where he took a whole century and packed it full of living people, the novelists of to-day busy themselves with a sort of literary pre-Raphaelitism: they take a brief period and, generally, commonplace people, and describe a few tepid passions that flourish in every block in the street. Where Scott drew inspiration from spoken or written history, some of the novels of to-

¹ *Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By J. G. Lockhart. Illustrated Library Edition. With Por-

traits and Steel Plates. 3 vols. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

day read as if they were based on that record of contemporary history, the newspaper. Imagine a man of to-day writing a novel with Queen Elizabeth, or Louis XI. of France, among the characters! Imagine the book-seller who would take the novel in his hand except as a missile! To state it more precisely, the romance has given place to the novel; and the writer of the historical novel has almost disappeared from the surface of the globe.

Since there is so great a change of taste between the time when Scott wrote and the present, those readers who cannot like anything but literary analysis must smile at his broadly drawn characters and heroic incidents. Yet, in general, it is hard to believe that this indifference is not exaggerated by those who write about Scott. He does not receive undivided attachment, but he is still very sincerely admired. That there is a change in the feeling of the world concerning him cannot be denied, but it is a change that can be readily accounted for. We must not forget that he lived in the time of a great literary revival, when, as it were, a great mist had been blown away from a past that had been looked upon with contempt, and the picturesqueness of things suddenly became their most striking quality. The eighteenth century had been a period in which much had been sacrificed to taste. That had been a sort of fetish, just as the principal unromantic enthusiasm of the present day is for scientific exactness. What did Scott care for a few anachronisms that would be the ruin of one of our contemporaries? He thought nothing of confusing all the dates about Shakespeare, in his *Woodstock*, — and the list of his sins in this respect might be made a long one, — and there are really few readers who are disturbed by such errors, if indeed they be errors. After all, the scientific laws of the imagination are not yet drawn up, and an anachronism is more pardonable than the pedantry that is shocked by it. But what we have

learned to admire is precision, completeness of detail, and the analysis of passion: these are not the things that are most abundant in Scott.

It is an old story that it was Bürger's poems that started Scott out to writing poetry, and Bürger, it must not be forgotten, had been inspired by Percy's *Reliques*; the native product had more value when it returned from abroad, like those simple American cheeses that return from England, dubbed with some well-known name, to find extravagant purchasers in the land of their birth. It was only by a sort of reflected light that shone from Germany that this most national of writers was shown the path to immortality. He was already crammed to the lips with old ballads and traditions of Scotland, and in his poems he gave them a literary form, although it was nine years after he published his translations that he offered to the world his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the first of his original poems.

If there is any part of Scott's work that it is the fashion to look upon with indifference, it is certainly his poetry; it enjoys the quasi-immortality of the reading-book and the Boy's Speaker, to be sure, but few grown people read it except for the pleasure of getting an echo of the enthusiasm they felt for it when they were younger. Yet this they are surer to find there than in some of the poetry they once admired. Although it was driven from the field by Byron's verses, we may well wonder whether it does not now meet more favor than do the greater poet's Oriental poems. The *Corsair*, for instance, one might say, has to our ears a note of unguineness that is not in what Scott wrote.

When we read Byron's lines, —

"He knew himself a villain, but he deemed
The rest no better than the thing he seemed;
And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detested, but he knew
The hearts that loathed him, crouched and
dreaded too.

Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alone exempt
 From all affection and from all contempt:
 His name could sadden and his acts surprise,
 But they that feared him dared not to despise,"
 etc., —

when we read these lines, and the many that are like them, we see that they introduced a wholly new element, a dramatic interest, which made Scott's knights and dames appear like figures on a tapestry; but to us Byron's heroes seem like characters in private theatricals, and Scott's defiant speeches and wholesome fighting give us a thrill that we are not so sure to receive from Byron's more successful and more complicated tales. When Byron was at his best, however, his poetry of course far surpassed Scott's, and it is one of the many instances of Scott's rare knowledge of himself that he, as he said, struck sail before his new rival. He seems always to have known just what his own powers were; it was one of the many beautiful qualities of his character that he was never spoiled by flattery; and it is a question whether *character* is not one of the surest means of keeping for a man the fame that must first be won by something done, or said, or written. It would seem as if Ben Jonson's fame were more a matter of tradition, of inherited respect, than the result of keen appreciation of the value of his heavy plays; and Scott's lovableness, his kindness, and pleasant dignity have undoubtedly done their part in keeping his memory fresh. Certainly, no one has ever accused him of vanity, and yet he knew what he could do, and he recognized his limitations in his journal, under date of March 14, 1826. "Also read again," he says, "and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exqui-

site touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me." No critic could say a truer thing about him than that.

But what he calls the Big Bow-wow strain is not so simple a thing as it seemed to him. He found no difficulty in it; his rich imagination and copious fund of information enabled him to run on without interruption; but others have tried the same thing with less success. Mr. Matthew Arnold, with perfect justice, denies what, to be sure, no one had affirmed, namely, the existence of the Homeric quality in Scott's poetry; but in his prose there is something of the easy abundance that marks the Greek bard. This unlimited fertility of invention, the representation of diverse stages of civilization, has been made one of the arguments in favor of dividing among a number of poets the honors given to a single Homer. But it is precisely one of the peculiarities of genius to be able to do single-handed what can otherwise be done, if at all, only by a number of ordinary men; and it is not hard to imagine circumstances under which an argument might be made against the likelihood that Guy Mannering and Quentin Durward were written by the same person. It is, above all, this wonderful abundance and variety of invention that won Scott his high position. Nothing about him is more striking than his unwearying imagination. It seldom soars to the greatest tragic heights, but it still less frequently flags. In his treatment of historical incidents he taught historians how they should look upon the chronicles of the past. While they had written about wars and treaties, he set before his readers the feelings of the people. The histories written in the last century had been unsatisfactory, from the fact that while they showed research they contained no definite statement of the underlying causes that made history.

They touched only the outside of things, but Scott, and, indeed, in his inaccurate way, Châteaubriand, told what the people felt. Scott saw the people living, and he represented them living on his crowded pages. It may be safely said that there is no subsequent historian who has not felt his influence. Augustin Thierry acknowledged his indebtedness to the great romancer in the warmest terms, calling him the greatest master there has ever been in the matter of historical divination.

Scott not only drew the feelings of the people in the times he wrote about, but he had especial power in representing the most famous characters. He gave the kings and queens in his novels an air of royalty such as Vandyke gave to them on canvas. His James I., in the *Fortunes of Nigel*; his Charles the Bold and Louis XI., in *Quentin Durward*; his Queen Elizabeth, in *Kenilworth*,—to mention but a few,—are characters never to be forgotten. This reverential side of Scott's imagination showed itself in his private life after a fashion that is sometimes mentioned with a little sneer. The incident of his putting into his coat-tail pocket the glass from which George IV. had just drunk has been often repeated, with particular delight when the end of the story is reached and we are told that Scott destroyed his relic by sitting down on it when he came home. Yet this is but the more or less ludicrous appearance in private life of the same imagination that drew royalty so well in fiction.

Some people object to the amount of his work. Carlyle, for instance, says that Scott was always writing impromptu novels, and the reason is said, with some justice, to have been his desire to make money. But if we condemn all novelists who write for money, we shall have but few left to praise; and Scott's haste, which is what is really condemned, was but one of the conditions inseparable from his great facility of improvisation.

To lament that Scott did not write more slowly is like complaining that Napoleon was so swift a campaigner. It was in his nature to compose swiftly; he himself said that he regretted the necessity of finishing his novels, and that he would have been happier if he could have written but the first two volumes, and have left the end to some one else. Like the rest of the world, he had the faults of his qualities, and compression, conciseness, was not a possible thing for him. We feel the want of it in the prolonged conversations, in the occasionally heavy humor, and in the conventionality of his youthful heroes. For Scott's imagination, while it was abundant in certain directions, was lacking in others. Kings and queens, peasants and adventurers, he knew how to describe admirably, but what may be called every-day society people he drew less well. Even Darsie Latimer and Alan Fairford, whom he painted from his friend William Clerk, and himself, respectively, are but cold creations.

As for the superabundant buff-jerkins and other mediæval paraphernalia, they are a direct inheritance from the Castle of Otranto and those novels which were the first to bring into repute a notion of Gothic antiquity. Scott took the material that lay ready to his hand, and his fame suffers somewhat from his easy choice. The inner life of his heroes had but little interest for him, in comparison with the general life of their time; their especial method of making love seemed to him a trivial matter, in comparison with things of wider bearing; and while he paid his tribute to the demands of novel-readers by bringing the subject into his novels, it generally holds a subordinate place there. The *Bride of Lammermoor* is an exception in this respect to the majority of the *Waverley* novels; yet even here Scott is wholly remote from the modern point of view, which makes courtship the main thing in life. This novel, particularly in contrast with

those we are accustomed to read nowadays, is in the grand style. There is a classic air about its tragedy which raises it far above an ordinary love story.

The readers of these later days, or at least some of them, say of Scott's novels that the historical part is untrustworthy, and the part that they share with ordinary novels is poorly done. But, after all, who reads novels for exact information about dates? And is there not a good deal on the credit side of Scott's account with history? As for the second charge brought against the novels, argument is in vain. It is undeniable that later writers have performed so much vivisection on the human heart that to the more experienced readers of to-day the crude love-making of Scott's heroes seems simplicity itself, like the caresses of rustics in the cars. But to children and to their parents there are apt to be things of more importance and interest than the relations of young people to one another. In answering questions like these there is one test of the truth, and that is our own experience; and how many are there of his readers who do not fall under the charm of his genius? Indeed, when one thinks of what Scott is, the very notion of putting him, as it were, on the defensive against the accusations of a later generation savors of unwisdom. The first thing to be proved is the goodness of the plaintiff's taste. So much may be said while acknowledging limitations to the excellence of Scott's work; but those who refuse to call him great are like the man who said that Heine was not really witty, he only went about saying witty things to convey that false impression to other people. After all, Scott's powers are distinctly noteworthy for their bulk, so to speak. One is reminded, not so much of those little streams which all people agree in calling lovely, as of a large, broad river, flowing with uniform current. Other men have beaten him at this thing and at that: one has more pathos, another a

subtler humor, and a great many have a more charming style, — compare, for instance, Mérimée's *Chronique du Règne de Charles IX.* with any of Scott's work by which it was inspired, — yet where else do we find anything like Scott's abundant picturesqueness of imagination? We have, to be sure, learned more things concerning the kings he wrote about than he put into his novel, but does our learning give us a more definite, and for that matter a more precise, impression of, for example, James I. than Scott gives us? There is but one answer.

When he had plainer people to draw, his method was very different from that which is current nowadays, as we can see by comparing his Caleb Balderstone, for instance, with one of Thomas Hardy's minor characters, such as Joseph Poorgrass, in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Joseph had just been asked to tell one of his stories. "‘No, no, no; not that story!’" expostulated the modest man, forcing a laugh to bury his concern, and forcing out too much for the purpose, — laughing over the greater part of his skin, round to his ears, and up among his hair, insomuch that Shepherd Oak, who was rather sensitive himself, was surfeited, and felt he would never adopt that plan for hiding trepidation any more."

Scott does not take his reader behind the scenes, as it were, in this way; he busies himself with the words and actions of his people, and leaves them to make their own impression, without these little confidences as to their feelings. That is to say, his novels have a sort of old-fashioned air; they are set in frames, as it were, like works of art, and nowadays novels are what some one has called slices out of life. But with all the tendency towards realism that has been talked about so much of late, though it has always been one of the main characteristics of English literature, and, for that matter, extremely common in the French, Scott's realism in his treatment

of the Scotch peasants, for instance, is something in which he has not yet been excelled. His David Deans, in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, is a good example of his way of putting a character vividly before us. He is a man drawn from the life, and but one of the many characters with which Scott's imagination has peopled the world of fiction.

From his life, we see what a pleasant, easy-going person Scott was; how his genius was a companion to him, and not a tyrant that disturbed his life, as in the case of Byron. His views on all matters were simple, like those of an ordinary country gentleman who had a fervent belief in the divine origin of aristocracy, and more interest in the picturesque past than in the present. His story-writing kept him as busy as if he had been at work shoe-making, and hence some have blamed him for looking upon the composition of his novels as a trade. It was at any rate wholesale trade, which is generally regarded as a very respectable thing.

Carping of this kind about a man of Scott's calibre is small work, and there are few who will feel disposed to quarrel with the number of the Waverley novels: they will rather accept the abundance with a grateful heart. When one considers the many periods of history that Scott's imagination illuminated for us; the host of characters he taught us to know and love; the generous philosophy with which he looked upon life, not hiding its afflictions, but, without sentimentality, showing us its consolations, — for even the pessimist can comfort himself by admiring his own intelligence in knowing how bad the world is, — when one considers these things and the nature of the man who enriched literature in this way, one asks where his like can be found in modern literature.

The upshot of all criticism of him is that in some particular ways others have surpassed him. And this, as was said before, must be granted. Take for an

example his treatment of nature. Few writers give us so distinctly the feeling of open air, of being out-of-doors, as he does. His love of nature is neither the classical elegance of the writers of the last century, nor the modern analysis of our feelings before natural phenomena, as we see it in certain modern writers. Nor does he cloy us with labored picturesqueness. His is a prose treatment of the subject, as of a man who is, so to speak, of the same family as the blue sky and the green grass and the rushing water, and who is thereby saved from the excessive emotions of those who know nature less well. We feel that he lived out-of-doors, and that he had what may be called a good appetite for scenery, and that he enjoyed it without looking at himself at the same time to see how it struck him.

In his poetry, his descriptions of nature are very simple, and at times the comparisons in which they are used are like tales in words of one syllable. Thus, in *Rokeby*, Canto 2, IV.: —

— "the stream rejoicing free,

As captive set at liberty,
Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,
And clamoring joyful on her road;
Pointing where, up the sunny banks,
The trees retire in scattered ranks,
Save when, advanced before the rest,
On knoll or hillock rears his crest,
Lonely and huge, the giant oak,
As champions, when their band is broke,
Stand forth to guard the rearward post,
The bulwark of the scattered host," etc.

Take, again, the famous passage in the beginning of the *Lady of the Lake*: —

"The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,

Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,

Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.
 Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
 For, from their shivered brows display'd,
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dewdrops' sheen,
 The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
 Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs."

Surely, this is simplicity itself, and is very different from the sort of simplicity, one of choice rather than of nature, that we find in Wordsworth, for example, in his Influences of Natural Objects, when, "shod with steel, we hissed along the polished ice," — for so in the phraseology of the last century he called skating: —

"With the din
 Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed; while the stars,
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
 The orange sky of evening died away."

It is easy to see the vast difference between Wordsworth's impressive lines and Scott's clever verse-making; yet there is in Scott's longer poems a vivacity that is not of course the highest quality that poetry can have, but one that few readers are wholly indifferent to, and some of his short poems, such as *Proud Maisie in the Wood*, are almost faultless in their way. In his prose-writing he never sets too much store by the scenery he describes; he does not try to make it play a more important part in his novels than it does in real life; yet his descriptions seldom fail to impress the memory of those that read them.

In novel-writing there are many things he has done well which other men have done better, but no one maker of fiction has combined so many rare qualities as he. There are always plenty of men cleverer than he, but he has no rival in a sort of majestic abundance of power. In fact, his prose is epic. For that sort of composition there is no need of precise and superfluous detail; what is required is a sort of grandeur and

massive strength, such as Scott alone has possessed in modern times. The form that he chose, in accordance with the taste of the day, — for to sit down to compose an epic poem would have been like sacrificing a bull to Jupiter, — is one that other dexterous craftsmen have worked in a more intricate fashion; so that his novels bear the same relation to modern stories that one of Nelson's seventy-two-gun frigates bears to a mastless steel-clad ram. Hence it is that some people are inclined to look upon him as old-fashioned; but there are certain things that never go out of fashion, even if they undergo seasons of neglect, or even if they are weighed down by acknowledged deficiencies. It is easy to learn that the Middle Ages were something very different from what Scott thought them to be, and that there is inexactness in his accounts of the crusades and the crusaders, but it will be a long time before the completest collection of details will bring before us those remote times with anything like the vividness of Scott's portrayal. The siege of Troy was doubtless something very unlike Homer's account of it, but what Hector and Helen and Achilles have done for Homer, Scott's characters will do to keep his fame fresh when all the stucco and paste of his ornamentation have fallen away.

Scott, it must be remembered, does not belong to readers of English alone. He and Byron are the only English writers of this century, — and Shakespeare is the only other, — whose fame has spread over the whole of Europe, and Scott's influence over his contemporaries is really beyond estimation.

The invention of English writers has gone back to its customary channels, those of domestic incident and inartistic detail, but readers still possess the faculty of imagination, and those who care more for the free air of romance than for narrow precision still return to him as the last purely imaginative writer of English fiction.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

POLITICAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

WE have heard much of the failure of democratic government. This was indeed the key to the reputed popular cry for a Rising Man. Some attribute the assumed failure to universal suffrage, and in their opinion educated suffrage is the cure-all. Several of these live in Massachusetts, where suffrage is thus limited, — a condition which does not seem to have banished demagogues from that State. Such admit that less happy States cannot easily get back to this limitation; but this is not unwelcome confirmation of the general melancholy of their view. Others lay the evil to the existence of parties, and propose to abolish them, — they have not told us how. These and still other critics agree perfectly as to their own function in the government: they will let ill enough alone.

It is true that we do not live in Utopia. The evils of democratic government have been many, and particularly it has blossomed profusely into those flowers of tyranny and corruption which have domesticated into the American language such words as "rings" and "bosses" and "the machine." But it is also true that previous governments had not been so completely successful but that modern democracy was devised as a means to enable the governed to do their own governing, which had been to their mind a "failure" at the hands of others. So far as our own system is a failure, it is not because the people do the governing, but because they do not do the governing; because the people are not enabled to express at the polls their own desires as to who shall administer their government, and on what principles it shall be administered.

It is the purpose of this paper to suggest that this failure is due not to the system, but to the individual voter under the system, particularly to the individ-

ual voter of intelligence and education. It goes without saying, in arithmetic, that a million is made up of ones. It requires a great deal of saying to emphasize this fact in politics. Nevertheless, it is there also a fact, and the most important fact. The political responsibility of the individual is still the basis of our government, and no other basis for it is possible.

It is at least questionable whether the first panacea of the Utopians would better things. It is the chief complaint of these gentlemen that men of education do not go to the polls. This is not found to be true, because the "brown-stone districts" of New York poll a large percentage of their voting population; but were it true, how will educated suffrage be better, if the educated do not go to the polls? It is replied that this is trifling with words; that the educated would go to the polls, but that they know they would be out-voted by ignorance. The reply disregards the facts. The conditions of choice are not greatly different between universal and so-called educated or limited suffrage. The limitation can scarcely be beyond that existing in Massachusetts, — ability to read and write and the payment of a minimum tax, — and this excludes but a small share of our population. It is not this class that holds the balance of power. For it is remarkable that almost any given body of men divides itself on almost any question, so that a small proportion of the body, exercising deliberate choice, gives the decisive vote. This is shown to be peculiarly true in political elections: in those last occurring in Ohio and in New Hampshire the republicans were in the majority, and in Maine were in the minority by less than one half of one per cent.; and the election of Judge Morton to be governor of Massachusetts

by only one vote is an often-quoted fact. It is the more unthinking class whose votes, in the normal state of things, make up the body of the parties on both sides, so that universal suffrage, by the subtraction of the fixed less-educated vote, is resolved to something very like educated suffrage. The politicians practice "gerrymandering" to evade this result. In individual instances, as in the city of New York, the ignorant vote will give a decided preponderance. But here comes into play a curious illustration of Mr. Spencer's law of development, — from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, — in the inevitable tendency to divide overwhelming majorities into subordinate parties on subsidiary questions. This has in New York city again and again divided the dominant party, and in a choice between their candidates restored to the small, unattached vote its balance of power. It is because the voter of education has failed to see and seize the opportunity given him in the significance of this unattached vote that ignorance has out-voted him.

And here one thing more is to be said. The burden of leadership is not accepted by the educated class, upon whom it properly falls. The masses proverbially seek leaders. They ought to find them among men trained to take the broader, the far-looking, the less close and selfish view which education, if it means anything, should mean. As a matter of fact, it is from their selfishness that they are led, by leaders who share with them this selfishness. The farmer, with his load of debt, stumbles after the greenback demagogue, who leads him farther and farther into the mire, just as the day laborer in the cities gets his political gospel from the grog-shop keeper who can promise him a "job" out of the "spoils." These men should be led by those able to show them that the chance of clearing the farms is better under honest money, decent office-holders, and low taxes; and the chance of

steady work, good homes to live in, and clean streets about them is better the moment the "spoils" are swept away. Unhappily, they have too good reason to reject the leadership of the "enlightened" as that of a selfish and exclusive class. The cry of this class is a puling "Why don't *they* better things?" instead of "*We* will right this wrong." Take away the "patronage" from the grog shop keepers (and this is civil-service reform), and let the educated accept the duty of the educated to replace selfishness with at least "enlightened self-interest," and universal suffrage, like educated suffrage, is not simply a count of noses, but a balancing of brains. Despite the communistic tendencies that upper-class selfishness has helped to prevail, I venture to say that the employer of a hundred men, or the builder of a model tenement, who is seen by his acts to desire not so much his own selfish interests as the good of his community, will still have more political influence among his part of the masses, year in and year out, than the corner loafer who now rallies the mob. Here again it is not universal suffrage, but the educated class, that is at fault.

The remedy proposed by the next class of Utopians is to abolish parties. It will be long before we reach the millennium under their leadership. If this be the sole remedy, the disease will not be cured. To chop off a man's head is not a satisfactory way to cure the toothache, nor is the reform of party government to be similarly brought about. So long as fifty million people are not of one mind, so long those who agree among themselves as to certain political ideas, and oppose the political ideas of others, will desire to coöperate in the expression of those ideas; and this implies, where thousands and even millions of votes are involved, a very high degree of organization. This organized coöperation is party, and nothing has yet been suggested to take its place. No one

objects to organization: it is the abuse of organization which is stigmatized as "the machine." When a railroad train is wrecked by reckless driving, it is not proposed to abolish steam-engines, but to discharge drunken engineers. Moreover, party government, that is, modern government in general, requires as a rule the opposition of one great party to another great party, — two parties, and no more. Into our legislative assemblies we shall doubtless, some of these days, in one shape or another, introduce the practice of minority representation, and profit by it in breaking the reckless despotism of a legislative majority. (The French chamber of deputies is superior to our house of representatives in the particular of political elements, forming third and fourth and fifth party groups in many questions.) But this principle cannot operate in the case of most of our elective offices. When one man is to fill one place, neither minority representation nor third parties will help us much, and until human nature is much changed there will remain places where one man is twice as good as two. A third party is not a normal part of our system of government. It is a temporary expedient, with the purpose of becoming one of two great parties, — in itself a contradiction of terms, and produced only when the worst comes to the worst, as a "new departure," which deliberately surrenders the present to the future.

Let us admit, then, that for some years yet this country will remain a democracy, to be governed by universal suffrage through the means of parties, and let us consider where the difficulties are, and whether a remedy is as hopeless as some would have us believe.

It is as true of good government as of other good things that it cannot be had without taking trouble for it. It is true, also, that the average citizen cannot take a great deal of trouble for it, because the thrust of every-day duties, in

this thronged life of to-day, will not let him. The more valuable he is in the community, and the more useful as a factor in governing, the less likely he is to devote much of his force to governing, because his time is so much occupied with other affairs. He needs, therefore, a means of producing political results without much trouble. In the hope of this, he has here inclined to accept the modern principle of the division of labor, and let the "politicians" arrange his politics for him.

The results have not been satisfactory. The practice has not produced good government. While the business of this deputized class should have been to arrange political affairs so that the busy man might declare his opinion by his vote, it has labored chiefly to prevent the citizen from expressing his desires at the polls, presenting to him issues other than those on which he desires to give his opinion, and confining him to men for whom he does not want to vote. This remains true until a supreme issue forces itself upon the attention, or until the dissatisfaction with the dominant managers acquires the force to sweep them out of power and make room for another set. But healthful life is not procured by a series of crises or a succession of explosions; it consists in the quiet replacement, atom by atom, of bad and effete material by good and fresh material.

What we know as "the machine" is in fact the trades-union of politicians, banded together to keep outsiders from interference with their business. Indeed, to such a pitch is this motive carried that the performers on the stage of active politics, who call earth and heaven to witness that the country is lost if the other party have a remnant of power left them, will be found presently in the green-room making an even dicker of the spoils. The trades-union proper has its justification and its usefulness; that of the politicians copies only its abuses,

and is chronically on strike. Skill in the actual calling, which with the politician should be the business of conducting government, is a secondary matter to skill in making fiery orations, for instance, that will hold the union together, and so prevent outsiders from taking any part in the work. It is thus that dexterity in defeating or obscuring the desire of the body of voters becomes the chief political value in a country of universal suffrage.

Nor is this question of the machine a question of one party or the other. It is a question of class inside of party, and inside of any party. The evolution of such a class would probably begin, under present circumstances, in any new party that might be formed. A reform party is not least apt, unfortunately, to practice any means toward "reform."

This trades-unionism involves a curious professional habit of mind: there is no longer moral perspective, and means are mistaken for ends. Parties and measures and men are not means for good government, but government is the means for obtaining party success, which is the chief end of man. This sometimes rises to sincere conviction. Providence is called in; a Southern outrage is an interposition against the democrats. Men who are not corrupt begin unconsciously to accept this view of the party. They will be "loyal" to party leaders who are unloyal to everything but their own interests. They will look with complacency upon that consuming patriotism which will buy up every voter in the district before it will let the opposition defile the purity of the ballot. While the "henchmen" are held together by the "cohesive force of public plunder," the more honest party men are kept in the traces through what may be called the party state of mind. Men think only in the terms of their own party. Good government depends on "the success of the party," whether the party carries its principles into practice

or not. The politicians find it easy to renew the moral sense of their side of the community, so that every lapse of virtue on the part of the other side becomes a moral gain. Thus they obtain a factitious morality for their own party, which is subjected to none of the tests of actual morality. The other party is a boggy, to be exorcised. The superstition of the nursery dominates grown men. In the decadence of a faith, religion becomes a name to cloak the absence of it; to doubt the priests who make a living out of the relics of the saints is to question the existence of the gods. So party becomes a name, and the absence of purpose is forgotten: deceived by dead bones and living hucksters of them, educated voters are enslaved by a superstition.

We want a vigorous Protestantism in our politics, — a new reformation, appealing from creeds that mean nothing in practice to the individual conscience of right and wrong; a new emancipation from the hierarchy of office-holders and the slavocracy of party whips.

There is, indeed, now a crisis in this country, which demands a new anti-slavery crusade. It is a struggle of the people against the politicians, not easy to fight, and with none of the heroics about it. Civil-service reform is at this moment a more important national question than the success of either of the two existing parties, because in the abuse of the civil service the politicians of either side are intrenched. So long as the bread and butter of a great body of men, extending all through the public offices and the public works, depends upon keeping their own party and particular managers of their own party "in," so long every effort will be made not to express the desires of the voters through the party, but to keep the party and its managers "in" against the desires of the voters. So long as the politicians can control "patronage," — whether they be republican senators or democratic bosses, — so long

they will prevent either party from presenting issues on which the people wish to vote. So long as there is this temptation to a large class to conspire against the voter's expressing his real desires at the polls, so long the machinery of government will be used for the opposite purpose from that for which it was intended. But that civil-service reform is the "paramount necessity" we have heard before. The question is how we are to get it. Both parties will oblige us, though not cheerfully, by putting fine generalities about it into their platforms, and both are quite as ready to leave it out of their practice. Especially it is a stock in trade with the "outs," who whack vigorously with this plank at the "ins." The trick is transparent, and the "ins" know that the people know it. "O dear public," they have only to cry, "the other fellows will be worse than we are, and what is the use of putting us out and them in?" On either side, the voter is made to cast his vote for the principle of civil-service reform, and against the practice of it. Civil-service reform, in a word, cannot be reached directly: it must be got at in some other way.

It is upon the moral confusion above noted, and the perplexity and hesitancy of the educated voter in view of it, that the politicians of the winning side have long relied. They have seen that with no class of men is party superstition stronger, the dread greater of what the other party may do. They have come to look upon the educated vote as cowardly, and of this as a working principle they have had abundant confirmation. They have heard time and time again fine speeches of independence at conventions: they have beaten the orators and sent them home in the absolute certainty that the "fear of consequences" would whip them into line with the party before it should come time for the polls. "I wish we had the bull-dog jaw back again in our educated men!" cried one disheartened reformer. But

it is not bull-dog jaws that conquer the world in these days; it is firm-set lips. It is purpose made resolute by the determination to fight for the future, if in the present it may not prevail. The politician appals your educated man with the fear of remote consequences, which his education has trained him peculiarly to understand; but his education has taught him something more, and this it is time for the politician to understand. It has taught him that the present and the immediate future must sometimes be sacrificed for the remoter future; that results cannot be had without risks; that, in a word, it pays to be far-sighted. This is the philosophy of history applied to the present. As soon as the individual voter gives the politician to understand that, in this larger view, he will disregard the combination of circumstances purposely planned to restrain him, that moment the politician must begin to give way.

It has been well said that the one thing for the honest voter to do is to make the politician's trade uncertain. This is in fact the key to the situation. It is by the free flux of votes on the edge of party lines, the fluidity of parties, so to speak, that politicians can most practically be controlled and politics be most effectually reformed. The independent voter is the the strong man. If the parties will not apply civil-service reform for him, let him apply it for himself to the parties.

In fine, the educated voter, if he wants to better parties and to better politics, must resolutely refuse to cast his vote for a bad or unfit candidate, or for a candidate representing bad practice, because the candidate is nominated by the party whose professed principles he desires to support, and by whose name he calls himself. If a more fit man is nominated for the same place by the opposing party, he will vote directly for him. If there is but a choice of evils, he will refuse to cast his vote for

either, not by staying away from the polls, but by leaving the objectionable name off his party ticket, whether or not he replaces it by a good name, which he cannot expect to see chosen, but which offers a warning and a protest to his party managers.

This at once involves the dilemma of the undesired election, by default, of the bad candidate of the worse party; but this is a dilemma which must be resolutely met. It is the game of the politicians on both sides to keep the voter in this dilemma. They can be checkmated only by peremptory notification that at any hazard this kind of game must be stopped. The responsibility of party defeat is not with the voter, but with the party manager who has deliberately defied him.

For a political party, also, must be known by its fruits: if it produces bad candidates, it is not a good party; nor is it any longer "our" party if it rejects in its nominations and its administration the avowed principles which make it "ours." It cannot be too often repeated that party is only the coöperation of voters to put into practice given principles, and that there is nothing but fetishism in the worship of a party name. It is notorious at this time that neither great national party represents either its avowed principles or the better men in it. Each party subsists chiefly on the blunders, or worse than blunders, of its opponents, and finds its political capital not in its own usefulness, but in the dread of the worse possibilities of the other side. The cry of "Principles, not men" — which represents the true conflict of real parties — is a mockery in these days. This is the reason that the fight must be made first on men, before we can get back again to the conflict of principles. The way to stop stealing is not to pass resolutions against it, but to punish the particular men who steal. The way to make a party represent principle is to reject the men in

it who have no principle. If the worst comes, and the party is captured by unprincipled men for their own ends, then their defeat is the only method of reform within the party, because by such purification only can it again rise to its true power. If party managers invite this, this they must have.

It is to be noted, however, that the entire defeat of the party is not likely to be found needful. At most elections there are fit men and unfit men joined on our too comprehensive tickets. It is not necessary to reject the whole ticket, that is, to "bolt," but only to reject the bad men, — in which event, if the practice becomes chronic, there will not be many elections before bad men will be left off the ticket, and decent men made the rule. The machine knows that after all it must *elect* its man, and it will not long persist in putting up men whom the voters will not elect. If it is known that a considerable class of voters, whatever their party name, are unlikely to vote for a man who has no fitness for his office, whatever his party name, the managers will take this fact into their very practical calculations. There is no danger of "provoking" them to ignore it, — that is not the way in which the mind of the politician works. If tools or dupes of the machine are thus rejected from elective offices, its control over appointive offices will be weakened and the system ultimately broken up. Civil-service reform will be no longer a "plank," but a possibility, and the influences on legislation which have hitherto prevented its permanent adoption by law will no longer be adequate. The men elected will set themselves honestly to putting into practice the principles they were elected to represent, and the men appointed to doing the business they were appointed to do. Parties will not lose their organization, — there is no danger of that in this self-organizing country, — but they will resume their normal function of making

party machinery the means of expressing the popular will as guided by enlightened opinion. This is a simple process, which does not attempt a great deal, but it is effective, and effective with little machinery. It is not even necessary that the revolters should agree on any candidate of their own. The managers, however defiant they may be, cannot get along without votes, and the easy check is to give them not enough votes to elect their man. If the first result is to elect by default a man who is not desired, the second and most permanent is to obtain from the party a candidate who will be elected, because he will represent the principles the party professes to represent.

It is objected that this remedy is not adequate, because it produces only negative and not positive results. It is in fact the exercise of the veto power of the individual voter, and no more. It does not select good men, but only defeats bad ones. But we have here an evil to be cured, and destruction is the first and necessary step to construction. Positive results will follow, for when the heavy hand of the boss is off the party organization, the individual voter can again take part at the "primaries" in selecting his candidate. At present this is not practicable. The good citizen is urged to go into the party machinery and do his little best there. The trouble here is that his little best is so very little. The primaries offer no more freedom of choice than the polls. They are wheels within wheels of the machine. The citizen plays against loaded dice. Results may be obtained, but by an outlay of force entirely disproportionate to the results. The organization is against the individual, until it is forced to accept him as a part of it; and to attain this is to devote time and skill and other values which a busied man cannot afford.

This remedy is no new thing. For years men on both sides have voted a discriminating ticket. But there have

not been enough of them to disturb the politicians, and it is only recently that the evils of machine domination have attained such dimensions, and the policy of reform within the party by a forgiving trust in the penitence of managers in "off years" has so conspicuously failed, as to emphasize the necessity of enrolling men of this mind into a visible and adequate force. The movement which embodies it is based essentially on the power of ideas and appeals to the individual sense of right and wrong in political matters. It is, in a word, political Protestantism. It strives to produce a habit of mind in the community differing from the present habit of mind in political matters, and indeed reversing it. A voter is now called upon to show why he should *not* vote with "his party," whereas the party ought to show why he *should* vote with it. But concert of action is greatly promotive of independence in thinking, and ideas are much more effective in the concrete form of organization. Among the class of men likely to think and act for themselves, the American faculty of organization might indeed be expected to show itself. Common-sense suggestion, publicly made, by a few men who come together to represent a purpose has a considerable power in shaping public opinion and modifying action, and the conscience vote will be the more effective if individual consciences know that others are concentrated on the same aim. But the principle remains the same: reliance on the individual voter and his balance-of-power vote.

Nothing is more illogical than to call voters of this mind traitors, dictators, impracticables, or irreconcilables. They are not traitors, for they say, We want to support the principles avowed by our party, and the candidate you offer does not support them. It is he and you who are traitors. They are not dictators, for they say, We do not desire to name a candidate of our own; we want a good

candidate, that is all, and we will not vote for one whom we think bad. They are not impracticables, for they are doing the very practicable thing of fighting the politician with his own methods; they accept his challenge. They are not irreconcilables if, as between Jack Sheppard and Fra Diavolo, they venture to express a desire for some other kind of man. These all are but variations of the cry for "harmony," when harmony means the surrender of everything for which a party is useful.

The last resource of the party managers is the cry, All this is very well for ordinary occasions, but you must not jeopardize your party on great issues. This is the whip which drives in the independent voter, for the argument is specious and effective. They are perfectly willing to have reform in off years. But it is as occasions rise to state and national importance that the people have most need to be entirely bold against machine conspiracies. The stream cannot be purified from below. A dishonest town clerk we may easily get rid of, but a demagogue governor or a questionable president is another affair. It is the supreme mockery of the machine that, with scornful contempt, it tells the people that in matters of such importance it must be let alone. Its stock in trade is "supreme issues," and it is here, if anywhere, that its challenge must be defiantly accepted.

The answer to this is that many people believe that there are certain principles paramount to party which it is vitally necessary to put into practice in this country, and which neither party is willing to put into practice. Wherever neither party as a party seems worthy of of support, they will vote for the man whose character, record, and surroundings promise best. When both candidates are bad, they are willing to cast a conscience vote, because they think the danger of misgovernment for a year or two ahead is less than the danger of

permanent misgovernment by the final victory of party schemers. In this dilemma of parties, there remains the clear question of good or bad men.

The class of men who, counting themselves republicans, hold this view already find in the results of the national convention of their party happy confirmation of the efficacy of the remedy here set forth. They believe that the practical expression of these views, in the preliminary campaign of last fall and in the canvass before the convention, have had their positive effect in procuring a candidate under whose leadership party principles will mean something. They will be glad indeed to see a campaign fought between candidates on the two sides both of whom can be relied upon to make promises practice. But no mistake can be greater than to suppose that by any temporary success everything is achieved. Party names are yet stronger than party principles, and the citizen cannot afford to flatter himself that the beginning is the end.

We have naturally heard much, since the war, of military metaphors. We have become accustomed to look upon a political "campaign" as the grand battle of two opposing armies, with their officers and their generals disdainfully regarding their privates as ammunition to be fired against the enemy, and nothing more. On the contrary, the truest thing about a political party is that it is not an army, and that military parallels do not apply. The situation is exactly opposite, — except in one particular. This particular is that in war as in politics everything depends finally on the fibre of the individual privates. But in war it is the private's business to go into the battle massed with other men, with no idea but to do as his general bids, and if he deserts he is rightly shot. In politics the citizens go to the polls one by one; each casts his ballot by himself and for himself, without the knowledge

of others as to its direction, and the very act of voting is the invitation to use his individual judgment as between the opposing forces. Without enough of these votes, no man, or machine, or party can win.

The men who recognize the force of this axiom challenge each party to declare, not through the farce of platform promises, but by the nomination of men who will put principles into practice, whether they desire the support of those who think for themselves before they go to the polls. If party managers take the hint, the real issues on which voters desire from time to time to express their opinions are likely to be met as they come up by the modification of present parties under present names. Otherwise the recourse of purposeful men is a conscience vote that will begin to provide a better instrument for the future.

Results are not achieved in a day, and in the face of present and prospective discouragements there must be that faith

in works which has been so marked a characteristic of the American people. Persistent fearlessness will overcome even the superb organization and scornful power of this new slavocracy of the machine. The responsibility of the individual, not to a party cry, but to the principles of political morality, is still the basis of American government, and the independent voter must keep at his work, if need be, as his grandsires fought the first battle of the Revolution, — each from behind his own tree. There is an increasing company coming to their support in the generation which has been growing up since the war, those who believe that the men of the war died for liberty ; it is their less heroic duty to live for honesty, — to “highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain ; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom ; and that the government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.”

R. R. Bowker.

THE PERPETUITY OF SONG.

It was a blithesome young jongleur
Who started out to sing,
Eight hundred years ago, or more,
On a leafy morn in spring ;
And he caroled sweet as any bird
That ever tried its wing.

Of love his little heart was full, —
Madonna ! how he sang !
The blossoms trembled with delight,
And round about him sprang,
As forth among the banks of Loire
The minstrel's music rang.

The boy had left a home of want
To wander up and down,
And sing for bread and nightly rest
In many an alien town,

And bear whatever lot befell, —
The alternate smile and frown.

The singer's carolling lips are dust,
And ages long since then
Dead kings have lain beside their thrones,
Voiceless as common men, —
But Gerald's songs are echoing still
Through every mountain glen!

James T. Fields.

AU SÉRIEUX.

I.

HECTOR VON IMHOFF had been traveling for six months in the United States, when, early in November, 187—, he reached New York, expecting to be met by letters from his family urging an immediate return to Berlin. Much to his surprise, and we might also say gratification, his father granted him a few weeks' respite. His marriage, which was to have taken place in January, had been postponed until Easter, on account of a death in the family of the young Baroness Emilie von Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen. The circumstances were so imperative that Hector instantly stifled his regrets, and wrote an affectionate letter of condolence to his betrothed. He deplored the necessity for this delay, but self-sacrificingly affirmed his resolution to be patient. It had been, he explained, his intention to embark at once for Europe, but since a return to Prussia at the present juncture could effect no result except to make him restless, he had made up his mind to remain (should his parents sanction this decision) a month or two longer in America. He had seen the Falls, the great lakes, the prairies, crossed the Mississippi, explored the Sierras and the valley of the Yosemite. Now it might be well for him to make the most of his proffered opportunity,

and gather a few ideas about the inhabitants of the country, of whom he had so far received only the scantiest impressions. A wider experience and a closer acquaintance would enable him to carry away more just and discriminating notions of what their vaunted freedom had accomplished for civilization.

These admirable reasons for a prolonged stay he also detailed in a letter to his father and mother. Then, feeling certain of their consent, Hector sought his friend Raymond Ferris, and asked his advice about the best method of passing the winter and making the most of his time. Raymond unhesitatingly told him that the easiest way to attain the coveted knowledge of American society was to settle down in New York. He knew that the young Prussian's means were moderate, and accordingly established him in a room adjoining his own near Union Square, and introduced him at the Hungarian restaurant, a block away, where he took his own meals. This arrangement, Raymond obligingly remarked, was inexpensive: they could go about on easy terms of *camaraderie* when the occasion suited, and at other times be absolutely free.

Hector and Raymond had studied together at the university at Göttingen, and their habit of friendship was already well tested. The young American re-

turned to New York after completing his course, and had not met Von Imhoff again for the intervening five years. They had occasionally written to each other, and Raymond had been made a confidant to his friend's matrimonial prospects. Hector was Baron von Imhoff's fifth son, and his patrimony was to be of the smallest; thus nothing could be more judicious than this marriage, which was to unite him to an heiress of good rank and enormous estates. Raymond had, it is true, seen the little baroness, on the occasion of a Christmas visit to the Château Imhoff, without having been enchanted; but in spite of her somewhat calamitous absence of outward attractiveness, he had never expressed the faintest doubt of his friend's supreme good luck, for he firmly believed certain substantial compensations more essential in marriage than fleeting personal charms.

Hector himself was now twenty-seven. He was tall, and had a soldierly figure and a plain but strong face. His manners were simple, direct, and absolutely quiet. He seemed always — or so, at least, Raymond Ferris was in the habit of saying — to be acting under orders, which may have been one of the results of his military training. He took life more seriously than his American friend, and was consequently rewarded by more vivid impressions. He possessed high ardor for art; was clever with brush and pencil, and a proficient in music. He spoke several languages with ease, and was perfectly at home in English, pronouncing it in a way which curiously enhanced the value of certain words commonly slurred over. He was, in fact, so pleasing a fellow that Raymond Ferris was enormously proud of him, piqued himself on their intimacy, and was in no hurry to part with him. He took pains to have him admitted to the two best clubs, where he became necessarily something of a lion. He was, to begin with, a baron, — indifferent to his rank although he appeared to be; he was an

officer in the Prussian army; he seemed, in short, one of those enviable children of good luck who are presented at birth with St. Peter's keys to whatever they want in heaven or on earth.

But where his friend's introduction to feminine society was concerned, Raymond went to work more leisurely, determined to spoil nothing by haste. Nothing worth caring about was going on in society as yet, and it was as well, perhaps, that Hector's curiosity should be slightly whetted regarding the fair ones he met in the street, or looked at between the acts of the opera.

"You seem to have a great many female acquaintances," the young Prussian now and then remarked, with admiring patience.

"Yes, I count on knowing everybody in New York I consider worth knowing," Raymond would reply.

Athirst for social information as he was, Hector could not resist the feeling at such times that his friend was indifferent to his interests, and held him back from any chance of compassing the wide experience of New York he was ambitious to gain. On further reflection, however, he was inclined to trust Raymond's disinterestedness and rest upon his sagacity, knowing him to be a quiet fellow, who took all things coolly and never brought his green corn to market.

"They are very magnificent women," he went on to say of these beautiful and seductive creatures, who gave him such charming glances and indicated such a large and vivid interest in him.

"The loveliest women in the world," Raymond returned, appreciative, but not enthusiastic.

"They must have enjoyed very superior advantages to become acquainted with society so early."

"Why so?"

"They do not seem in the least afraid of the admiration their beauty excites."

"Well, why should they be afraid?" was Raymond's sensible reply.

Hector refrained from saying that he could not get over his amazement at the discovery that the fascinating young women he constantly came across were mostly unmarried. There was something in their ease, aplomb, perfect mastery of any accidental circumstances that chance offered, which had fastened the indelible impression upon his mind that they were matrons. When this notion was reversed, and he learned what a gloriously free and unfettered creature the American girl actually is, he began to think her a worthy object of study, and to take notes as far as his scanty opportunities afforded. He had prolonged his stay in New York with the definite purpose of improving his stock of knowledge; and what a pleasant field for patient and laborious investigations these charming creatures might offer! It seemed to him that if he could only become acquainted with one of them, he might go back to his own country considerably enlightened concerning the resources of the gentler sex. So far he had made sure of two things: first, that the American girl was the most exquisite production of nature or art; second, that she took an emancipated view of her relations to the universe, and could survey whatever she came across with coolness and decision in her beautiful-eyed wonder. He burned to know more of her; to study her *au fond*, as it were. Let him but enjoy the chance, and he would go to work with zeal, purely disinterested in his scientific investigations, avoiding hasty generalizations, taking pains to discriminate accidental phenomena from essential facts.

"Why should they be afraid of us?" repeated Raymond. "If the truth were but known, I dare say it might come out that we are more afraid of them. We all require a pretty cool head and heart to refrain from committing absurdities on their account. But they can take care of themselves."

"A cool head and heart?" said Hec-

tor. "Why so? You are not betrothed. You expect to commit a few absurdities."

"Can't afford it."

"I know very well what those words mean to me," Hector went on to say. "I could never afford to be carried away by my own feelings,—to plunge headlong without counting the risks of getting into water over my head. . . . At the time of my betrothal, Raymond, I thought of you. You were left free; you were master of your own destiny; you were not domineered over by a tyrannical family decree, in which your own voice was not once heard. . . . I was somewhat slow to realize my good fortune. I counted for more, perhaps, than they were worth those youthful forces of the heart and brain forbidden to me. . . . I asked for three years when they promised me to Emilie. I felt I could not be sure of myself sooner. . . . After a time I came to look at the circumstances which controlled me in a different light."

"Oh, you're an infernally lucky fellow!"

"I suppose I am. I was restless at first, but now I am sobered. My fate no longer afflicts me. . . . You have seen Emilie. . . . I have no doubt of her affection. . . . She will make me an excellent wife. . . . Already I see myself a *père de famille*. We shall reside on her estates. We shall have children. I care not how many,—one, two, three, four, five, six. Let them come. They may all be well portioned, for Emilie is rich, and their education will interest me, perhaps, and lighten the *ennui* of a country life. I began a year ago the study of agriculture. I shall pass my life experimenting on manures and crops and reading the foreign reviews."

"That's a capital arrangement," said Raymond. "Of course we manage things very differently here. We go in altogether for sentiment."

"Ah, yes! The young men of a new country may logically assert their right

to a different set of principles. Alas, we of the Old World are forced to be strictly rational, — to study prudence and keep our hold on our hereditary order. I have envied you, Raymond!"

Raymond burst out laughing.

"You may fall in love," pursued the young Prussian, with ardor. "You may choose one of those beautiful Juno-eyed creatures, and become anchored to married life by an imperious and tender sentiment."

"Oh, hang it!" cried Raymond. "I'm not rich enough to fall in love. Heiresses are rare. I don't want a wife till I am well off. Besides, none of these girls would care to marry me. They understand my position. I'm doing moderately well, but I need every cent I make for myself. I go about among them to amuse myself; that is the only definite good I seek to gain, while marriage is a definite evil to be avoided."

"And by amusement you mean" —

"Oh, I always take pains to have two or three flirtations every season."

Von Imhoff regarded his friend with some expression of quickened interest in his candid brown eyes. The two were dining together at the Hungarian restaurant, and after some very fair red wine were sipping their coffee.

"Two or three flirtations," the Prussian repeated. "I think you have explained the word, — you are attracted, — you" —

"Attracted? Yes. I insist on that. I fall in love up to a certain point."

"Ah, — up to a certain point."

"Yes. I always compel myself to stop there, and never to take things *au sérieux*."

"I see. Never take things *au sérieux*."

"By Jove, no! That would n't do!"

"No. The wise drinker never goes too deep. He stops short at the right moment."

"Exactly. I never get intoxicated. I admire a girl's style and enjoy her

conversation, — make sure that she is not heavy in hand, that she has spirit and temperament enough to interest me."

"And she? She is no more serious than you?"

"Serious? No, not she. She's too shrewd for that. She accepts my devotion with a charming air, but never forgets to keep her eye on the chance of a richer fellow's turning up. I begin by sending her flowers. I call at her house as often as possible, and walk home from church with her. She is my regular partner in the German, and if I can afford it I take a box at the theatre, invite her mother to make up a party, and give them all a little supper at Delmonico's or the Brunswick afterwards. I buy her bonbons and the new novels. She reads them and tells me about them, and we discuss all subjects under heaven. I assure you, it's quite sufficiently diverting. I'm more than amused; in fact, I'm instructed! There's no end to the cleverness of these girls! They know everything in a sort of way. I declare to you, Hector, the girl I flirted with last winter was the most fascinating creature! She had violet eyes and pale yellow hair; she was so devilish pretty that I expected I should have to make allowances for her. Yet I found out that to love her was a liberal education."

"That is well said," put in Von Imhoff. "'To love her was a liberal education.'"

"Somebody said it before me. That's where I fail, — in originality. But she never did. She was like the princess who kept the sultan amused for a thousand and one nights. Then, too, she was so lovely! One might have pardoned *bêtises* issuing from such delicious lips, but she never uttered *bêtises*. She knew music and art and china-painting and pottery glazes. Then, how witty she was, too!"

"Where is she now?"

"She was married in September."

"Ah, my poor Raymond!"

"Not in the least. I was very glad to hear of her good fortune. She met the fellow in Newport. It was her mission to marry a rich man. I grudged her nothing."

"And you were familiar with this exquisite, brilliant creature all winter, yet you kept cool! You said to yourself, 'This is all a very pleasing amusement, but must not be taken seriously.'"

"That was precisely my state of mind. That exquisite, brilliant creature had a great many needs which would have become imperious requirements the moment she had a husband, and she by no means wasted her aspirations on hopes of connubial happiness with me on a small income and a growing family."

"Strange, strange!" mused Hector.

"What is strange?"

"I suppose it must be the effect of this fine, clear climate."

"What must be the effect of the climate?"

Von Imhoff changed the subject. It did occur to him that if Raymond were a typical American, Americans must have their feelings pretty well in hand, — that in fact they must be cold-blooded, cold-hearted egotists. Still, it was not his notion of good manners to criticise the customs of the country he was visiting.

All the same, no word of his friend's philosophy had been lost upon him, and this description of the ravishing ease with which a moderately pleasing young man might compass delightful experiences of these brilliant American girls, without dangerous results, suggested corresponding advantages for himself in his present pursuit of knowledge. It crossed his mind that Raymond's methods, admirably simple as they seemed in his case, might with his own more ardent temperament become a little complicated in practice; but, after all, people went to strange countries merely to observe;

they left their hearts at home, and the only essential thing was to use eyes and intellect boldly, to master all facts presented, put them in logical order, and deduce theories from them.

The autumn was almost over, but Indian summer had now set in, with such soft airs and rare skies that it was Raymond Ferris's habit to drive his friend to the Park every afternoon, where they would leave their wagon and saunter through the Mall and Ramble. Few leaves were left upon the trees, but of those few not one but was yellow or russet or dull red, and the calm sunshine gave its own warmth to all things, filling the landscape with color.

Towards the end of one of these days the two friends had left their drag near the Mall, and after a prolonged stroll had sat down on a rustic bench near the lake, and were as usual deeply engaged in conversation, when suddenly Raymond sprang to his feet. A young lady was approaching, attended by a diminutive gentleman some forty-five or fifty years of age, of the most solemn and faultless demeanor, wearing a red carnation in his button-hole. The girl was of unusual height and of a charming, slender figure. She wore a wide hat trimmed with black plumes and a gown of black velvet and silk, over which she had put a long redingote of cream-colored cloth. Her rich dress trailed a yard behind her, making her slim height appear yet more commanding.

"My dear Raymond!" she exclaimed, in a peculiarly impressive voice.

"My dear cousin Lisa!" Raymond returned, flushing with pleasure. "When did you get back from Newport?"

"Only this morning. Raymond, let me introduce you to Mr. Long."

"I have had the honor of meeting Mr. Ferris," Mr. Long returned in a precise and painstaking tone, "but I have never yet enjoyed the pleasure of shaking hands with him."

The two at once proceeded to this ad-

vance in intimacy. Raymond knew Mr. Long very well as the successful financier of certain well-known railway corporations. After shaking hands with this important personage, he impressively introduced Baron Hector von Imhoff to him and to his cousin, Miss Walden.

Miss Walden gave the Prussian a glance out of the corners of her long dark eyes, and decided at once that he had a refined and powerful face.

"My step-mamma is driving about in the carriage," said she, "and Mr. Long and I started to walk through the Ramble, promising to meet her beyond the bridge. Will you come with us?"

"With — the — utmost — pleasure," stammered Von Imhoff, his admiring glance fastened full upon her, and unable to repress his enthusiasm at such a prospect.

Lisa smiled at him very graciously, and walking down a side-path kept him with her, while Mr. Long and Raymond fell behind. The four went on tirelessly, under bridges, through grottoes and vine-covered arbors, apparently losing themselves in the tortuous paths of the labyrinth. If any one felt dissatisfaction at the distance it was not Raymond, who had long wished to get the ear of his present companion; nor Hector, who now trod on air, having gained his much-coveted opportunity; nor Lisa herself, who talked incessantly, smiling, and constantly turning to study her new acquaintance with her full, splendid glance.

Not even Mr. Long made an effort to shorten the promenade until finally the thickets in shadow began to gloom together, when he quietly suggested that they had better turn towards the drive. Here they found the carriage in waiting. On the back seat reclined a lady, who, if not in her first youth, had no more than reached the point of perfected beauty. She was, in truth, remarkably handsome, of a listless, drowsy, blonde type, well set off by a bonnet and carriage-dress of dark blue.

"Well, Lisa!" was her exclamation, as the group approached. "I was on the point of going home and sending back for you."

"Mamma," returned Miss Walden, "let me introduce Baron von Imhoff. And here is cousin Raymond Ferris."

Mrs. Walden opened her eyes and stared frankly at Hector.

"How do you do?" she said. "I am very glad to meet you. How do you like New York? Is it like what you expected an American city to be? Now that we have got back, I hope you will come a great deal to see us. Raymond, you must bring Baron von Imhoff to the house at once."

"To-night?"

"Certainly, to-night. We have to dine early, for Mr. Long is on his way to Washington." She looked sleepily at Hector. "You'll come, baron?" she added, softly smiling, sweetly speaking.

Hector bowed, and expressed extreme happiness in accepting the invitation. Mr. Long assisted Miss Walden to her seat, followed her, shut the door with a bang, and the carriage rolled away. The sun had now really set. The sky was half rosy, half amber color; in the north and east the horizon toned gradually into violet. The landscape, with its crimsons, russets, and yellows, still kept the light, and in the Indian summer atmosphere took on a look of infinite richness. The two young men stood until the warm light faded into pale gold, then into whiteness, and at last flushed into a vermillion after-glow. The air grew chilly, and Raymond's trap, for which they had been waiting, rattled up, and they got in.

Hector had not spoken since he parted with Miss Walden. He looked flushed and excited, but not until they were dining together did he broach the subject agitating his thoughts.

"Do I understand, Raymond, that Miss Walden is your cousin?"

"Our mothers were sisters."

"Is it possible!"

"Why not? There is nothing incredible in the relationship, is there?"

"Never in all the time that I have known you have you mentioned her name to me!"

"Have n't I? I looked forward to your meeting her. In fact, New York never seems worth the candle until she is here, and I hesitated to introduce you until she and Mrs. Walden could set affairs going. It takes women to manage these things."

"You have waited until I had the chance of meeting the most beautiful, the most distinguished! I thank you, Raymond, from my heart."

Raymond stared at his friend.

"What the devil is there to be so sentimental about?" he thought to himself. "Lisa is no end of a nice girl," he said aloud. "I've always been fond of Lisa."

"She is a goddess!" exclaimed Hector. "Never have I seen so magnificent a woman!"

"Well, for my own part, I don't call her as handsome as Mrs. Walden, yet I acknowledge she's thorough-bred to her finger-tips, and has a style of her own which makes her effective. Then, too, she is infernally clever, — one of those girls with eyes to see and sense to understand everything. She's crammed full of ideas, — she might write a book. She will appreciate you."

"Appreciate me!" murmured Von Imhoff, flushing to his hair. "I am not so presumptuous."

"She's ambitious," pursued Raymond, "and is n't overburdened with heart. She will make a rich marriage, and likely enough is going to accept Long, — the fellow she was with this afternoon."

"That mummy!" gasped Hector. "That pale, cold shadow! That dull automaton! That mere semblance of a man! Impossible!"

"He may not be an Apollo, but after all what difference does it make? She's not rich. My uncle was a millionaire when he married that young wife, but he sunk his money in two railroads, and disaster overtook him in '73. He died too soon to get out of the scrape. He didn't leave much available property, yet those two women have been spending right and left ever since. Lisa has told me over and over that she has n't a penny, and must either marry or go to work. That alternative is a neat stroke of hers. I don't think there need be much doubt that both she and her step-mother will make good matches."

If Lisa had charmed the young Prussian in the Park, the impression gained both in breadth and vividness when he saw her at home. She seemed younger, more girlish. She was dressed in some sort of clinging white material, and looked taller and more virginal than before. She had talked in the afternoon with the ease and finish of an experienced woman, and he had listened considerably dazzled. Her fancy to-night was to reverse this order, and Hector was stimulated to the point of pouring out almost the entire history of his life. If he did not confess his betrothal, it was perhaps that nothing seemed to suggest it.

"You are much more interesting than our young men," Miss Walden remarked to him frankly. "I do not know when I was ever so delightfully entertained. I hope you will come and see us very often. Let us be the very best friends in the world."

Now this struck Von Imhoff as something distinctly novel and charming, — to have a young and beautiful creature look at him declaring admiring appreciation of his gifts, and demand that they should swear an eternal friendship. . . . Yet all the time there was no coquetry about her, no blushes, no self-consciousness.

"To be your friend," Hector returned promptly, "is the height of my present ambition."

"How delightful!" said Lisa, laughing. "What can I do for you in New York?"

"To be your friend," remarked Hector, "is an occupation in itself. I ask no other."

Lisa regarded him smiling, her head a little on one side. In his eyes she grew more and more beautiful every moment.

"Oh, I know!" she cried presently, as if she had caught an idea which had hitherto eluded her. "Raymond told me your wish was to study the customs of the country."

"Yes. In that case, is it not well to begin with a particular subject?"

"Oh, no doubt. But it is all a very difficult matter for foreigners. They never understand us. They look at us from the outside,—they persist in taking up an utterly false hypothesis, and then deducing the most absurd sequence and calling it logical."

"That is what I want, — to make no mistakes. I want to go to the bottom of things. I want to comprehend from the inside."

"Let me help you!" said Lisa eagerly. "I think," she added, resting her splendid glance on him and smiling, "that you might understand us. You are not dull, you are not bigoted. I would trust your perceptions and your instincts."

Hector gazed at her.

"What I want," he said hesitatingly, with an ingenuous blush, "is to make a study of American women."

Lisa laughed.

"That is a large, deep, and difficult subject," said she.

"I might," he ventured, — "I might begin with one."

"That would be simpler and pleasanter. How would you set about it?"

"I should try to do everything which

your cousin Raymond, for instance, does. I should like for the time being to become American."

"What does Raymond do?"

"I myself have always taken life too seriously," Hector went on, still hovering about his subject, and leaving her partly to infer his meaning. "Now I admire Raymond's philosophy. He has roses without thorns, — the sparkle of wine without the dregs."

"I did not know Raymond had any philosophy," returned Lisa, "except perhaps on the subject of falling in love. I have heard him discourse on that."

"He says he half falls in love," said Hector. "That is — he has — he has — he has — flirtations."

Lisa laughed again, with a very arch face.

"I see!" she exclaimed, — "I begin to understand! You are anxious to follow his example. It is a flirtation you want."

"Who could resist such an example?"

"You want to — half fall in love."

"Precisely."

"You are certain of leaving off at the right moment, — of not being led to take things au sérieux?"

"Raymond says that it is not difficult."

"Not at all. A flirtation is a very simple matter. All that is necessary is a thorough understanding at the beginning that the heart is not to meddle."

"Certainly. The heart might be a troublesome factor, — it should be eliminated."

"What is essential is a perfect intellectual sympathy."

"And that we possess!" cried Hector, with ardor. "Ah, if you" — He gazed into her face almost breathless. "You promised me your friendship," he faltered.

"And I hope we may both receive a great deal of pleasure from our friendly intercourse," said Lisa, looking at him kindly.

"And I am free to see you often?"

"As often as you please."

"I have nothing more to ask for," murmured Hector in ecstasy. He had risen, and was preparing to take leave. She had extended her fair hand, to which he now stooped and pressed his lips with fervor.

Lisa grew scarlet. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "they were our customs you were to study. You were not to teach us yours."

He looked at her with an air of solemn and startled regret.

"Have I made a mistake? Have I offended?" he said deprecatingly. However, it was impossible that his repentance should go very deep, for Miss Walden's sudden embarrassment brought her down from the heights of her woman-of-the-world aplomb into something distinctly lovable and feminine, adding new charms to her beauty. The conquest which her magnificent self-possession had begun her girlish shyness fully achieved.

"Von Imhoff," called Raymond from the next room, "we are staying too long. The ladies are tired." There was no more delay in the leave-taking.

"Well," said Raymond, when they were walking down the street, "did you like Lisa as well as you expected?"

"Ye-es," returned Hector, with discretion.

"Did your acquaintance begin well?"

"Very well." He spoke with animation.

"Look out for your head, my boy! She may lead you into deep waters."

"I might warn you," retorted Hector. "I saw you with the fair widow. You know the fascination of widows — you" —

"I don't care what you saw. It was all right. She is fascinating, — devilish fascinating. We're old friends, we're connections, and what is more we are going in for a tremendous flirtation."

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"Oh, you are!"

"She said, 'What's this dull town to me?' and I offered to amuse her until something more to her fancy turned up. I know nobody half so handsome, and I like to hear her talk. She has no subjects, and does n't get up enthusiasms like Lisa, but she prattles and she purrs. I rather like a woman to purr. I foresaw that I should be taking you to the house frequently, so I thought it as well to provide for my own entertainment."

"It is all easy to you."

"You seem to be going ahead very well, yourself."

"I am not 'to the manner born,' as your Hamlet says," answered Von Imhoff, a little absently; then, after a pause, went on: "Tell me, Raymond, ought I — ought I in honor to acquaint Miss Walden with the fact of my betrothal?"

Raymond chuckled. "No, — not a word."

"But — but — perhaps — if" —

"You don't mean to say you flatter yourself there's any danger of her falling in love with you? I assure you, you need have no scruples. She'll take care of herself. She'll not begrudge you a little innocent flirtation. She takes a purely artistic interest in men, and is fond of studying different types."

II.

Von Imhoff felt grateful to Raymond for that phrase. It suggested and expressed the situation, and frequent repetition of it was certain to limit his imagination and keep it well within bounds. "A purely artistic interest" was what he wished to take in the American type of woman, and however hazy his notions of what this feeling was might be, it was well at least to have a precise definition of it. He was at last well launched in the pursuit of knowledge, and never was

mastery of any science attended apparently with fewer difficulties.

He saw Miss Walden constantly, and every time he saw her the impression gained in depth and charm. They played together, for Hector was a performer on both the piano and violin; they sang together, studying assiduously at music with the fervor of artists thrilled and moved out of themselves; they read German together; they sketched and painted and decorated together; they went into society to meet; in fact, the whole existing order of things seemed especially created for them to enjoy each other's intimacy. If there were drawbacks, Hector had no notion of them. There were no bristling barriers, no obstacles, no *chaperons* even, except as Mrs. Walden and Raymond played the part by always appearing judiciously at the right moment and ingeniously taking the part of chorus when occasion needed.

Raymond's devotion to the pretty widow continued unabated.

"I assure you, Hector," he used to say, when hearing the chimes of midnight or later hours they walked discreetly homewards, — "I assure you, she's a delightful creature. I should n't be at all surprised if the affair lasted me all winter, unless somebody more eligible turns up for Maddy."

"You seem ready to show a noble spirit of self-sacrifice," remarked Hector.

"I don't mean to let my own feelings stand in the way of Maddy's good," Raymond conceded, with an air of generosity.

They walked along in silence for a time; then the young Prussian suddenly exclaimed, "Your American women are charming!"

"Charming is the word."

"Unlike any other women I ever knew or heard of," pursued Hector, warming with his theme. "Full of fancy, full of wit, full of paradox; delightful in caprice,

changeable as the wind; reserved where one does not want full illumination, yet frank as children; shy and delicate over womanly secrets, yet ready to utter the most audacious opinions on every subject."

"By Jove!" said Raymond. "Look out! You'll be falling in love, next."

"One does not fall in love with such women," returned Hector, his ears tingling. "They have fascination but no tenderness, caprices but no impulses. They are too rational; they only listen to their intellects, and lack the inspiration of real feeling."

"You know them like a book."

"You remember I wanted to gain a definite idea of them."

"You seem to have got hold of it. I dare say you're right. I have been their humble admirer a good while, but never took pains to analyze the precise nature of their strength or to discover their limitations. Speaking of women to fall in love with, I suppose the Baroness Emilie is" —

"Precisely," said Hector, all alert, — "precisely." He was silent a moment, then went on: "Emilie is not brilliant, but she will afford me a refuge, — a haven."

"Just what a fellow wants," remarked Raymond, with cheerful ease. "And I suppose, too, it's that sort of thing my cousin Lisa expects to find in her marriage with Mr. Long."

They were passing a lamp-post, and Von Imhoff seized his friend by the shoulder, drew him under the light, and gazed at him with solemn intensity.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Exactly what I say. In marrying Mr. Long, Lisa does not expect to find emotion, excitement, and all that. What she wants is a handsome house and a general feeling of comfort about her future prospects."

"But Miss Walden is not going to marry Mr. Long!"

"Well, I am not in her confidence;

the engagement is not announced, but I fancy the thing is settled."

"He has not been near her!"

"He can't afford the time. He is out West, making ten thousand dollars a month."

"She never speaks of him!"

"By the way, have you ever talked to her about the Baroness Emilie?"

Hector had experienced a palpable shock. His blood tingled to his very finger-ends, and he found some difficulty in concealing his state of feeling from Raymond, who was chuckling to himself, and seemed to take an almost brutal pleasure in what he would have called the humor of the situation.

"I warned you," he went on. "Lisa is nothing if not a coquette. Don't let her have a chance of laughing at you. What on earth is the use of taking the matter seriously? You don't want to marry her."

Hector could hardly repress an exclamation.

"When you find yourself becoming a little infatuated," pursued Raymond, "the best antidote is to fall in love with somebody else. When you can realize with equal vividness the charms of two very different women, you're safe. I find I have to go on to Washington to-morrow night. Come with me, and I'll introduce you to an enchanting little creature, the daughter of a senator."

"On the whole," said Hector, "my father told me to spend some little time in Washington. I'll go."

Naturally, before he set out, his paramount duty was to bid good-by to Miss Walden. He had been obliged to stifle a sort of emotion when Raymond alluded to the impossibility of his feeling a wish to marry the young lady, but after all his friend was right. He had had a chance to study the most beautiful of women, and had made the most of his opportunities. He had sought her constantly; he knew the house as well as his own mother's at home; the very

flowers growing in the pots on the window-sills, the open piano, the fire in the grate, seemed to have been watching for him, and to greet him with a radiant welcome when he went in. But all the same, the uniform, regular line of his life was to contain neither Miss Walden nor her surroundings; even the smiles on her lips and the bright glances of her eyes were to play no part in his future.

He walked to the little house on Thirty-Eighth Street, humming the music to which one of Heine's songs was set. Heine had realized, both as a man and an artist, the sweet bitterness of his present pain.

"Es hat mich zu ihrem Hause geführt
Ich küsste die Steine der Treppe
Die oft ihr kleiner Fuss berührt
Und ihres Kleides Schleppe,"

he sang to himself as he pulled the door-bell, but for all that his heart was throbbing when he was ushered into Miss Walden's presence.

"I am going to Washington," he announced at once. "I start with Raymond to-night. My father has written that I ought to see the city where your chief magistrate lives."

"I suppose you ought," said Lisa, with a frank sigh. "Of course, all you are doing here is to observe and study the country and its institutions, but I confess I had forgotten all that. It has seemed to me that the *raison d'être* of your life was much the same as mine."

"And that is?" asked Hector, when she paused.

"To put as much pleasure into my days as possible. How dull it will be without you!" she went on. She was sitting in a very low chair, and had to look up at him with her face fully lifted in order to meet his eyes. "I shall not care about my music; I shall not care about my painting; I shall not even care about a beautiful new dress which I was expecting to wear to Mrs. Parker's ball to-morrow night. As for my German books, I shall put them

away altogether. I shall have no object in my life." She sighed again, looking at him and smiling, but the gayety of her lips seemed quenched by the melancholy of her long dark eyes. "And you, meanwhile," she added, — "you will be gaining new ideas, new impressions. A woman has only one tune to play, — even that tune has very few notes, — which must be repeated over and over; but your harp has many strings, and can answer every sort of a vibration. You are not obliged to endure endless variations on the old theme." She smiled again, half sighing the while. Hector felt a little dizzy; his head was certainly swimming. She did not wait for him to answer. "Have you liked New York?" she asked him, with something pensive and wistful about her. "Of course it is not like your brilliant Continental cities, but I hope you will carry away pleasant impressions."

"I shall carry away one impression," returned Hector in a deep voice, — "an impression fixed and indelible."

"I am glad you speak in a melancholy tone," said Lisa. "I feel very melancholy myself. How long shall you be absent?"

"A fortnight."

"After a week, then, I may begin to have a horizon. I shall get out my music and my German, and look for you to return. Even the new dress shall wait. Still, don't let us talk about your going away any more now. It dispirits me."

"I wish," muttered Hector, "that I dared to believe that."

"Oh, you have widened my world for me!" cried Lisa. "I had had a surfeit of New York life before you came. I was looking forward to a very dull season, yet it has not been dull. But why do I say these things? They may all be told when you are really bidding us good-by, — when you are going back to the Old World. Let us talk still about our occupations, about what we are doing

and are going to do. And you are not setting out until to-night. We have the whole day to spend, and there are half a dozen engagements. Mamma," — at this moment Mrs. Walden came into the room, exquisitely dressed, — "Mr. von Imhoff is going away. Help me to entertain him so that he may remember us in Washington. Let us impress ourselves upon his memory."

Hector found his day fully occupied. He drove about with the two ladies, lunched with them, attended a concert and a reception, and looked in at a wedding; but after dinner he was on his way to Washington. He had heard nothing more about Mr. Long, and had almost entirely forgotten the troublesome suggestion Raymond had offered concerning that gentleman. Lisa had certainly succeeded in impressing herself upon his memory, — he could think of nothing else.

He was not the first man who has run away from a woman's fascinations, nor was his experience unique when he made the discovery that by substituting a dream for a reality he had not improved his state of mind. Raymond took pains to launch him in Washington society, and not only the enchanting daughter of the senator gave him favorable attention, but all the diplomatic service rushed to do him honor, and he was included in the most unbounded hospitality. He had, however, plenty of time to think. It is, in fact, a little curious how much opportunity for reflection a young man of twenty-seven may find when there is a beautiful girl to think about. It seemed the first chance he had enjoyed to think about Miss Walden, and the subject afforded scope for all his powers. Hitherto his mind had been kept in a state of tension by being perpetually with her. New emotions of curiosity, surprise, and admiration had carried him constantly from point to point, and thus piqued, diverted, stimulated, he had not had the requisite leisure to take stock of his im-

pressions. At one time she had been gay, and at another grave; she delighted in alternations of magnificence and humility, *hauteur* and child-like abandon. He went to work to realize her to his imagination as a whole.

It was a very pleasing amusement indeed. It would have been a luxury to have given himself up to it unreservedly,—to have sat over his fire and thought the whole thing out; but he had a programme to go through, and mechanically obeyed the prescribed routine. But whether he was talking or dancing, dining or supping, listening to debates in the senate and house or laughing at the witticisms of his friends among the *attachés*, who were full of amusing stories concerning the great country where they represented their sovereigns, he was always improving his time. The picture on his mental retina was so vivid that, no matter to what brilliant pageant he gave his outward attention, he never lost sight of Lisa. She had given him her picture at parting, and by looking at it for an hour in the morning and another hour before seeking rest at night he was enabled to remember her features exactly. He could think of her under all circumstances; could see her move about the room; could catch the exact spirit of her gestures,—her trick of adjusting the violets she wore at her belt, the necklace at her throat, or the train of her dress. She was very near him indeed in these days,—so near, in fact, that besides looking into her long, dark, laughing or melancholy eyes, or at her mutinous rosy lips, he could hear the tones of her voice, her low laugh,—could even feel the pressure of her light touch upon his hands. Going about with actual women of flesh and blood was a tame amusement compared with this. But all the while he was in capital spirits; he could talk wittily, almost brilliantly, and could fancy the turn of Lisa's head and the glance of her eye in return. Having reconstructed

her from his chaotic and fragmentary recollections, his tumult of various impressions, sensations, and inclinations, he was not slow to endow his creation with a warmth and impetuosity of feeling which seemed to include him, and him only, in this charming intimacy with which his imagination now made him every hour more dangerously familiar.

By a curious coincidence, while he was thus picturing Lisa Walden for himself, he received a letter from his mother in Germany, inclosing a portrait of his betrothed. At such a moment, and with such a state of mind as our hero's, we are all aware that this new portrait should have served as an amulet; but we are obliged to confess that it only fretted him, and added fuel to the fire already too thoroughly kindled.

The truth was the Baroness Emilie did not photograph well. She was of low stature, but excessively plump; her face was plain and colorless; her scanty hair was of the faintest yellow. The process threw into glaring relief the irregularity of her features, and quenched her poor little near-sighted eyes of all their light. Then the style of her dress and head-gear struck Hector as mortifyingly provincial and crude. He had of late learned by heart some of the charms and subtleties of a very different sort of toilette, for Lisa dressed with a perfection of taste absolutely ravishing. In fact, the difference disclosed by these two pictures was extreme; it amounted to a revelation.

These comparisons were not taken up with a view to any one's disparagement, but after placing the two portraits side by side the truth glared in upon him. There was Emilie, good, simple, faithful Emilie, whom he had known from the time she was a featureless little girl, solemnly toddling about the gardens with her *bonne*. He had never permitted himself to own that he was bored by Emilie, but had insisted to his own heart that he entertained a placid affec-

tion for her, and regarded her settled little habits with kindly, if amused, approbation. She had no passions and only one enthusiasm, which was for knitting and crochet work; the sorrow of her life was that her eyes were too weak for embroidery. In spite of her aristocratic lineage, she inherited no social impulses, and the great world was an irksome, even painful, ordeal to her. She was educated to appreciate music in a degree, and had practiced conscientiously all the sonatas for which Hector ever expressed a liking, and he had felt obliged to forgive the indifferent results out of respect for her faithfulness. Never had he felt a moment's doubt about her qualifications for wifehood, nor did he now.

These excellent qualifications he had more than once distinctly repudiated in Miss Walden's case. He had told himself that in married life a man wanted a rest. Alas, looking now first at Emilie and then at Lisa, it suddenly occurred to him that a passion for one's wife might fill existence with not only emotion, but inspiration!

Once having entertained this dangerous sentiment, the picture of his future, with which he had for years been familiar, grew all at once abhorrent to him. The great Schloss Sonderhausen suddenly loomed up gloomy as a prison; he hated its fair meadows and deep forests, and felt he never could draw breath there. What dullness! What *ennui*! That peaceful picture of walking about the gardens, with Emilie waddling by his side, and discussing what should be planted here and what cut down there, while their placid offspring played about them on the grass, inspired only a feeling of icy annoyance.

Good Heavens! He could not, — he would not. He yielded to the pressure of feeling which all at once clutched him with a giant's hand. He threw aside Emilie's picture, and looked with a beating heart into that other face, so

arch, so brilliant, so suggestive, with its dangerous eyes and lips. Here was his life. He loved Lisa, — he loved her madly. And what was her actual feeling for him? He deliberately sat down, folded his arms, and thought over the entire history of his acquaintance with her. There had been certain words, signs of emotion, and looks which threw everything into the most enchanting light. He rose triumphant. No doubt existed in his mind that her destiny was to belong to him; she had been created for his happiness as he for hers. Had she not told him he had widened her world?

He made up his mind at once. Of course it was very wrong, — of course it was very dishonorable. Nevertheless, there was something irresistibly pleasant, for a young fellow who had been tutored from his infancy, in awakening to the fact that he had at last a vital, personal experience, which must change all the old order of his life.

Hector remembered his father, the baron, with his grim face, his few words, always to the point and always in command, his contemptuous rejection of all individual wishes on the part of his sons. He thought, too, of the stately, gentle old baroness, in her faded boudoir, with her mingled teachings of religion and worldliness. It was easy for him to throw off his allegiance both to father and mother. They had governed him so tyrannically, — they had made him live by mechanism. He remembered with bitterness the pressure put upon him at the time of his betrothal. In spite of his duty to his parents, his honor, his assured future, this thing he had pledged himself to do seemed monstrous, a sacrilege!

He flung off his long-trained consciousness. All his feelings rushed in one current, and he yielded to it. He cut his visit short, determining to return instantly to New York. While he made his few preparations a voice rang in his

ears, — a voice so sweet, so seductive, that it obliterated all his scruples, and made him glad and proud to feel that he was in the full sweep of the world's forces towards his own hopes and his own needs. He constantly saw Lisa's beautiful eyes; he thought of her exquisite hands. . . .

He would have been delighted had this ecstatic state of mind continued all through the sleepless night's length of his journey back to New York. The reflection, however, had finally asserted itself, with more or less strength, that although the love he had to offer Miss Walden was mighty, his purse was light. He began to think about his thirty-five hundred thalers, which was all the money he had in the world to call his very own, after paternal remittances should cease. It was not much of a foundation for a baronial hall to which to conduct a fair baroness. Hector did not, however, allow these thoughts to dishearten him. He had a large, if vague, sense of the resources of a new country, and he had already studied agriculture for a year. Yielding to the seductiveness of delightful results independent of tedious processes, he saw himself the possessor of a bonanza farm, yielding luscious pears, grapes, all the wealth of Eden without one of the fruits forbidden. The vision was so charming that it seemed to Hector actually better to be Adam and Eve in this paradise than to hold all the titles and honors of the Old World. He had a reckless desire to out-Antony Antony, and kiss away his kingdoms and provinces at once.

He spent his day after arriving in New York in writing to his father, detailing his reasons for his present action, and defining his state of mind towards love and marriage in general, and towards Emilie in particular. Many thoughts came into his mind as he addressed the baron, and he put them all down, and forebore no mention of any of his old grievances. The letter cov-

ered so many sheets that it was not yet finished when Hector discovered that the morning and part of the afternoon had passed, and that it was time to go and see Miss Walden.

He had sent her word that he was coming, and he found her alone, sitting before the fire in the library. It was a cloudy afternoon late in January, and the twilight fell early. Mrs. Walden had gone out to a "tea," and the house was utterly quiet. In the low grate the coal fire burned with an occasional crackle and hiss, but seemed to hush itself and wait. Everything seemed waiting for Hector as he went in, even to the girl who sat in a low chair against a gorgeous screen, her white flannel morning-dress tinged with the vermilion fire flush. His heart was beating fast as he approached her; he could hear it throbbing violently against his breast.

"I was so delighted to learn of your return," said Lisa, with a radiant smile. "You were better than your word. You told me you would stay a fortnight, but you have not been away a week."

"Have I not?" asked Hector. "Something strangely retarded the days in Washington, and they stood still."

He sat down near her, not once taking his eyes from her face. Heavens! how beautiful she had grown! She regarded him smilingly at first, answering his look without breaking the silence. He certainly could not complain of any lack of opportunity; this opportunity seemed ready made for a lover's purpose. There was that about him Miss Walden had never seen before. He had quite lost his old quiet manner as if obeying orders, and appeared excited, fervent, even reckless.

Lisa herself was, however, quite unchanged. She was charming. She was, as usual, ready to discuss all sorts of matters, and said graceful things, witty things. She showed a frank pleasure in seeing him again, and gazing at him unhesitatingly described everything which

had taken place in his absence. Had Hector had it in his heart to wish her to be different, he might have longed to see her a little less unconscious; not so brilliant, but more subdued; not so inclined to laugh light-heartedly over the humorous aspects of the social experiences she so very cleverly described. She told him the plot of a new play, recounted the drolleries of a madcap dinner-party, dwelt enthusiastically upon her delight in listening to a new symphony.

"And now tell me all you did in Washington," she said at length.

"So long as I stayed, I did everything I was asked to do," he replied.

"And did you like the city?"

"I do not remember anything about the city."

"It was the people who impressed you, of course. Tell me how Washington life struck you. Looking at it impartially and without prejudice, how did it seem to you? Symmetrical or chaotic, crude or finished and complete, harmonious or a thing of shreds and patches? I always like to know a foreigner's estimate of Washington. Now New York one finds manageable; one may have the set one chooses, and live as one chooses. One may be English, or German, or French in one's style of living; one may lead and one may govern. But Washington is beyond anybody's control; it is a sort of unclassified monster, which goes where it pleases, and does what it pleases, and devours what it pleases."

"Ah," murmured Hector. He did not precisely follow Miss Walden, but it was a fascinating experience merely to sit and look at her unforbidden. She made little gestures with her pretty hand, and he reflected that twice his lips had been pressed to that satin skin. Did that remembrance color her consciousness, he wondered.

"But being a stranger, I suppose you did not find all that out," said Lisa.

"I beg a thousand pardons" —

"Now tell me all about it," she went on. "Let me hear everything you said and did and thought" —

"I spent my time thinking of you."

Lisa laughed a little, — a low laugh, exquisitely pleasant to the ear.

"That is a very delightful way of accounting for your whole week, but I can hardly be expected to believe it. What ladies did you admire most? Who gave the best dinners? With what beautiful creature did you become enamored? Washington girls are so gay, so charming. They see so much, they do so much, they are used to so much; they are always on tiptoe, ready for something unexpected and delightful to happen. I promise to sympathize with you. Tell me all about it. Was she beautiful, or was she witty? Was she Eastern or Western, Northern or Southern, domestic or foreign? I am holding my breath and waiting for you to begin." Miss Walden was laughing merrily.

"Don't laugh!" cried Hector. He moved his chair nearer, and looked earnestly in her face. "Don't laugh at me," he said again. "I am feeling so deeply. I — I — expected to stay away for a fortnight, but I came back because — I — have — something — important — to — say — to — you."

But Miss Walden did not pause. It was not safe to pause with this young fellow staring into her face, his eyes full of ardent folly.

"I felt sure you would finally tell me what your experience had been," she pursued sweetly. "Your experiences always interest me, Mr. von Imhoff. What experiences you men can have, alas! You may exercise all your capacities, all your talents. What kind of game did you hunt in Washington? I do really want your views on our legislators and our legislation. I made a point of reading all the debates while you were away, feeling certain you were sitting in judgment on our institutions.

Never before had I been so anxious to know how our institutions looked."

But no matter how wise or how witty she was, it was all of no use. She preached in the desert. Hector would not let go his opportunity.

"I desire you to listen to me," said he forcibly.

Lisa laughed again. "Am I not ready to listen? Am I not longing to listen? Have I not been asking you all manner of questions about everybody and everything in Washington? Yet what answers have you vouchsafed me?"

"What I have to say to you," began Hector, "concerns only you and me."

"Now that is unexpected, — that is delightful!" murmured Lisa, smiling at him radiantly. "Do you know, Mr. von Imhoff, I was a trifle jealous of your trip to Washington? It seemed as if you had had enough of New York; as if you had said to yourself, 'Let me have a little amusement after this long *joue maigre*.' I dreaded lest you should not care to return. You are so greatly interested in everything American, and Washington is so ultra-American in many respects, with its jumble of people. You might have found it the best place to pursue your studies of our civilization. But now you have come back, and our friendship may go on. There are some French pictures at Cottier's which I want you to tell me about, and at the next Philharmonic" —

Hector laid his hand on hers. He was so much in earnest that he looked angry and frowning.

"I seem to know you less and less!" he said reproachfully.

"Oh, no, Mr. von Imhoff, — better and better."

"I hope not, I hope not!" he cried passionately; then calmed himself. "I knew before I went away that you had taken possession of all my thoughts," he proceeded, speaking now with deliberation, all the more effective because he

subdued his actual vehemence by a strong effort. "When I reached Washington I suddenly discovered that I loved you with my whole nature."

Lisa had been gently withdrawing her hand from his, and now seemed to be looking it over carefully to examine if his close pressure had injured it.

"I am glad you thought of me kindly, missed me a little," she said, with just a shade of reluctance in her voice.

"I thought of you kindly, missed you a little!" he repeated. "Do you know what a man means when he says, 'I love you'?"

She folded her hands in her lap and looked at him.

"I understand one thing," she replied, in a deprecating manner. "I was a novelty to you; you have been studying me. But I did not suppose you would remember me when you had such rich and varied resources for forgetting me."

"You shall not pretend to laugh at me!" he said.

"I am not laughing at you."

"You shall not try to make me believe that you halt on the threshold and will not look within. What I feel for you is the passion a man longs to live for if he may; if not, then to die for."

She had a clear consciousness of his nearness to her. She shivered once; her lips seemed to him to be still smiling, but they trembled, nevertheless. Yet she continued to look at him, and gently shook her head.

"Don't make me afraid of you," said she.

"Afraid of me! My heavens!"

"We Americans do not take things so seriously. Many ideas are very beautiful, very poetic, but they do not belong to real life. We are forced to be practical, you know."

"*This* is fact, *this* is reality, *this* is *life*," declared Hector. "I seem never to have had emotion before. You have

taught me what was hitherto not only unknown, but unimaginable."

"That is German sentiment," observed Lisa, regarding him with a sort of pensive curiosity.

He stared back at her with a certain solemn brightness, as if dazzled.

"Do you mean to make me unhappy?" he asked.

"No, no, no." Lisa's voice had a vibration in it which thrilled him. "I do not want to make you unhappy."

"Then listen to me."

"We are only friends; we can be no more than friends, and friends do not talk in that way."

"We are more than friends, — much more."

"Say that we have — have flirted — ever so little, — just for a passing amusement, and because you wanted to be enlightened about the customs of the country" —

"Do not speak to me of the customs of this country as if" —

"One is not so serious even in flirtation."

"I am serious!" cried Hector, almost violently.

"That is why you make me afraid," said Lisa, with gentle expostulation. "You allow yourself to be carried away. You forget how we began, and you do not seem to remember" —

"No," declared Hector, "I remember nothing, — I who have so much to remember. For your sake I forget all, and — and — it is easy to forget."

"But you must not forget. There are certain things you must remember; you must above all remember the Baroness Emilie von Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen."

The room was by this time quite dark, and at this moment the servant entered and lit the candles in the sconces and the gas-jets under the globes. When they were again alone, and Hector could plainly see Miss Walden's face, he discovered that almost for the first time in

their acquaintance she showed excitement. A little scarlet spot burned on each cheek; her eyes were shining. Her beauty animated and stirred his heart with an actual promise.

"All that was before I knew you," said he, in his simple, direct manner. "The Baroness Emilie belongs to my past, and my past is not of my own making. She has nothing to do with my future; I take that into my own hands. Hear what I have to say to you. I have learned to love you with my whole heart, — I ask you to become my wife. I offer you myself and all I may win for you."

They were looking at each other intently.

"It is a pity," she began softly; but he interrupted her.

"I ought to add," said he, blushing as he thought of his sole fortune of thirty-five hundred thalers, "that I am not rich, — I am, in fact, very poor; but I am young and strong, — I can conquer the world."

"I hope you will," said Lisa. "I am sure you will." She had dropped her eyes, and her expression baffled him. He tried to take her hand. "I am engaged to marry Mr. Long," said she quietly.

"Engaged to marry Mr. Long?" he repeated blankly, as if such an idea had never before penetrated his consciousness. "*I will not believe it!*" he added, almost fiercely.

"I had already been engaged to him a week when I first met you. . . . I have promised to marry him very soon, — as soon as he returns."

Hector, clasping her wrist loosely, looked at her. Her face dazzled and blinded him, but her beauty had grown bitter to his eyes. Its enchantments had vanished, — it held no promise for him; it had cheated him, and now mocked him. The rich dark hair waving back from the temples, the little pearly ear and the round girlish throat, the splendid pose

of head and shoulders,—these minor points of her powerful womanly charm struck him as if for the first time. . . . But she was Mr. Long's possession; his betrothed in the present, his wife in the future. It was for that wealthy gentleman to look with triumphant tenderness at such beauty, estimating its worth and counting over its delights.

While Hector stood silent, watching Lisa, her color rose, until a vivid emotion dyed her face. "*This is fact, this is reality, this is life,*" seemed to sound again in her ears. Mr. Long, with all his millions, had at the moment no place in the thoughts which made her blood thrill along her veins. It was a long time before she dared raise her eyes. "After all," she was saying to herself, "it is something to dare to be young and to be happy."

All at once Hector dropped her hand, and she looked up. He stepped back, and his face was averted.

"Mr. Long has my felicitations," he said, as if he did not find it easy to speak,—as if his tongue had stiffened.

If Lisa had wanted a moment, it was over. The door opened, and Mrs. Walden came in, dressed in a magnificent visiting toilette of black velvet, and wearing a bonnet with pale blue plumes. She was attended by two gentlemen, both of whom seemed in equally radiant good spirits. The first was Raymond Ferris; the second, a small, red-haired man with an enormous nose, was impressively introduced to Von Imhoff as Mr. Markham Jones. Mrs. Walden looked from her step-daughter to the Prussian and back again with an air of amused curiosity. She felt that something had been interrupted, but was not certain which scene in their little comedy it was. Her glance forced Lisa to rally, but her voice was a little constrained and languid as she said,—

"You must congratulate mamma, baron. I put off telling you that piece of news. She is engaged to be married."

"Engaged?" returned Hector, with the air of a man still dizzy with his fall over a precipice. "Engaged? And to my friend Raymond?" He nodded to Ferris; then, turning, kissed the fair widow's hand. "I congratulate you from my heart," said he. "I love him as a brother. He has been my friend for years."

"Oh, by Jove, Hector!" cried Raymond, while Mrs. Walden smiled with the best grace possible under the circumstances. "It is Jones here who is the happy man,—Mr. Markham Jones," he repeated, as if insisting on making an impression upon Hector's bewildered consciousness.

The young Prussian looked at the stranger with an air of grave surprise.

"Indeed!" muttered Hector. "Indeed!" Then, as if feeling that any signs of astonishment on his own part were wholly uncalled for while everybody else, including Ferris, was in such capital spirits, he added rather vaguely, "It is most fortunate,—most fortunate."

"Fortunate?" repeated Raymond. "Fortunate? I suppose you mean it is fortunate for Jones! As for me, I am going to become a cynic. While one is young the heart may stand constant breakages, constant repairs, but I must begin to be world-hardened."

"Don't, Mr. Ferris," said Mrs. Walden, laughing as she went over to the fire and sat down. "We could ill spare your fresh susceptibilities."

"There is a fatality upon me," pursued Raymond. "I ought to have been a poet. My sufferings would have been useful."

Hector had felt lost in a maze. For a while everything had seemed tottering and unsubstantial. But he had been well drilled, and could hold on to his good manners and be a person in general, although his private and special existence seemed utterly cut off. Lisa had walked over to the window, and stood

half turned, as if looking out, while her fingers clutched tightly at the casement. Hector felt a sudden impulse seize him to get away, — to end this.

"Oh, Raymond," said he, "your heart must not break yet. Let it have more smiles, more pangs, more burnings, more greetings, and more adieux. Your American hearts can stand all that. As for me, my poor soul is heavy with the one farewell I am to utter."

"Farewell?" exclaimed Mrs. Walden. "You have but just come back from Washington. Are you going away again?"

"I am going home to Germany. I sail to-morrow."

Lisa turned and advanced slowly down the room until she stood opposite to him. "Going home to Germany?" she repeated, as if her lips were half frozen.

"Yes," said Hector. Their eyes met. He had but one feeling in his heart, and it was impossible for him to understand the meaning of her face.

"We have heard of a very magnificent young baroness," said Mrs. Walden, in her caressing tones, "and I can easily fancy you are going back to her."

"I am going back to her."

"And what shall you tell her about our country?"

"That I admired everything in America," returned Hector unreservedly.

"Particularly the charming girls you met."

"Precisely."

"And of course you candidly admire our women," said Mr. Markham Jones, with an air of holding settled convictions on the subject.

"I am their humble worshiper."

"The most beautiful creatures in the world," said Raymond; "then, besides, they are so sensible, so spirited, so clever."

Hector glanced for the last time at Miss Walden, who had sat down by the fire.

Her face was half in light and half in shadow. She no longer glowed with color, but looked cold. It seemed to him she was musing intently, and of what? Of course she was thinking about Mr. Long.

"They are very clever!" he cried, — "they are too clever!" Mr. Long's *fiancée* flung him a glance which his jealous heart interpreted all wrong. "They are very beautiful," he pursued, as if stung by some personal feeling, "very spirited, and profoundly sensible. In fact, for a plain German like me, made of mere flesh and blood, they are, if I may be permitted to say so, *trop spirituelles*."

"Trop spirituelles?"

"Precisely. Trop spirituelles."

Ellen W. Olney.

UNAWARE.

THERE is a song some one must sing,
In tender tones and low,
With pink lips curled and quivering,
And eyes with dreams aglow.

There is some one must hear the tune,
And feel the thrilling words,
As flowers feel, in early June,
The wings of humming-birds.

And she who sings must never learn
What good her song has done,
Albeit the hearer slowly turn
Him drowsily, as one

Who feels through all his being thrown
The influence sweet and slight
Of strange and subtile perfume, blown
Off dewy groves by night!

Maurice Thompson.

INTIMATE LIFE OF A NOBLE GERMAN FAMILY.

PART I.

It was on a fine day in the latter part of May, 187—, when, with a little one clinging to either hand, I stepped from the gang-plank of the small transfer steamer at Bremerhaven. Of course it was not from sentimental motives that, after a tedious voyage of eighteen days, we were allowed to step out upon this green and flowery bank instead of the crowded, unsightly wharf where the Lloyd steamer N——g discharged her freight, etc.; but nevertheless one could only feel grateful for the privilege. I wonder if my feet will ever touch earth again with such a mingled sense of reverence and exultation! Right at the first step a surprise awaited me, for scores, yes, hundreds of well-known faces crowded up to give me welcome. There they were, the darlings of my childhood and girlhood, — buttercups, clover, dandelions, and one new yet strangely familiar face, the daisy's, "wee, modest, crimson-tipped," — smiling up at me from the greensward! It was like an unexpected greeting in the English language. Some little flaxen-braided German girls were picking nosegays near by; a flock of geese gabbled excitedly and fled at our approach; and a motherly nanny, who, with a brace of dappled kids, was tethered on the hill-side, gave us one

grave, comprehensive glance, imparted her impressions to her offspring in a brief staccato note, and resumed her interrupted meal.

An hour of confusion at the depot, and we were huddled indiscriminately into dirty second and third class cars, and placed under lock and key. The two hours' journey to Bremen gave us a succession of pretty pictures, although the country is flat and the scenery by no means remarkable. We passed many villages, all to the fleeting glance charming and picturesque, the peak-roofed cottages of each clustering about a small, ivy-grown church with low, square tower. On every eminence a windmill waved its ponderous arms. The orchards were white and rosy with bloom. Peasant women in big hats and much-curtailed petticoats were at work in the fields, and turned invariably to stare at the passing train with as much interest as if it were the first of locomotives on its trial trip. I was childishly excited over everything, and when at last I saw a pair of veritable storks in a meadow, poising on one long leg to regard the whizzing train with a *blasé* and knowing air, then indeed I realized that I was in Germany.

We arrived without adventure in Ber-

lin, just at sunset. I knew that a friend of B——'s was to receive us here,—a baroness with an awe-inspiring title and a jaw-breaking name. I descended from the coupé, therefore, with considerable trepidation, expecting to meet a *grande dame* whose magnificence and hauteur would crush me to the earth. I had hardly taken a dozen steps when I met the gaze of a very short, very fat, very much dressed old lady who was advancing towards me, a *carte-de-visite* in her hand. After a hasty scrutiny of my person and a glance at the photograph, she rushed up to us with the abandon of a school-girl, and showered upon us words of welcome in a shrill voice and the funniest German-English I ever listened to:—

"So! you have came allein mit two shilderns von Amerikah! Nein, dat ish not posseeble! How you are live? Poor tings, came mit me! I have all arrange, alles in ordnung!"—and much more in the same style, and in the kindest, motherliest manner imaginable. She gave orders to her resplendent footman, and we were soon on our way to the Hôtel de France, where, as the good soul explained with pardonable frankness, she had engaged us rooms for the night, her husband, the general, being very old, *nervös*, and unused to the presence of children. How kind, how good, she was; and how valiantly she struggled with the English language, merely from principle, as I assured her from the first moment that it was unnecessary in my case! She insisted also on going with us to our rooms, and in the lack of an elevator toiled pantingly up to the fifth story, where they were situated. She ordered our supper, and turning down the covers of the beds rigidly examined them.

"Mein Gott!" she cried, "de bed-cloths are *humid*!" and then summoning the chambermaid she scolded her roundly in her shrillest tones, and fussed and fumed and fluttered about, with the

best of intentions, until I, too, was utterly disgusted with rooms, beds, and supper, which were not so bad after all in *quality*, although meagre in quantity. The dear lady had never possessed children of her own, but her capacious bosom evidently harbored maternal love enough for a large brood, and her heart seemed to open very warmly to my little girls, whose father she had known from his infancy. She told me much of the place and people to whom I was going, and was loud in her praises of B——, whom she declared emphatically to be "one angle." As we were to leave next morning at a very early hour, she bade us good-by, or rather "*auf wiedersehen*," as she was to visit Y—— in the course of the summer.

Bright and early the footman was on hand, with many messages from his mistress, lunch for the journey, and bonbons for the children. How pleasant was that early ride to the depot! The great city was just beginning to stir uneasily in its slumbers, and the fever of traffic and pleasure would evidently soon set in; but now everything was cool, fresh, and quiet. We soon left the splendid city behind us, and sped on to D——, where we were to change cars and B—— was to meet us. We alighted, and were immediately greeted by a plainly-dressed little woman, whose face was radiant with sweetness and nobility.

"Thank God that you are here!" she exclaimed, in a cordial voice and most excellent English.

Such a welcome broke down every barrier, and in a few minutes we were chatting, over cups of smoking *bouillon*, as if we had known each other for years. Two hours more of railway travel and we reached W——, where the family carriage awaited us. A short drive over the rough cobble-stones of the queer, slow little city, a half-hour's drive over a fine *chaussée* bordered all the way with cherry-trees, and we reached the tiny village of Y——, where the resi-

dence of F—— is situated. Lots of funny little peasants, real Oscar Pletsch children, ran out to stare at us; geese, ducks, and pigs were thrown into a violent state of agitation, and plunged precipitantly into their puddles; while withered old men and women hobbled out and peered from under their shaking hands at “the Americans,” whose advent had probably been known and talked of for months previously. I have no doubt they expected to see us either black or copper-colored, and in a costume consisting principally of a feather head-dress and a pair of moccasins. At the further end of the village we turned from the *chaussée* into the *Hof* (court-yard), around which the buildings appertaining to the estate are situated. Across this court-yard, opposite the entrance, stands the *Schloss*, or castle, before whose door the members of the family were gathered to receive us; and what a welcome it was! F——, grave, dignified, but with such gentle, *genuine* manners; the little boys, fair, rosy, manly fellows, who hung shyly back at first, but came forward when bidden, and greeted us in pretty, formal German phrases.

All the servants of the household came to pay their respects, also: the men with deep obeisances; the women, from the lady’s-maid to my own newly-installed little *Kindermädchen*, kissing our hands and showering admiring epithets on the two *Contesseinen*, as my little girls were henceforth called. I heard myself spoken of habitually among the *Dienerschaft* as the Frau Gräfin *unten*, to distinguish me from B—— who was the Frau Gräfin *oben*;” in plain English, the “down-stairs” and the “up-stairs” countesses.

The village of Y—— is only one of the thousands with which the country is literally *peppered*. It possesses most of the qualities, good, bad, and otherwise, which they share in common, at least in this province. At a distance they are

picturesque, but if one desires to preserve one’s illusions one must not come too near. They do look well in pictures, — rude cottages, filthy puddles, and all; but then artists cannot, and would not, paint the *smells*. This particular village consists of a hundred or so small cottages, built of rough stone, the old thatched with straw, the new with tiles. They are not unsightly in themselves, especially in summer, nestling in orchards, hedges, and gardens, but their surroundings are abominable. Before each door is a huge dung-hill (*mit Respect zu sagen*), where hens and swine dispute the territory, and evil-smelling, green puddles, where geese, ducks, and dirty children whose hair is bleached white with exposure to the sun, paddle together in placid bliss from morn till dewy eve. So far from trying to keep such necessary adjuncts of agricultural life as dung-hills, etc., etc., out of sight, as is our American custom, they are here given the *place d’honneur*, and I fancy the family pretensions to *rank* are gauged in accordance with the more or less rapid accumulations of these manure heaps.

Old men and women, beyond more active service, sit in the door-ways and keep the feathered and unfeathered bipeds within bounds. Their faces are brown and wrinkled, like dried pears, their bodies bent and shriveled, but their tongues wag vigorously, and they knit incessantly, both sexes, upon coarse woolen socks. There is no church at Y——, the people attending service at a neighboring village. The dignity of the place seemed to be the school-master, whose cottage was distinguishable from the rest by an air of superior neatness and the presence of a pretty garden full of well-cared-for flowers. There is here, as in all villages, a green where the peasants meet for recreation, windmills on every little hill-top, and a well-filled, dreary old churchyard, which for barrenness would vie with any New

England country burying-ground. There are no shops, not even a bakery, all purchases being made in the distant town.

On entering the Hof, a stranger marks with surprise that here as elsewhere, the stables, granaries, etc., are situated at the very entrance, a custom which produces an unpleasant effect on more senses than one. These buildings are of stone, roughly plastered, one being surmounted by a weather-cock, a bell to be rung in case of fire, and a discouraged-looking old clock, which refuses utterly, or did when I was there, to record the passage of time. Half-way up the court, on the right, is the dwelling of the inspector, a low, thatched, charming cottage under a spreading linden. Opposite this, sandwiched between a granary and a carriage-house, is another dwelling, called the *Schlösschen*, or little castle, of which more hereafter, and at the extreme end of the court stands the Schloss itself, almost concealed from view by a row of magnificent horse-chestnuts. At the time of our arrival these trees were in full bloom, opulent with fan-like foliage and great spikes of rose-colored flowers. The ground beneath was spread inch-deep with a brilliant carpet of their fallen petals.

The Schloss is a plain, substantial structure, without the least pretension to architectural beauty, being in fact only a comfortable country mansion, called a "castle" out of courtesy. Still, it had for me an oddly pleasant look, with its steep, red-tiled roof and arched windows peeping out from the dark foliage and rosy bloom of the grand old trees. The grounds are not extensive, but well laid out, with an abundance of flower-beds, shrubbery, shaded walks, and summer-houses furnished with green and white painted chairs and tables, where the family spend a greater part of the long summer days. In the centre of the court is a basin and a fountain with a languid jet, and there are beautiful old trees everywhere. The whole

place, though by no means lordly, is pleasant and home-like. I found most of the home flowers and shrubs here, and others new to me. The roses are fine, the bushes being trimmed into the shape of trees, and growing as high and often higher than an average person's height. Against the sunnier walls apricots and peaches are trained upon espaliers.

The bachelor uncle from whom F—— inherited this and two adjoining estates passed only a few weeks here, during the hunting season. He seems to have regarded this property merely as a milch cow to be drained for the expenses of his city pleasures. Being left for many years in the hands of one dishonest inspector after another, things were in a deplorable state when F—— took possession. He told me that the very cattle were starving in their stalls. Under his thrifty and scientific management everything is flourishing now, and I heard plans discussed for the erection of a magnificent new Schloss and the laying out of a park worthy of the family name and position. The uncle referred to was of a festive turn, and whenever he came, on hunting bent, brought with him a host of congenial spirits. But from some whim he built for his own personal convenience the little residence before mentioned, the *Schlösschen*, which is quite a *bijou* of an affair. The Schloss itself was given over to the guests, though they all dined together in the stately hall of the *Schlösschen*. Now the case is just reversed, F——'s family occupying the Schloss, and the little castle being reserved for guests. I, however, was installed in a spacious apartment on the ground-floor of the family dwelling.

The first thing which struck me on entering the Schloss was the odd contrasts of simplicity and magnificence seen on every hand. One enters a broad hall which leads directly through the house, another crossing it midway from

end to end. The floors of these halls and of the adjoining kitchens are paved with tiles, and the walls are lined with massive mahogany presses, containing household stores. On this floor, besides the kitchens, are the governess's, footmen's, and lady's-maids' rooms, and a few guest rooms. Above are the dining-room, salons, and private rooms of the family.

In all these rooms the floors are bare: those in the salons waxed and strewn with rugs; the rest, plain, well-scoured deal. The furniture is mostly of mahogany and rose-wood, much of it carved and inlaid with ivory, ebony, etc. I saw some pieces, two hundred years old, which would set an American collector frantic with vain longings. In nearly all the rooms were oil-paintings, many of them really good. There were originals of Tintoretto, Titian, Holbein, Paul Veronese, — or at least what purported to be originals. There was much bricabrac lying about, and book-cases stored with classic lore. I saw no modern books in any tongue. They told me a good story of the manner in which a portion of the paintings came into the old count's hands. They belonged formerly to an old and impoverished nobleman, who proposed to him to take the entire collection, paying him therefor a moderate annuity for the rest of his life. The count assented, no doubt with many a secret chuckle, for their owner was apparently tottering on the very brink of the grave. But those laugh best who laugh last. The old fellow seemed endowed with a new lease of life. He lived on and on, until the full value of the pictures had been paid twice over. The story is told by their present owner with a mingling of humor and chagrin which my bare recital cannot impart.

The upper hall of the Schloss is decorated with all manner of trophies of the chase; handsome rugs of deer and fox skins lie before the doors. In every room is one of those great stoves of

white, gray, or pink-tinted porcelain, gilded and battlemented. Great, dignified-looking arm-chairs, in which one would never dream of *lolling*, are everywhere about, but never a rocking-chair! That seems to be looked upon by our German sisters as a promoter of idleness and vanity.

Best of all I liked F——'s own rooms. A piquant flavor of old bachelorhood still hung about them, which the ten years' presence of a wife, where no wife had ever been seen before, had failed to dissipate. The very chairs wore a more genial expression there, and seemed to say, "Come, you may lounge and idle in *me*. I am used to it." Scattered about were odd bits of furniture, china, and bronze, smacking of masculine use and masculine tastes; among the former some very pretty chairs constructed of antlers and covered with foxes' skins, head and brush complete. Some of the best but most startling of the paintings were in these rooms. Before several of these the discreet B—— had hung little curtains of green silk. And over all and through all the delicate odor of the very choicest Havanas was perceptible.

My own room was large, lofty, and cheerful. Three great windows, hung with snowy curtains, opened upon the kitchen garden and some quaint out-buildings draped with magnificent ivy. The floor was scoured white, and strewn with rich, faded old rugs. The furniture was heavy and handsome. I had one of the great porcelain stoves, a grand affair, surmounted by a swan with gold-tipped wings and beak; also a capacious and inviting sofa, and a perfect jewel of a writing-desk, full of unexpected little drawers and pigeon-holes. At the further end of the room, behind an immense screen, were the toilet arrangements and three of those small plethoric beds for which Germany is famous. The linen was simply exquisite, and all the appointments of the beds quite elegant;

but oh, those *plumeaux*! How many times did I wake up in the cool June nights to find all three of us uncovered and shivering! Finally, I implored B—— to take the slippery things away and give us some English blankets, which, with much wondering at our strange tastes, she immediately did.

The routine of life was quiet, even monotonous, but to an American woman, fresh from the "fitful fever" of American housekeeping, sweet and restful. The servants were numerous and well trained, and performed their duties with little noise, and at the right time and in the right manner. It must be said in passing that it took ten men and women to do the work which half that number would be required to perform in an American household. Then, on the other hand, it must be stated that they have not half our conveniences. Their utensils are primitive and cumbrous, and they have much to "fetch and carry;" but, looking at *results*, one can only indulge in an envious and useless sigh. The absence of those pests of American housekeeping, the weekly washing and ironing days, is one reason why the German servants are able to go about their work with so much more regularity and thoroughness. In Germany the family wash is done no oftener than once a month, — in many places not oftener than once in three or six months, — and then is done by extra help hired for the occasion. On Monday of the week devoted to this work, according to my observations, the women came and began preparations. The clothes, etc., were sorted under the supervision of the lady's-maid or housekeeper; the wood laid ready for lighting under the great boiler in the wash-house, and every tub, hogshead, etc., filled with water. The water was pumped laboriously, and brought from some distance in cumbrous buckets. The carriers wore upon their shoulders for this purpose heavy wooden yokes, like ox-yokes, with a chain and

hook at each end, to which the full buckets were attached. The next morning at three o'clock they were at work, busy as bees, and out-chattering the swallows in the ivy which grew about the wash-house eaves. Wash-boards, those instruments of destruction, were unknown, all rubbing being done between their horny knuckles. The ironing is done in Germany by means of a mangle, where possible, and the clothes are beautifully smooth and clean.

The whole atmosphere of the place was peaceful and drowsy. Pigeons cooed, swallows twittered, from morn until night. These, and the musical baying of the hounds, the lowing of distant cattle, and the muffled rumble of wagons upon the *chaussée*, were the sounds to which the ear became attuned. The occasional shriek of a locomotive was the only reminder of a world outside this Sleepy Hollow of a place.

I was told that the railroad company offered to establish a station near Y—— for the accommodation of the leading families of the neighborhood, — an offer which was unanimously refused, they preferring the numerous inconveniences connected with their isolation to the influx of new elements and the confusion incident to a depot in their midst. This fact, as an indication of the exclusive and conservative spirit of the "privileged class," seems to me very striking.

Hurry, bustle, excitement, those foes to peace which follow us from the cradle to the grave, are almost unknown there. Repose, — everywhere repose! One reason, perhaps *the* reason, is that the Germans are an eminently *systematic* people. Everything is made to work by rule. Gradgrind himself could not exceed them in the importance attached to bare *facts* and figures. They never say it is hot or cold, but it is "so many degrees Réaumur." A thermometer was hung *outside* the window of each room, as well as inside. These were closely watched, and the windows

shut as soon as the mercury indicated a higher temperature outside than inside. They were opened only towards evening, when the case was reversed. Fresh air was a secondary consideration and a *draft* was believed absolutely fatal.

The precautions observed in bathing were very extensive. In the absence of bath-rooms, tubs were brought to the room, and filled with water whose temperature was carefully adjusted by means of a thermometer. The fresh body linen was wrapped around stone bottles filled with hot water, as was also the large sheet to be used in drying off. After the bath, every one lies in bed for an hour or so before dressing. This renders bathing an elaborate and consequently a less frequent process than with us.

Communication with the world was kept up by means of that primitive institution known as the *Botenfrau*, — a peasant woman who trudges every morning to the town and back, bearing on her shoulders a large oblong basket, in which she carries the mail-bag, and brings the white bread and cakes for the family and any other small portable articles required by them or the villagers. Nearly all our small shopping was done through the *Botenfrau* by means of samples. She presented herself immediately after breakfast for orders, which she faithfully executed, returning about noon, ordinarily while we were at the dinner-table. The little mail-bag was handed in, and the contents distributed at the close of the meal. Her arrival was for me the event of the day. The sound of her bare feet on the stairs, the creak of her heavy basket, always threw me into a tremor of expectation. I can see her now, this humble beast of burden, as she invariably was found when we left the dining-room, standing in the hall awaiting us. Her dusty feet, pathetic, sunburnt face, and air of patience always touched my heart. A kind word brought a cheery smile into her face; an

extra *Dreier* (three-penny piece) filled her with delight.

Five meals a day were served. The family breakfasted very early, previously to which religious services were held, when all the household were expected to be present. I, however, took my breakfast — the simple German one of coffee and bread without butter — in my own room whenever I chose to rise. At ten o'clock a second breakfast, consisting of cold meats, fruit, beer, etc., was served; at half past twelve dinner; at four o'clock vespers a lunch of coffee, cakes, and fruit, always, when possible, in the open air; and at seven *Abendbrod* (supper), which was a heavy and often luxurious meal. It can be seen from this that one has never the smallest chance of becoming really hungry. Before dinner grace was said by the elder son of the house, and at the close thanks returned by the younger. Then all rose, and according to a time-honored custom a mutual hand-shaking and wishing each other "*gesegnete Mahlzeit*" (blessed repast) ensued. So much has been said in regard to the German *cuisine* that I can hope to offer nothing new, but my experience both in America and Germany has made me an enthusiastic convert.

In the family where I was guest the *menu* was always excellent, — full of delicate surprises for the palate, created often by simplest means used with admirable skill and knowledge. But then B ——'s cook was an artist. A tiny old woman, with a keen, refined face, she presided over her intricate cooking-range and innumerable porcelain sauce-pans like a beneficent fairy. A month's experience of her cookery inspired me with admiring awe. I remember on one occasion of hearing a great commotion in the kitchen, in which the children's voices were so conspicuous that I ran to see what was going on. I found the little old cook in a lively struggle with a monster fish, almost as large as

herself,—a horrible fellow, with big, square head, goggle eyes, wide mouth, and bristling horns. It must be mentioned *en passant* that all fish for the table are purchased alive, and brought to the kitchen in tubs of water, to be slaughtered by the cook. Knife in hand, an expression worthy of St. George attacking the dragon on her wrinkled face, the little woman was struggling valiantly with the slippery, flopping monster, endeavoring to give him the fatal stroke. Whether she would finally succeed, or herself disappear in his capacious maw, seemed for a while doubtful; but at last, to the relief of the spectators, the monster's blood deepened the red hue of the tiled floor, and old Paulinchen retired, flushed and triumphant, from the gory field, muttering as she wiped her victorious blade, "*Das war aber ein Kerl!*" At dinner the fish was served entire, reclining in a graceful curve upon an immense trencher, which required two servants to present.

B—— kindly decreed that I should sleep every day after dinner, a rule at which I felt no disposition to rebel. Finding that, from the situation of my room, I could not sleep without interruption, she gave me every day the keys of the Schösschen, and there, upon a comfortable couch in the stately dining-hall, I slept away the drowsy summer afternoons, until a servant summoned me to vespers.

This small establishment interested me a great deal. Below, through the centre, an arched passage for carriages leads from the chaussée to the court. On one side is an immense apartment, used now as a store-room; on the other is a perfectly arranged kitchen and a broad stone staircase leading to the upper story. The doors above consist of solid mahogany, with handles of carved ivory. The ceilings are frescoed, the walls hung with rich damask paper, the floors inlaid with vari-colored woods. There are handsome vases, and rich fur-

niture in all the rooms. Such paintings as were too forbidding in subject for B——'s taste remain here in lonely oblivion. One sleeping-room was filled with lumber-boxes of doubtful literature; portfolios of engravings of an equally dubious nature, although artistically of much value; odd bits of furniture; and stuffed birds and beasts, among the latter a veritable two-headed calf, born on the estate, and preserved for the wondering eyes of future generations. The first time I went over alone for my post-prandial nap, I confess I found the place somewhat uncanny. The key of the outer door, a huge, rusty, mysterious-looking affair, gave out a hoarse, suggestive sound as I put it into the mouth of the bronze dolphin which served as lock,—a sound to make the flesh creep. The great valves closed of themselves behind me with a bang which rang dismally through the empty passage. The door which opened upon the stair-way creaked ominously, and my foot-falls awoke unpleasant echoes on the stairs. Before lying down I locked the door upon the stuffed calf and his associates, whose glassy eyes followed me maliciously. These siestas became almost a necessity of my existence, and when the arrival of guests, later in the season, put an end to them, I found it difficult to resign myself to the change. In fact, I had begun to regard the Schösschen as my own exclusive domain; for in addition to the undisturbed slumbers it had afforded me, the piano, too, stood there, out of regard to F——'s tympanum, which had never recovered from the tortures of his governor's days.

That piano deserves more than a passing word. When I arrived at Y—— no such institution existed. All F——'s predecessors had been bachelors, and, neither he nor his wife being "musical," F—— had declared, with stinging memories of his own early struggles, that his boys should *not* learn music. Therefore, to my dismay, no piano, as I have said,

was to be found. But after long consultations, elaborate correspondence, and the lapse of weeks, an instrument was procured in a distant town, which was, unfortunately, not on the line of the railway. It took a cart, four horses, and two men all day to get it to Y——. Its arrival created a profound sensation. Men and beasts remained over night and nearly all the next day. To hear those men deliberate how to get that instrument up one flight of broad, easy stairs would have consigned an American dealer to a lunatic asylum. They began early in the morning. All the available help on the place was put in requisition. By dint of much gesticulation, oft-repeated “Potztausends” and “Donnerwetters,” much groaning and perspiring, and the united powers of strong arms, ropes, pulleys, and braces, the work was finally accomplished; men and beasts ate, rested, and departed. The next day the school-master of a distant village was sent for to put the instrument in tune. He, too, remained to dinner, vespers, and Abendbrod, and I began to think he would stay all night, but he packed up his little carpet-sack at dusk, and “silently stole away.”

The next morning I had the pleasure of producing the first strains of *piano* music, at least, which had ever woken the echoes of the Schlösschen. The instrument defies description. It was “grand” in form, and constructed of cherry-wood. Its legs were fearfully attenuated, its tone faint and ghost-like. It had quite the air of a high-born spinster of the last century. When I say that the present owner bought it from a lady who inherited it from her grand-mother, who bought it second hand at an auction, the reader can imagine the rest.

One thing which caused me much perplexity was the effort I was constantly making to reconcile the *de facto* German countess with that haughty creature who, wearing a coronet of diamonds on her lofty brow, trails her velvet robes

through her ancestral halls, — on the stage and in Marlitt’s novels. The ancestral halls are certainly there, and the coronet, in some form or other, is omnipresent. One sees it carved upon the furniture, engraved upon the plate, embroidered upon every conceivable article from a handkerchief to a dust-cloth, embossed upon every button of every male servant’s livery, and branded conspicuously upon the wooden shovels and buckets in use about the place. I should not have been surprised to see it in *repoussé* upon the shells of the eggs served at Abendbrod. In short, it is everywhere except upon the place it was originally intended to adorn, where it appears only on occasions of state.

But the German countess, according to my observation, is a plain, domestic creature, who trots briskly about during the forenoon hours, attired in a simple short dress, with big apron and snowy cap, a heavy key-basket jingling in her hand. She arranges to the minutest detail the meals of the family, the servants of the house, and the laborers in the court, all of whom receive a separate bill of fare. Every article required in the preparation of these meals, even to the salt, is carefully weighed out. Each servant has so much sugar, tea, and coffee per week, which he can consume at his pleasure. That this alone is a laborious task every housekeeper will admit. At dinner the countess appears freshly, but still simply, dressed. After dinner she is seen with knitting in hand, or a great basket of mending by her side, working with as much assiduity as any American housewife, hardly allowing herself as much time for reading or recreation. Each napkin, towel, etc., is held up against the light, and rigidly inspected; each thin place, even in the coarsest crash towel for kitchen use, is carefully darned. I was much amused, at one place where I visited, to see the daughter of the house, fresh from boarding-school, going through this process

with a great basket of linen, under the supervision of her mother. I remarked, rather in the way of self-congratulation, that in America we made ourselves less trouble.

"What!" exclaimed the lady. "You do not mend your linen?"

"Not the kitchen towels, at all events," I ventured to answer.

"Oh, Frau S——!" exclaimed the young girl, with melodramatic fervor. "Take me to America with you! A land where one need not darn the kitchen towels must be heavenly!"

I think our American girls are unconscious of their blessings.

As in this, so in all other matters, the most vigilant economy is observed. It would be simply incomprehensible to an American reader should I attempt to describe the extent to which this idea is carried. Everything eatable, drinkable, or stealable is kept under lock and key, even down to the contents of the cisterns and rain-barrels. If there be anything a true American woman holds in utter scorn, it is *keys*, and I saw with ill-concealed triumph that this rigid key system frequently caused confusion even in the ranks of those to the manner born. Whenever I saw the servants rushing about with panic-stricken faces and wild gesticulations, I knew a key had been misplaced. On one occasion B—— departed on a visit, leaving her key-basket at home, but safely locked in a drawer, whose key she took with her. During her absence visitors came, and the usual refreshments, which had been previously "given out," of course, were served. On her return her first question was, "What did you offer them?" "An empty sugar-bowl!" was the stern reply of her irritated spouse. She had *forgotten* (unpardonable levity!) to fill it. Soon after my arrival B—— solemnly confided to my keeping, for my own private use, a silver sugar-bowl, with cover, lock, and key. I was requested to keep it locked, for fear that

my little maid might steal the sugar; and for fear that somebody else might be tempted to purloin the bowl itself, an heir-loom and a beauty, I kept it locked in my bureau. Frequently, when seated by the open window, with my delicious coffee, thick cream, and rolls before me, I would remember that the sugar was in the bureau, the key of the bureau in a dress pocket, the dress in the wardrobe, the key of the wardrobe in the writing-desk, and the writing-desk — somewhere, anywhere!

This system of restraint and repression lies at the very root of things. It begins with the new-born babe, which, lest it be accidentally disjointed, is tightly swathed and bound to an oblong hair cushion, from which it has no relief, day or night, during the first three months of its existence, excepting, of course, while its toilet is in process. I do not believe an American baby would submit to it! It grieved me to the core to see B——'s nearest neighbor's fine boy baby thus trammelled, and sweltering beneath a big silken plumeau through the hottest summer weather. That he was often cross and restless while in that position, and that he became immediately quiet and joyous when released for a few minutes from his bonds, the young mother naively confessed.

"Do you not do the same in America?" she asked me, with wide-open eyes, when I expressed my sympathy for the poor baby. "The Indians do," I answered. She gazed pensively at my own fine, active girls. "Merkwürdig," she remarked, with a puzzled shake of the head. I explained to her that the American nation has doubtless more "backbone" than European nations, at which she looked still more puzzled, but uttered no demurrer. When they leave the *Wickelküssen* behind them their limbs are free, to be sure, but the restraint system is applied to every impulse of their natures. They dare not express a choice of food at table; they

dare not leave a spoonful of anything upon their plates. It is the same with everything, — their childish peculiarities and tastes are studiously ignored, or crushed out. Although every possible means is furnished to *boys* of all classes in Germany for physical and mental development and varied recreation, there is a constant *espionage* exercised, and a blind submission to petty rules required, which must make their very pleasures a bore.

Although parental love and tenderness are nowhere deeper or more demonstrative than in Germany, yet the home discipline seemed to me needlessly severe. I am willing to confess, however, that we Americans err in the other extreme.

It was with utter astonishment that I saw hanging on the wall of the boys' room two specimens of that ancient preserver of domestic authority, the traditional "rod" of Scripture. Not, dear reader, a slender "tickler," but a carefully selected and well-tied bundle of twigs, such as I had hitherto seen only in pictures. I could not imagine F—— or B—— using it upon their own well-beloved sons, but the occasional sound of boyish voices lifted up in anguish convinced me against my will that the rod was here no empty symbol.

The imposition of fines levied upon their little treasure-boxes, and deprivations and humiliations of various sorts, were modes of punishment most frequently employed, however. One of the latter sort was quite efficacious. It consisted in exile from the family board for a season, the culprit being compelled to eat at a small, plainly furnished table, called derisively the *Katzentisch* (cat's table). At one time the elder boy occupied such a table a whole week. He bore it with equanimity until guests

arrived, when he begged piteously for a reprieve, but found no mercy.

It is an undisputed fact that when they leave home for the gymnasium or other educational institution, and are able to shake off their shackles in a measure, the German youth lead the van in extravagance and dissipation.

As for the high and well born German girls, poor things, I fancy nothing could be tamer and flatter than the life they lead. They are educated precisely alike, the range of study being very limited. The common branches, French, sometimes English, and a few petty "ornamentals" comprise the list. They must know enough arithmetic to keep the household accounts and weigh out the sugar, coffee, etc., for weekly use, and that suffices. My statement that American girls study the higher branches of mathematics, wade boldly into the physical sciences, and learn both Greek and Latin, if they choose, was met with ill-repressed surprise. Latin and Greek are considered immoral — for the feminine mind. The traditions and prejudices of their class are carefully inculcated. Any woman who dares think or act in opposition to the conventional standard is looked upon with distrust.

Almost every family has at least one son in the army, and I think I am justified in saying that in very many instances his excesses reduce the family fortune and seriously diminish the dowries of his sisters. Without a handsome dowry no girl need expect to find a husband, — "*die müssen sitzen bleiben*;" and how many of those "lone, ungathered roses" I saw! Yet no worm seemed preying on their plump cheeks. They looked complacent and resigned, and as much *alike* as the gilt ancestral cups from which they partook of their frequent coffee.

WOMEN IN ORGANIZATIONS.

EMERSON has said that "every institution is but the lengthened shadow of some great man," and the past history of mankind fully exemplifies the truth of his metaphor. The word "man," however, must be used in its generic sense as including both men and women, if the truth of the remark is still to remain, for many an institution owes its origin and its continued existence to the thoughts of a woman's brain. The exceptional organizations and institutions disconnected from all womanly influence are now very few. Freemasonry draws the bolt against them, but Odd Fellows patronize their Odd Sisters.

With few exceptions, until lately, woman has worked by herself. As bread-giver, indeed, she has deputed work to her servants; as mother she has guarded her children; as occasional sovereign she has made laws and led armies; but Ursula and her three thousand virgins of Cologne are almost the only instance in the dim past of combined action of women, and that had such an unfortunate result that others may have been deterred from combinations for different ends from those of martyrdom. Woman is naturally an organizer, as the mere existence of home testifies. Men can exist in a carpet-bag, but women must have bureau drawers. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of women in seeking concerted action amongst themselves without the coöperation of men, there are at the present moment several conspicuous instances of organization of women for women.

The war points to our grandest organization of women by women for men. On the very day that President Lincoln issued his first call for troops, the women of Bridgeport, Conn., and of Charlestown, Mass., formed societies to aid the sick and wounded. In a day or

two the Lowell women followed the example, and on the 28th of April, 1861, ninety New York women, led by Mrs. General Dix, Mrs. Fish, and others, sent out a call for a general meeting. Their plans were formed, and submitted to the war department; and the Sanitary Commission became the blessed adjunct of the war.

There are five large departments into which women's work can be divided, in each of which organization is the foundation and mainspring of success, — the *industrial*, the *domestic*, the *educational*, the *charitable*, and the *religious and moral*. In each of these, woman has now a distinct position. It is unnecessary to prove her capacity for earning a livelihood; the census of 1870 does that better than any argument. Of 1,645,188 females (which calculation omits a great many women, on account of the difficulty of getting class lists of workers in this country as in England), 323,791 are engaged in agriculture; 328,286 in manufactures and mining; 17,882 in trade and transportation; and 975,529 in rendering personal and professional services.

In the *industrial* department, woman has done most as individual worker, and least as organizer; because she has seldom entered upon this field of work except under the spur of necessity for daily bread, and has had neither time nor training for aught beyond the day's requirements. Yet out of her need has she found the means to make her closest friend, the needle, the nucleus of the now wide-spread organization of sewing-schools, and has taught the legitimate advance from patchwork quilts to dress-making. These schools were first founded as charity enterprises, in connection with churches; then grew outside of churches and inside of our public schools,

where, as in Boston, Providence, and elsewhere, sewing is taught in every grammar school, and in some even to dress-making, the garment being cut by measure.

At the South and West, instruction in the needle, when provided at all, is chiefly given through charity or church enterprise. In Syracuse, N. Y., the Economical School committee have provided the rooms in which ladies voluntarily teach poor little children, and assume all expenses. In many large wholesale establishments a woman organizes all the subdivisions of cutting, fitting, and bast-ing, and giving out of work; but as this is also done by men, it is no longer a feminine pursuit, as are still the *crèches* and baby tending.

Opposed to *utility* stitches are the art needlework schools that have branched out in many directions from New York; and though men may have an honorary place on their committee lists, or cast their votes, and as artists be of great service in the sub-committees on designs, their real management belongs to women. The impulse that led to their formation was derived from South Kensington, England, and affords a striking instance of the ramifications of an organization.

Next to the needle in relationship, though not in friendliness, to woman, comes the kitchen fire; and here, again, woman has organized cooking-schools, at whose head as originator stands Miss Juliet Corson, of New York. The New York Cooking-School, now at Cooper Institute, was opened March 13, 1877, to teach the "principles of plain cookery to cooks, and to the wives and daughters of workingmen." Since then it has become a permanent and incorporated institution, but is not yet self-supporting. The instruction is graded to meet the needs of all classes. The school has been a genuine success, measured not alone by its internal management and the wide-spread instruction it has afford-

ed, but by the impulse it has communicated to similar establishments in other places. Philadelphia has one in connection with the Ladies' New Century Club. In Boston one was started through the agency of the Young Women's Christian Association, and another through the Women's Education Association, with a branch school in one of the poorer districts of the city. Miss Corson notably, Miss Parloa, and others have gone from one town or city to another, establishing private classes for a longer or shorter period of time. The aim of all these classes and of all the schools is to render cookery attractive, and to place it above mere kitchen drudgery by applying to it skill and forethought, in the hope not only that a better class of trained cooks can be provided, but that the "artisan course" of instruction will make home tables healthier and more appetizing, while fancy cooking can be acquired by extra payments.

Among those pursuing the higher industrial pursuits, such as phonography, photography, telegraphy, book-keeping, type-setting, engraving, or architecture, there is no union to increase the demand for their services or their proficiency in any of these branches, though there are many individuals engaged in each.

Horticulture, with its myriad beauty of form and hue, has enticed women into the odorous green-house heat, and in gardening she has done much, though only through the scattered combinations of a few individuals; but these are the first steps upwards to a more extended organization of the special industry of farming, which will become a large outlet to superfluous female energy and an avenue to independence. Western women have been far more enterprising in large farming establishments than Eastern women. As instances of successful individual enterprise in the West, which its undertakers trust will lead to larger organized effort in similar direction, may be mentioned the following: At Colo-

rado Springs, not long ago, a young lady owned and managed a large cattle ranche up the Ute Pass. By provision of the territorial law, those who owned and branded cattle were obliged to appear personally at the "spring round-ups," and claim and drive away their stock. She would ride into a herd of a thousand wild and terrified cattle, strike one which bore her brand with a leathern thong to separate it from the rest, and when necessary use the lasso to bring the fleeing animal within control. Two Nebraska sisters own one of the largest cattle ranches in the West; and the Bee Queen of Iowa has made bee culture a possibility for others. In other ways, also, have Western women achieved personal independence in finding new avenues of employment. They are bank cashiers, hotel keepers, county school superintendents, postmistresses, and one has even been clerk of the Kansas legislature.

A growing industrial organization, which is also educational, is that of "training-schools for nurses" which have arisen, as good nursing has been proved to be neither miracle nor accident, but the result of knowledge, self-possession, and skilled fingers. No industry is more deserving than that which saves the life of our beloved. Fabriola, a Roman lady of the fourth century, as an act of penance founded the first Roman hospital; and Paula, descendant of the Scipios, used boiled water in washing the sick. In the Catholic church, nursing Sisters have always "laid the pillows aright and in point." The Gray Sisters and the Béguines and the Sisters of variously named saints not only nursed, but collected a fund of knowledge respecting disease and the use of medicines of which physicians in the sixteenth century gladly availed themselves, when medicine became a science. Then came the organized Sisters of Charity, who nursed on battle-fields and in plague-stricken districts in the Old and New World; then

the Kaiserwerth Training-Schools under Pastor Fliedner, where Florence Nightingale served and learned: and from the impulse derived indirectly from all these noble women and from direct necessity have sprung three training-schools in New York,—at Bellevue Hospital, West Fifteenth Street, and Blackwell's Island; in Boston there are three, if not four; in Philadelphia, New Haven, and Washington one each. Most of them were organized and are officered by women, the students passing through various grades of service until graduation. In the New England Hospital, Boston, and in that at Philadelphia, the instruction is given by women only.

What shall be said of woman as an organizer in *domestic* life! Have we not all friends whose housekeeping is a terror to us, alike from its cleanliness and the want of it; whose table makes us either abstemious or hungry? Is not every house the microcosm of the world, and is not every woman at its head a miniature sovereign? But as the generic resemblances and the specific differences in woman's work in this department are matters for private interpretation, rather than for statement of facts, it is sufficient merely to assert that if she is not in this field also an organizer she ought to be.

From the organization of a home the transit is slight to the *educational* department of life. At once the organization of a school-room rises before us, and we proudly assert that three fourths of the two hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the United States are women, that is, organizers of the present for the future. The large educational institutions for women have never been the result of her organizing power alone, though many of their arrangements are due to her. On the other hand, societies and clubs have sprung from her inventive faculty. Women's clubs have become so familiar a sound that their terrific and strong-minded aspect has dis-

appeared, till they are now generally welcomed even by men as refreshment of mind and heart to the wife and sister. These clubs are carrying out for women the work begun by the Sanitary Commission. They are teaching them to think consecutively, and showing them their power and short-comings relatively to each other. Through them they are being prepared for more important committee work, which is surely devolving upon them as they hold places in schools and state charity boards. That clubs have taught women to work with one another alone justifies their existence.

In sleepy, conservative towns, where the word "club" is still pronounced with hesitation, there are "societies" for reading Plato, history, and literature, in some manner of organized improvement. In Boston, the Society to Encourage Studies at Home embraces one hundred teachers and over a thousand pupils in all parts of the United States, Canada, and Japan. This society was devised by Miss Anna Ticknor to induce young women to form the habit of devoting some part of every day to study of a systematic and thorough kind; and is especially intended for those who are too busy in other ways to pursue a college course, or are not able to engage paid instructors. Courses of reading and plans of work in history, natural science, art, and in German, French, and English literature, are arranged, from which one or more may be selected; the instruction is given and answers received through correspondence; and all this is done by women for women, the library being successfully maintained even through the mails.

As proof of what can be done by intelligent laboring women working in concert stands the Lowell Offspring of some thirty years ago, when such an honored name as Lucy Larcom's was enrolled among its contributors.

The Woman's Education Association in Boston has organized the Harvard

Examinations for Women, diet kitchens, nurses' training and cooking schools, and botanical lectures through its committees on education, industry, and aesthetics, and is merely one of similar organizations in many cities. To it is also due the Chemical Laboratory for Women in connection with the Massachusetts Technological Institute, where its pupils can become practical chemists, dyers, assayers.

In regard to art there is little concerted action among women. They rent studios together, and form classes for mutual criticism and admiration. The school for carving and modeling in clay, plaster, and wood in Boston is unique. A girl can graduate there as plasterer, stone-cutter, designer, or carver. She knows every step of the process, from the manipulation of clay, the casting in plaster or gelatine molds, to the final cutting in stone or wood. She draws her design as a flat copy, or molds it in high or low relief. The Philadelphia School of Design ranks high, but it is not especially a woman's school; whilst that in Cincinnati is an instance of the organized result of woman's power to keep at a thing. More than twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Peters raised five thousand dollars to establish in that city an academy of fine arts. With copies of pictures bought abroad, a few modern paintings, and Powers's Greek Slave, she opened the first art exhibition in Cincinnati. In 1864 the Cincinnati ladies induced the trustees of McMicken University to open a school of design, and to this were donated their paintings and statuary. Mr. Joseph Longworth added fifty thousand dollars; and at last, through Mr. Pitman, resulted the wood-carving department. Encouraged by the great success of that school, the Wheeling School of Art in this country and the Sheffield School of Design in England, the Women's School of Industry, St. Louis, the Rochester, N. Y., and Portsmouth, Ohio, Wood-Carving School

have arisen ; whilst the Catholic Sisters of Notre Dame and the Ursuline Sisters of Brown County, Ohio, are teaching their own pupils and worshipping amidst their own carvings.

In the medical department, woman has done more than in any other of the learned professions. In New York there is a hospital and college that was started and is carried on by women, and is largely under the care of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi and Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell ; and another in Philadelphia, which is most richly endowed. In Chicago there is a large hospital and college, and in Detroit a smaller institution. In all of them the women greatly outnumber the men as managers on the various boards ; also the organizing and the work are almost exclusively done by women. They all, however, have men as consulting physicians, because it is said that when the colleges and hospitals were first started there were no women of sufficient age, and therefore of sufficient experience, to act in that capacity.

Included in both the educational and industrial department of labor are the educational and industrial unions for women, often called Women's Christian Associations. All are familiar with their net-work of classes, lectures, and employment bureaus. These unions are doing for women, with similar methods, what has so long been done for men. The names vary, or sometimes both men and women are helped by the same organization, as in the Union for Good Works, at New Bedford, which is the more prevailing custom in the smaller towns and cities. The Women's Liberal Union, Chicago, besides its systematic missionary work, renders help in organizing religious and literary clubs, as is also done by the Lecture Bureau of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, which intend thus to "facilitate communication and good understanding between the women who are

qualified and ready to speak and those who may desire to hear them," at clubs, parlor meetings, or even in larger places. The same union has also a protective department, to protect women in regard to payment of wages wrongfully withheld from them by dishonest employers. As its managers are women only, it is included among women's organizations, though through the voluntary services of lawyers has been obtained at least one half of the amounts recovered. Every case comes first before the committee of ladies, and is investigated by them. Within the eighteen months of their existence, they have received about two hundred and fifty complaints, and recovered about a thousand dollars, much of which has been paid in installments. A similar society exists in Philadelphia, and, beginning only six months ago, has already found urgent need for being. The New York society does the same work on a much larger scale, but with a board composed of gentlemen. The Moral Education Societies in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, and Boston aim to give greater prominence by publications and lectures to the necessity of increased morality and purity in all ranks of life.

In turning now to the *charitable* organizations among women, we find they are legion. There is not a church without them. How can be repeated their ever-told tale ! Our purses know how endless are their calls. Many are entirely managed by women, yet from many a city comes the whisper, Women are not good financial managers. Charity accounts must have a man auditor when a woman is treasurer. Seaside homes, country weeks, fresh-air funds, are now added to the long list by which the poor obtain shelter, food, clothing, and too often money. To obviate this evil some of our cities, especially Philadelphia and Boston, are following the Eberfeld plan, and consolidating the city wards into one central organization.

—though each ward will have its own committee, office, and paid agent,—all other agencies reporting to this one item of information respecting the individual poor and the aid rendered to them. *Work*, not money, is the cure for pauperism. The “houseless” women of Philadelphia have a city hotel, which is what the New York Hilton Hotel should have been; also a charming sea-side summer hotel at Asbury Park, where a poor girl can board and bathe in the surf for three dollars per week; and another house in the city, where, for two dollars and a half per week, the girls board, have their washing done and a substantial lunch put up for them to carry to their business, an infirmary, doctor, etc.

In New York the State's Charity Aid Association originated with Miss Schuyler. She has long been its president, and is its great strength. There is no similar association in the country, though its influence has been widely felt, and movements are being made which may result in like methods elsewhere. While it was planned by a woman and women have done much of its work, it has gained much from the men who have belonged to it. It wishes to insure a more faithful and efficient administration of the present poor-law system in New York State, and to improve the system itself by inducing wise legislative action, that shall alleviate suffering and lessen poverty; which ends it hopes to accomplish through the formation of an enlightened public opinion, rather than because the association in itself has legal power. It has standing committees on children, on adult able-bodied paupers, on hospitals, and on elevation of the poor in their homes; the twenty-eight committees in various New York counties working to the same end, and having their results generally adopted by those in power. The details of management in this body are as wonderfully conceived and executed as the whole plan is wise and great.

Woman has organized far more reforms than that of dress alone, and such reforms are both charitable and educational. As the efficacy of punishment is seen to consist in prevention of further evil, our prisons and reformatories are slowly passing under womanly oversight. There is as yet only one thorough-going *prison* for women, officered wholly as to its internal arrangements by women, with the exception of an engineer and watchmen, and that is at Sherborn, Mass. The office of treasurer and steward is, however, in the hands of a gentleman. Apparently trifling changes in the grade of dress, of linen collar, and amount of washing have fired the zeal of the prisoners to attain to good behavior. Force of example alone leads them into their cells. Nursing babies stay with their mothers, and occasionally a very good prisoner has a visit from her older child; while some of the women acquire courage to refuse even the coffee that is their daily ration, as, if they can do without coffee in prison, they can do without whisky out of prison. The Reformatory and Prison for Women at Indianapolis is of a similar nature, though with many very important differences of organization. The Women's Guardian Home at St. Louis is in some measure a reformatory institution, but reformatory without the power to enact legal punishment. Similar societies exist in many cities for women, often under the general name of “moral reform.”

The *religious* organizations of women are not nearly as many as they will be when every denomination welcomes women into its pulpits; but there are two or three which are conspicuous examples of organizing power. The Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society was started by women, and organized and carried on by women alone, save a gentleman for auditor in most of the branches. It is not, like other denominational societies, auxiliary to the general

society of the church, but is entirely independent in all matters of finance and real management. It has head-quarters in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Atlanta, and its organ, *The Heathen Woman's Friend*, has a subscription list of 13,388, whilst its work literally encircles the globe.

The Woman's Board of Missions, Congregational, received \$5000 in its first year, and in 1879 \$74,127.30. It has 20 branches, 885 auxiliaries, 560 mission circles, and supports 76 missionaries and nearly 90 Bible women and teachers, and 80 schools. The board works through Sunday-schools, committees, auxiliary societies, mission circles, publications, and weekly-pledge systems, and is probably the largest organization of women in the United States.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church held its decennial session last April, in Cincinnati. It supports over one hundred missionaries; and last year it had a regular income of \$117,000, besides a decennial thank-offering of \$19,353.

Other denominations have similar organizations, but on a much smaller scale, as the one established by the Unitarian conference a year ago at Saratoga.

Where shall the great *temperance* movement be placed, one of the most wonderful episodes on record, but which has yet to prove its possibility of continued march of empire? This organization is the sober second thought of the Woman's Temperance Crusade of 1873-4. The praying bands, "earnest, impetuous, inspired," became the unions, "firm, patient, and persevering." There are probably more than 1117 auxiliary unions (of which Ohio counts the most), with a membership of 26,590; 307 juvenile organizations, with a membership of 57,997; 79 reading-rooms and Friendly Inns. The plan of work embraces three divisions: First, evangelistic, including meetings of all kinds in churches,

theatres, prisons, and almshouses, and amongst all kinds of people, whites, Indians, Chinese, and colored persons; and the advocacy of the use of unfermented wine at communion. Secondly, moral suasion, including juvenile temperance work in homes, societies, and schools, meetings, temperance restaurants; the enlistment of corporations and employers in requiring total abstinence in their employees; saloon visiting, temperance pledges and petitions, etc. And, thirdly, legal suasion, embracing work in effecting temperance legislation and information in regard to it and the liquor traffic. The finances are raised by weekly one-cent subscriptions, every auxiliary union being connected with the state society, and that in turn with the national union. There is no cause in which enthusiasm and hard labor are so wonderfully combined; prayer is their guide in all their planning and performing. The expenses of the national union for 1879 were \$731.43, and the receipts \$1213. But thousands of dollars are contributed by local unions for work within their own State, of which no account is made in the treasurer's report of the national union; as, for instance, in Massachusetts, where \$4850.09 were received, and \$4375.44 expended, in 1879. In all the list of officers there is not a man's name. Women are here proved to be economical and successful financiers.

Is the woman suffrage movement moral, educational, or religious? It calls forth such opposite statements that nothing but the opportunity to vote can test the wisdom of female suffrage. Men, however, have coöperated so earnestly with women in this cause that it does not stand by itself as a woman's organization, as does the Association for the Advancement of Women, which holds its annual meetings in different parts of the country. That is like an enormous club, by its intelligent interest touching upon the many centres of individual preference, and becoming an agency in

collecting all these centres into an organization that is powerful by the examination and publicity it gives to all subjects of human sympathy. It holds its eighth congress in October, at Boston.

Some reference should be made to the *Protestant and Catholic sisterhoods*. The latter are as multiform and numerous as the various kinds of beneficence they practice, and as intangible to close inspection as is sometimes the result of their beneficence. The Protestant sisterhoods were founded to supply a want which death, loneliness, and Catholic success had made palpable. The principal sisterhoods are three in New York city, and one each in Washington, Newark, St. Louis, and Boston. Their constitutions vary, but they are all managed by women; all the affairs of a sisterhood being discussed and voted upon in "chapter," where each professed sister has a vote. Generally the chaplain has an advising, though never a controlling, will. The sisterhoods vary in strictness of rule, some endeavoring to carry out entirely the "religious life," as it is known in the Greek, Roman, and Anglican branches of the Catholic church; others, like the Lutheran deaconesses, being associations of good women for charitable works. Many of them, if not all, are bound by the close ties of rule, dress, officers, and constitution to the mother houses in England. Yet each sisterhood is an independent organization, though all are united by the common ties of interest; and all have charge of various educational and reformatory enterprises, and of private or hospital nursing.

Lastly, the Grange rises before one in huge, mysterious proportions. Though it is of masculine origin, women have from the outset been admitted to full membership and privileges. Every subordinate and State Grange is partly officered by women, and every office in these and

also in the national grange is open to them, those of Flora, Pomona, and Ceres, naturally falling to them. The feeling towards women as office-holders is without exception favorable and kindly; and it is doubtful whether the objects of this institution, especially in regard to the refinements of education and all that tend to brighten health and enliven home, could have been accomplished without their presence and aid. It is stated that the percentage of insanity is greater among farmers' wives than among married women of other classes, owing to the isolation and monotonous round of work in their lives, year after year; and it is also said that their hope lies in the spread and enlarged scope of the granges, which make separate homes members of a community of mutual interest and social life. The men and women often meet in clubs and lyceums, the women contributing their full quota of short addresses or papers. They also combine in establishing co-operative stores, so that in many States, at least, the grange work is more and more coming under female control, and losing, or has lost, its original political and anti-railroad character.

In reviewing in broad outlines these various kinds of enterprise, it is evident that, whilst a special undertaking has here and there failed, yet, taken in classes, these organizations have all succeeded and multiplied. It is doubtful whether there is even a single one which has been wholly unsuccessful. The three requisites for any organization seem to be implanted within them all, —ardor, forethought, and imagination. Because women so largely possess imagination are they specially adapted to start new plans. The constitutions of their various societies are marked by simplicity and effectiveness, and in committee work the members are distinguished by their obedience to by-laws and their directness of action.

Kate Gannett Wells.

EACH SIDE THE BRIDGE: A DUTCH PAINTING.

OVER the sylvan creek the bridge
Is arched, with pools each side that lie
In amber hues, where gnat and midge,
Hazy and gray, their dances ply.

In the low evening light the maze
Grows golden, whirling up and down,
Dilating, shrinking, till the rays
Melt into twilight soft and brown.

The horses drag the wagon there,
To steep their hot lips in the balm;
One lifts his dripping mouth in air,
While stands the other fixed in calm.

A picture dim in india ink,
The bridge, the wagon, and the steeds,
The rough road sloping to the brink,
The one tall elm and clustered weeds.

The farmer sits, with elbowed whip,
His spouse beside and daughter Rose;
While from the wheels the eddies slip,
And down the braided current flows.

The horses move, the wheels splash round;
From the rough pool the picture parts;
A spectral shape glides o'er the ground,
As home the rumbling wagon starts.

With lengthened bridle, stooping neck,
Within the horseman's roadster wades;
Making the sunset tints a wreck
Of broken bits and ruffled shades.

Sweet as its name, the gentle stream
Slides on with scarce a water-break;
Here shooting forth a narrow gleam,
There spreading to a fairy lake.

On its damp flow of glossy sand
The snipe's small star-like prints are found;
The crane there takes its patient stand;
Silent the musk-rat skims around.

Alfred B. Street.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

VI.

THE HARRISON ADMINISTRATION,
1841.

GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was by birth and education a Virginian. His father, Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the largest man in the old Congress of the Confederation, and when John Hancock was elected president of that body he seized him and bore him to the chair in his arms. William Henry Harrison, on reaching manhood, had migrated to Ohio, then the far West, and had for forty years been prominently identified with the interests, the perils, and the hopes of that region. Universally beloved in the walks of peace, and somewhat distinguished by the ability with which he had discharged the duties of a succession of offices which he had filled, he had won his greatest renown in military service. But he had never abjured the political doctrines of the Old Dominion, and his published letters and speeches during the presidential campaign which resulted in his election showed that he was a believer in what the Virginians called a strict construction of the federal constitution on financial questions, internal improvements, the veto power, and the protection of negro slavery. His intellect was enriched with classical reminiscences, which he was fond of quoting in writing or in conversation. When he left his residence on the bank of the Ohio for the seat of government, he compared his progress to the return of Cicero to Rome, congratulated and cheered as he passed on by the victorious Cato and his admiring countrymen.

On General Harrison's arrival at Washington, a stormy afternoon in Feb-

ruary, 1841, he walked from the railroad station (then on Pennsylvania Avenue) to the City Hall, carrying his hat in his hand, and bowing his acknowledgments for the cheers with which he was greeted by the citizens who lined the sidewalks. On reaching the City Hall, the president elect was formally addressed by the mayor, Colonel W. W. Seaton, one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, who supplemented his panegyric by a complimentary editorial article in his newspaper of the next morning. These complimentary remarks — official and editorial — excited the ire of Senator William R. King, of Alabama, a prim, spare, formal old bachelor, familiarly known as Miss Nancy King, who alluded to them in debate soon afterwards. Colonel Seaton, on reading the report of Senator King's remarks, lost no time in requesting his friend Senator Mangum to wait on him, bearing a demand for either the retraction of the offensive language or "the satisfaction usual with gentlemen." Mr. King referred Mr. Mangum to Senator Preston, of South Carolina, and the two mutual friends succeeded in averting a visit to the dueling-grounds at Bladensburg, Mr. King manfully avowing that he was in the wrong.

A few weeks after this, as the expiration of President Van Buren's official term approached, the aldermen and common council of Washington obsequiously passed a vote of thanks to the outgoing chief magistrate for the liberality, courtesy, and personal interest displayed by him towards the national metropolis during his four years' administration. This was not acceptable to Mayor Seaton, as Mr. Van Buren had notoriously excluded those citizens of Washington who were whigs from the hospitalities of the Executive Mansion while he had

controlled them. So the editor-mayor formally vetoed the complimentary resolution, and transmitted a veto message to the city government, giving his reasons for this marked slight.

Soon after his arrival at Washington, General Harrison announced who were to compose his cabinet. Before coming East, he had visited Henry Clay at Ashland, and had tendered him the position of secretary of state, which Mr. Clay had promptly declined, saying that he had fully determined not to hold office under the new administration, although he intended cordially to support it. "There will be those," said Mr. Clay to the president elect, "who will endeavor to sow tares between you and myself, — who have, indeed, already attempted to do so, — to create distrust and jealousies and ill feeling between us. I beg you, therefore, to listen to no reports in regard to my opinion or intended course in regard to this or that measure or act of yours; whatever my opinions or course may be, you shall be the first to hear of them from me."

General Harrison thanked Mr. Clay for his frankness and candor, denying that any attempt had been made to create ill feeling on his part between them, and expressing deep regret that he could not accept the portfolio of the department of state. He further said that if Mr. Clay had accepted the position of secretary of state, it had been his intention to offer the portfolio of the treasury department to Mr. Webster; but since Mr. Clay had declined a seat in the cabinet, he should not offer one to Mr. Webster.

Mr. Clay objected to this conclusion, and remarked that, while Mr. Webster was not peculiarly fitted for the control of the national finances, he was eminently qualified for the management of the foreign relations of the republic. Besides, the appointment of Mr. Webster as secretary of state would inspire confidence in the administration abroad, which

would be highly important, considering the existing critical relations with Great Britain. The northeastern boundary, the right to search American vessels on the coast of Africa, and the affair of the Cardine, followed by the arrest of McLeod, required a master mind for their adjustment, and Mr. Clay urged the appointment of Mr. Webster as pre-eminently qualified to direct the negotiations. General Harrison accepted the suggestion, and on his return to North Bend he wrote to Mr. Webster, offering him the department of state, and asking his advice concerning the other members of the cabinet. The "solid men of Boston," who had begun to entertain grave apprehensions of hostilities with Great Britain, urged Mr. Webster to accept, and pledged themselves to contribute liberally to his support.

No sooner was it intimated that Mr. Webster was to be the premier of the incoming administration than the Calhoun wing of the democratic party denounced him as having countenanced the abolition of slavery, and when his letter resigning his seat in the senate was read in that body, Senator Cuthbert, of Georgia, attacked him. The Georgian's declamation was delivered with clenched fist; he pounded his desk, gritted his teeth, and used profane language.

Messrs. Clay, Preston, and other senators defended Mr. Webster from the attack of the irate Georgian. "With Mr. Webster," said Mr. Rives, "I have differed, and still differ on some important questions of public policy. But these differences have never prevented me from feeling that his presence here was one of the proudest ornaments of this hall, and that his withdrawal from it will leave an intellectual void which generations must pass away, in the ordinary course of Providence to men, before we shall see filled with his like again. His talents and his reputation are the common property of his country,

and for one I have ever looked upon them with pride as an American citizen."

To disarm the Southern opposition to Mr. Webster's appointment, his friends had printed at Washington a large edition of a speech which he had made a few months before on the portico of the capitol of Virginia at Richmond, before an assemblage of ten thousand of her freemen, "beneath the light of an October sun." "I say," he had then emphatically declared, "there is no power, directly or indirectly, in congress or the general government, to interfere in the slightest degree with the institutions of the South."

With some of the Southern political leaders Mr. Webster was a favorite, especially the erratic Henry A. Wise, who resided in Accomac County, on the eastern shore of Virginia. "What do you shoot?" Mr. Webster asked Mr. Wise on their first interview. "Curlews and willets?" "Receiving an affirmative response, he went on to say that at the proper season his custom was to shoot these birds on the coast of Massachusetts, and that, according to his calculation of climate and of distance, they migrated in about a fortnight to the eastern shore of Virginia. "Now," he added, "remember! If you see any crippled birds down your way about that time, they will be my birds!"

General Harrison, to quiet the cry of "abolitionist," which had been raised against him as well as Mr. Webster, made a visit to Richmond prior to his inauguration, during which he availed himself of every possible occasion to assert his devotion to the rights, privileges, and prejudices of the South concerning the existence of slavery.

The portfolio of the treasury department was given by General Harrison to Thomas Ewing, of Ohio (familiarily known, from his early avocation, as "the Salt Boiler of the Kanawha"), who was physically and intellectually a great man. He was of medium height, very

portly, and his ruddy complexion set off his bright, laughing eyes to the best advantage. On "the stump" he had but few equals, as in simple language and without any apparent oratorical effort he breathed his own spirit into vast audiences, and swayed them with resistless power. He resided in a house built by Count de Menon, one of the French legation, and his daughter Ellen, now the wife of General Sherman, attended school at the academy attached to the convent of the Sisters of the Visitation, in Georgetown.

The other members of the cabinet elect were favorably known to the public. The coming secretary of war was John Bell, of Tennessee, a courtly Jackson democrat in years past, who had preferred to support Hugh L. White rather than Martin Van Buren, and had thus drifted into the whig ranks. For secretary of the navy, General Harrison had selected George E. Badger, of North Carolina, whose facetious physiognomy and sailor-like figure were very appropriate for the position. Francis Granger, of New York, a genial, rosy-faced gentleman of the old school, who had been the unsuccessful whig candidate for vice-president in 1836, was to be post-master-general, and the attorney-general was to be John J. Crittenden, a Kentuckian whose intellectual vigor, integrity of character, and legal ability had secured for him a nomination to the bench of the supreme court by President Adams, which the democratic senate had failed to confirm. Kept in the shade by Henry Clay, of his party and State, he became somewhat crabbed and sardonic, but his was one of the noblest intellects of his generation. His persuasive eloquence, his clear judgment, his knowledge of the law, his lucid manner of stating facts, and his complete grasp of any case which he examined had made him a power in the senate and in the supreme court, as he was destined to be in the cabinet.

The inaugural message had been prepared by General Harrison in Ohio, and he brought it with him to Washington, written in his large hand on one side of sheets of foolscap paper. When it was submitted to Mr. Webster, he respectfully suggested the propriety of abridging it, and of striking from it some of the many classical allusions and quotations with which it abounded. He found, however, that General Harrison was not disposed to receive advice, and that he was reluctant to part with any evidence of his classical scholarship.

The inauguration of General Harrison as president, on Thursday, the 4th of March, 1841, was attended by an immense concourse of citizens from all parts of the country. The morning broke somewhat cloudily, and the horizon seemed to betoken snow or rain. A salute of twenty-six guns (the number of States then in the Union) was fired at sunrise, and the avenues and streets soon presented an animated appearance. Mounted marshals galloped to and fro, political clubs were hastening to the positions assigned them, bands performed patriotic airs, and nearly every one wore a Tippecanoe badge.

At ten o'clock a procession was formed, which escorted the president elect from his temporary residence to the treasury department, and thence along Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. There were no regular troops on parade, but the uniformed militia companies of the District of Columbia performed escort duty in a very creditable manner. A carriage presented by the whigs of Baltimore, and drawn by four horses, had been provided for General Harrison, but he preferred to ride on horseback, as the Roman emperors passed along the Appian Way, and the old hero made a fine appearance, mounted on a spirited white charger, attended by a staff of mounted marshals. Although the weather was chilly, the general refused to wear an overcoat, and

rode with his hat in his hand, bowing acknowledgments of the cheers of the multitudes on the sidewalks. Behind the president elect came Tippecanoe clubs and other political associations, with music, banners, and badges. The club from Prince George County, Maryland, had in its ranks a large platform on wheels, drawn by six white horses, on which was a power-loom from the Laurel factory, with operatives at work under the direction of their superintendent, General Horace Capron. Several of the clubs escorted large log-cabins on wheels, decked with suitable inscriptions, cider barrels, 'coon-skins, and various frontier articles. A feature of the procession was the students of the Jesuits' College at Georgetown, who appeared in uniform, headed by their faculty, and carrying a beautiful banner.

The senate-chamber at the Capitol was meanwhile filled to overflowing, and nearly all of the prominent dignitaries of the country were present. On one side, Scott, Gaines, Macomb, and Wool were the leaders of a brilliant group of officers in full uniform, calling up associations connected with our proud days of triumph, whilst on the opposite side of the hall were the nominated members of the cabinet, inspiring auguries not less cheering of future prosperity and glory. The diplomatic corps made a striking appearance, half covered with the richest embroidery in gold and silver and the insignia of their various orders, while near them, and in strong contrast with them, were the justices of the supreme court of the United States, wearing black silk robes.

At twelve o'clock John Tyler, vice-president elect, took his oath of office, and was escorted to the chair, where he delivered his brief inaugural address with great dignity. Soon after he had concluded General Harrison entered the senate-chamber, and took the seat assigned for him. His bodily health appeared to be perfect, and there was an

alertness in his movements which was quite astonishing, considering his advanced age, the multiplied hardships through which he had passed, and the fatigues he had lately undergone.

A procession was then formed in the senate-chamber, which moved on through the rotunda, out on the temporary platform erected over the steps of the eastern entrance to the Capitol. On this platform seats had been provided for the military and civic dignitaries, with many distinguished citizens, intermingled with a great company of ladies. In the space before the Capitol was a solid mass of humanity, variously estimated to contain from thirty to forty thousand. Happy was he who could climb upon an iron railing, or a stone post, to obtain a better sight of the expected pageant! All such places were filled with clinging occupants, while others ascended the trees on the square, whose denuded branches afforded an unobstructed prospect. On the verge of the crowd were drawn up carriages filled with ladies, while here and there peered up a staff bearing the pacific banner of a Tippecanoe club. At last a deafening shout announced the arrival of General Harrison, who became "the observed of all observers."

When the uproar had subsided, General Harrison advanced to the front of the platform, and there was a profound stillness as he proceeded to read, in a loud and clear voice, his inaugural address. He read from his manuscript, standing bareheaded, without an overcoat or gloves, facing the cold northeast wind, while those seated on the platform around him, although warmly wrapped up, suffered from the piercing blasts.

As he touched on successive topics lying near the heart of the people, the sympathy of his audience with his sentiments was manifested by shouts which broke forth from time to time. When he had nearly concluded, the oath of

office was administered to him by Chief Justice Taney, and the pealing cannon announced to the country that it had a new chief magistrate.

Again declining to ride in his carriage, President Harrison remounted his horse, and was escorted by the military to the White House, cheered by the immense crowds which lined Pennsylvania Avenue, while the ladies at the windows waved their handkerchiefs. On reaching the White House, the president held a reception for three hours, during which time he was constantly shaking hands with the multitude which surged past him. At night there were three inauguration balls, each one receiving a visit from the new president, who was greeted with the warmest demonstrations of respect.

The whig editors and correspondents assembled at the inauguration of General Harrison met around a festive board on the succeeding evening. There were over forty in attendance, some of whom had been more than twoscore years in the service, and others had labored with pen or type for upwards of a quarter of a century. Others there were who had grown old and grown poor in the ranks, and yet others who, having done good service and lost their little all in a profession which they had adorned, had retired to some occupation where the laborer was better rewarded for his toil. Others yet again, the youngest of those present, were fresh and ardent in the pursuit of a profession the very labor and excitement of which are among its greatest attractions. Colonel Seaton, of the National Intelligencer, presided, and Colonel Stone, of the New York Commercial Advertiser, sat at the foot of the table. There were no studied toasts and no prepared responses, but there were displays of eloquence, expressions of thought, and promptness of repartee that could not have been surpassed at the Capitol. It was long past "the witching time of night, when

churchyards yawn," when the journalistic company separated.

The leading Washington correspondent at that time was Dr. Francis Bacon, a brother of the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, Connecticut, who wrote for the *New York American*, then edited by Charles King, a son of Rufus King, over the initials R. M. T. H., — Regular Member Third House. Dr. Bacon wielded a powerful pen, and when he chose to do so could condense a column of denunciation, satire, and sarcasm into a single paragraph. He was a fine scholar, a fearless censor, and a terse writer, giving his many readers a clearer idea of what was transpiring at the federal metropolis than can be obtained by those who wade through the masses of verbiage now wired from there, — many newspaper proprietors evidently priding themselves upon the amount of their telegraph bills rather than on the accuracy or interest of the information transmitted.

A new-comer among the correspondents during the Harrison administration was Mr. Nathan Sargent, whose correspondence to the *Philadelphia United States Gazette*, over the signature of "Oliver Oldschool," soon became noted. His carefully written letters gave a continuous narrative of all important events as they occurred at the national metropolis, and he was one of those who aided in making the whig party, like the federal party which had preceded it, eminently respectable.

Washington correspondents, up to this time, had been the mediums through which a large portion of the citizens of the United States obtained their information concerning what transpired at the seat of national government, while the only reports of the debates in Congress were those which appeared in the Washington newspapers, often several weeks after their delivery. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the enterprising proprietor of the *New York Herald*, after

publishing President Harrison's call for an extra session of Congress in advance of his contemporaries, determined to have the proceedings and debates reported for and promptly published in his own columns. To superintend the reporting, he engaged Robert Sutton, who organized a corps of phonographers which was the nucleus of the present organization of official reporters of the debates. Sutton was a short, stout, pragmatical Englishman, whose desire to obtain extra allowances prompted him to revise, correct, and polish up reports which should have been verbatim, and thus to take the initiative in depriving the official reports of debates of a large share of their value. Since then, senators and representatives address their constituents through the reports, instead of debating questions among themselves.

Amos Kendall had resigned his position as postmaster-general during the presidential campaign, to edit a political periodical called *Kendall's Expositor*. His articles in this publication were written with his usual simplicity and vigor, but they only increased the fierceness of the opposition. After the election of Harrison, he purchased a small estate just outside of the northern boundary of Washington, which he named Kendall Green, and where he began to collect materials for the life of his patron, Andrew Jackson.

The government officials at Washington, nearly all of whom had received their positions as rewards for political services, and many of whom had displaced worthy men whose only fault was that they belonged to a different party, were somewhat encouraged by the declarations of President Harrison touching the position of office-holders. It was known, from a speech of his at Baltimore, prior to his inauguration, that he intended to protect the sacred right of individual opinion from official interference, and in a few days after he

became president his celebrated civil-service circular was issued by Daniel Webster, as secretary of state. It was addressed to the heads of the executive departments, and it commenced thus :—

“SIR,—The president is of opinion that it is a great abuse to bring the patronage of the general government into conflict with the freedom of elections; and that this abuse ought to be corrected wherever it may have been permitted to exist, and to be prevented for the future.

“He therefore directs that information be given to all officers and agents in your department of the public service that partisan interference in popular elections, whether of state officers or officers of this government, and for whomsoever or against whomsoever it may be exercised, or the payment of any contribution or assessment on salaries or official compensation for party or election purposes, will be regarded by him as cause of removal.

“It is not intended that any officer shall be restrained in the free and proper expression and maintenance of his opinions respecting public men or public measures, or in the exercise, to the fullest degree, of the constitutional right of suffrage. But persons employed under the government, and paid for their services out of the public treasury, are not expected to take an active or officious part in attempts to influence the minds or votes of others, such conduct being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution and the duties of public agents acting under it; and the president is resolved, so far as depends upon him, that, while the exercise of the elective franchise by the people shall be free from undue influences of official station and authority, opinion shall also be free among the officers and agents of the government.”

It would have been fortunate for the country if these views of President Har-

rison, so clearly stated by Daniel Webster, could have been honestly carried out; but the horde of hungry politicians that had congregated at Washington, with raccoon-tails in their hats and packages of recommendations in their pockets, clamored for the wholesale action of the political guillotine, that they might fill the vacancies thus created. Whigs, federalists, national republicans, strict constructionists, bank and anti-bank men, had coalesced under the motto of “Union of the whigs for the sake of the Union,” but they had really united “for the sake of office.” The administration found itself forced to make removals, that places might be found for this hungry horde, and to disregard its high position on civil service. Virginia was especially clamorous for places, and Vice-President Tyler became the champion of hundreds who belonged to the first families, but who were in impecunious circumstances.

A direct conflict soon arose between the president and his cabinet: he asserting his right to make appointments and removals, while they took the ground that it was simply his duty to take such action as they chose to dictate. One day, after a cabinet meeting, Mr. Webster asked the president to appoint one of his political henchmen, General James Wilson, of New Hampshire, governor of the Territory of Iowa. President Harrison replied that it would give him pleasure to do so, had he not promised the place to Colonel John Chambers, of Kentucky, his former aide-de-camp, who had been acting as his private secretary. The next day, Colonel Chambers had occasion to visit the department of state, and Mr. Webster asked him if the president had offered to appoint him governor of Iowa. “Yes, sir,” was the reply. “Well, sir,” said Mr. Webster, with sour sternness, a cloud gathering on his massive brow, while his unfathomable eyes glowered with anger, “you must not take that position, for I have prom-

ised it to my friend General Wilson." Colonel Chambers, who had been a member of Congress, and who was older than Mr. Webster, was not intimidated, but replied, "Mr. Webster, I shall accept the place, and I tell you, sir, not to undertake to dragoon me, sir!" He then left the room, and not long afterwards Mr. Webster received from the president a peremptory order to commission John Chambers, of Kentucky, as governor of the Territory of Iowa, which was complied with.

Mr. Clay undertook to insist upon some removals, that personal friends of his might be appointed to the offices thus vacated, and he used such dictatorial language that after he had left the White House President Harrison wrote him a formal note, requesting that he would make any further suggestions he might desire to submit in writing. Mr. Clay was very much annoyed, and Mr. King, of Alabama, making some remarks in the senate soon afterwards which might be construed as personally offensive, the great commoner opened his batteries upon him, saying in conclusion that the assertions of the senator from Alabama were "false, untrue, and cowardly."

Mr. King immediately rose and left the senate-chamber. Mr. Levin, of Missouri, was called out, and soon returned bringing a note, which he handed to Mr. Clay, who read it, and then handed it to Mr. Archer. Messrs. Levin and Archer immediately engaged in earnest conversation, and it was soon known that a challenge had passed, and they as seconds were endeavoring amicably to arrange the affair. After four days of negotiation, Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, and other senators acting as mediators, the affair was honorably adjusted. Mr. King withdrew his challenge, Mr. Clay declared every epithet derogatory to the honor of the senator from Alabama to be withdrawn, and Mr. Preston expressed his satisfaction at the happy

termination of the misunderstanding between the senators. While Mr. Preston was speaking Mr. Clay rose, walked to the opposite side of the senate-chamber, and stopping in front of the desk of the senator from Alabama said in a pleasant tone, "King, give us a pinch of your snuff?" Mr. King, springing to his feet, held out his hand, which was grasped by Mr. Clay and cordially shaken, the senators and spectators applauding this pacific demonstration.

Many of the unsuccessful office-seekers sought consolation and wealth in the gambling houses, which were plentiful in those days on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue. They were well patronized, and their suppers were the most tempting repasts in Washington. A few years since, when one of these gambling houses of Harrison's time, known as the Rockendorff House, was pulled down, the machinery which had been used by the gamblers was exposed. The gambling rooms were in the second story of the building, and the principal tables were in the centre of each room. Overhead, in the garret rooms, trapdoors, each about six feet in length and three feet in width, had been cut in the floors. By raising one of these and lying down in the opening, a confederate could look down through one of several apertures in the ceiling, and see the cards held by the victim seated at the table below. At his side was a wire, which was ingeniously made to act on a point which rose from the floor under the feet of the gambler, who would make some excuse for removing one of his boots or shoes, and who was thus informed, by a system of signals, what cards the victim held in his hand. This system of telegraphy was older than that patented by Morse, but virtually the same, and the machinery was so made that it worked with silence and precision. The punctures in the ceiling which gave a view of the cards to the confederate overhead were screened from

view by an ornamental centre-piece of green wall-paper pasted on the ceiling, and the small aperture in the floor through which the point rose was concealed by the carpet. It was not to be wondered at, after an examination of this machinery, that several successive proprietors of this gambling den had grown rich, or that many had beggared themselves by playing there. One foreign minister lost his outfit, and could not have gone to the scene of his diplomatic labors had not the proprietor of the Rockendorff House loaned him enough money to defray his expenses.

Lottery offices were also abundant on Pennsylvania Avenue in those days, the establishments of Gregory, Maury, France, and Phalen rivaling one another in the number of tickets which each sold. Lottery tickets were also sold at what were known as exchange offices, where bills of state banks were bought and sold. Some of the largest fortunes in Washington city at the present time had their origin in the profits attendant on the disposal of the chances of Fortune's wheel.

The first signs of an attempt to dissolve the Union were visible during the brief administration of President Harrison in the Methodist Episcopal church. That body had been bound together by a perfect system of discipline and organization; its missionaries had always been found on our frontiers on the verge of civilization, in advance of the mail-carrier and of the school-master; and it had contributed much to evangelize the country. But a dark cloud arose, which resulted in a division of the church North and South, and, as Mr. Calhoun observed, "one of the strong cords which bound together the Union was snapped."

The smaller Quaker congregation of Washington was also hopelessly divided, owing to the effective preaching of Elias Hicks, an old man, whose age and peculiar eloquence gave him a higher rank

in the scale of polemic divines than his power of reasoning could have done without such aids. This single man, with the purest purposes, had filled the meeting-house of brotherly love with discord; had arrayed son against father, and daughter against mother, — and all without the slightest intention of doing any harm.

The police force of Washington, which was first organized during the brief administration of Harrison, was known as the auxiliary guard. It consisted of nine men, including Mr. John H. Goddard, who was the captain. They wore no uniform, and were distinguished only by a silver star worn on the left breast and the "spontoons" which they carried. The guard-house was a portion of the Marsh Market buildings, which had been erected in a swamp bordering on Pennsylvania Avenue. A guard-room and a number of cells were built, but the latter were seldom occupied, except by slaves who were caught out at night, without passes, after the ringing of the nine o'clock bell. Word was sent to their owners or employers in the morning, and they generally came and paid the fine, thus relieving the prisoner from receiving "ten lashes, well laid on."

After Mr. Webster became secretary of state, he installed himself in the Swann house, facing the northwest corner of Lafayette Square, which had been rented for some years previously by Baron Krudener, the Russian minister. It is said that a purse was raised in Boston to enable Mr. Webster to purchase this house, but that he expended too much of it at Marshfield before he left for Washington, and the property passed into the hands of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, who now occupies it. Mr. Webster lived there in princely style during the negotiation of the Ashburton Treaty, the British legation occupying the spacious mansion on the eastern side of St. John's Church, which had been erected by Matthew St. Clair Clarke, the

whig clerk of the house of representatives.

Mr. Webster was his own purveyor, and was a regular attendant at the Marsh Market on market mornings. He almost invariably wore a large, broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, with his favorite blue coat and bright buttons, a buff cassimere waistcoat, and black trousers. Going from stall to stall, followed by a servant bearing a large basket in which purchases were carried home, he would joke with the butchers, the fishmongers, and the green-grocers with a grave drollery of which his biographers, in their anxiety to deify him, have made no mention. He always liked to have a friend or two at his dinner-table, and in inviting them, *sans cérémonie*, he would say, in his deep, cheery voice, "Come and dine with me to-morrow. I purchased a noble saddle of Valley of Virginia mutton in market last week, and I think you will enjoy it." Or, "I received some fine cod-fish from Boston to-day, sir; will you dine with me at five o'clock, and taste them?" Or, "I found a famous 'possum in market this morning, sir, and left orders with Monica, my cook, to have it baked in the real old Virginia style, with a stuffing of chestnuts and surrounded by baked sweet-potatoes. It will be a dish fit for the gods. Come and taste it."

The prices at the Marsh Market in March, 1841, were very reasonable, namely: beef, six to twelve and one half cents per pound; mutton, five to ten cents per pound; lamb, fifty to seventy-five cents per quarter; wild turkeys, seventy-five cents each; tame turkeys, \$1.25 to \$1.50 each; geese, seventy-five cents each; shad, sixty cents a pair; perch, twenty-five cents a bunch; butter, twenty to twenty-five cents a pound; eggs, eighteen cents a dozen; potatoes, seventy-five cents a bushel; corn, fifty-five cents a bushel; meal, sixty-five cents a bushel; and apples, thirty-seven cents a peck.

President Harrison, who was an early riser, used to go to market, and he invariably refused to wear an overcoat, although the spring was cold and stormy. One morning, having gone to the market thus thinly attired, he was overtaken by a slight shower and got wet, but refused to change his clothes. The following day he felt symptoms of indisposition, which were followed by pneumonia. At his Ohio home he had lived plainly and enjoyed sleep, but at Washington he had, while rising early, rarely retired before one o'clock in the morning, and his physical powers, enfeebled by age, had been overtaxed.

At the same time, the president's mental powers had undergone a severe strain, as was evident when he became somewhat delirious. Sometimes he would say, "My dear madam, I did not direct that your husband should be turned out. I did not know it: I tried to prevent it." On other occasions he would say in broken sentences, "It is wrong — I won't consent — 't is unjust." "These applications, — will they never cease!" The last time that he spoke was about three hours before his death, when his physicians and attendants were standing over him, having just administered to his comfort. Clearing his throat, as if desiring to speak audibly, and as though he fancied himself addressing his successor, or some official associate in the government, he said, "Sir! I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

General Harrison was removed from the conflict which had already become inevitable, before the storm had time to gather, — before envy and detraction and sectional fury had begun to muster their stores of vengeance to pour without mercy upon his head. The opposition of the leaders of his own party had scarcely begun to make itself manifest before that venerable head, silvered with the frosts of age and of long and ardu-

ous devotion to his country's service, was gently laid on the pillow of death.

"One little month" after President Harrison's inauguration multitudes again assembled to attend his funeral. Minute-guns were fired during the day, flags were displayed at half staff, and Washington was crowded with strangers at an early hour. The buildings on either side of Pennsylvania Avenue, with scarcely an exception, and many houses on the contiguous streets, were hung with festoons and streamers of black. Almost every private dwelling had crape upon its door, and many of the very humblest abodes displayed some spontaneous signal of the general sorrow. The stores and places of business, even such as were too frequently seen open on the Sabbath, were all closed.

The funeral services were performed in the Executive Mansion, which, for the first time, was shrouded in mourning, without and within. The coffin rested on a temporary catafalque in the centre of the East Room, which had before been the scene of joyous ceremonials. It was covered with black velvet trimmed with gold lace, and over it was thrown a velvet pall with a deep golden fringe. On this lay the sword of justice and the sword of state, surmounted by the scroll of the constitution, bound together by a funeral wreath formed of the yew and the cypress. Around the coffin stood in a circle the new president, John Tyler, the venerable ex-president, John Quincy Adams, Secretary Webster, and the other members of the cabinet. The next circle contained the diplomatic corps, in their richly decorated court suits, with a number of members of both houses of Congress, and the relatives of the deceased president. Beyond this circle a vast assemblage of ladies and gentlemen filled up the room. Silence, deep and undisturbed even by a whisper, prevailed. When, at the appointed hour, the officiating clergyman said, "I am the resurrection and the

life," the entire audience rose, and joined in the burial service of the Episcopal church.

After the services, the coffin was carried to a large funeral car drawn by six white horses, each having at its head a black groom dressed in white, with white turban and sash. Outside of the grooms walked the pall-bearers, dressed in black, with black scarves. The contrast made by this slowly moving body of white and black, so opposite to the strong colors of the military around it, struck the eye even from the greatest distance.

The funeral procession, with its military escort, was two miles in length, and eclipsed the inauguration pageant which had so recently preceded it. The remains were escorted to the Congressional Burying-Ground, where they were temporarily deposited in the receiving-vault, to be taken subsequently to the banks of the Ohio, and there placed in an unmarked and neglected grave. The troops present all fired three volleys in such a ludicrously straggling manner as to recall the dying request of Robert Burns that the awkward squad might not fire over his grave. Then the drums and fifes struck up merrily strains, the military marched away, and only the sense of the public bereavement remained.

Vice-President John Tyler, unexpectedly summoned from his rural home in Virginia to assume the reins of government, issued an address to the citizens of the United States indicative of that firmness of purpose and uncompromising integrity of principle for which he had been conspicuous throughout his public life. For the first time since the federal government had existed under the constitution, the vice-president, wittily styled "his unpopular excellency," had been promoted to the highest position in the nation. It was soon evident that his prominent nasal organ was no "nose of wax."

MRS. McWILLIAMS AND THE LIGHTNING.

WELL, sir, — continued Mr. McWilliams, for this was not the beginning of his talk, — the fear of lightning is one of the most distressing infirmities a human being can be afflicted with. It is mostly confined to women; but now and then you find it in a little dog, and sometimes in a man. It is a particularly distressing infirmity, for the reason that it takes the sand out of a person to an extent which no other fear can, and it can't be *reasoned* with, and neither can it be shamed out of a person. A woman who could face the very devil himself — or a mouse — loses her grip and goes all to pieces in front of a flash of lightning. Her fright is something pitiful to see.

Well, as I was telling you, I woke up, with that smothered and unlocatable cry of "Mortimer! Mortimer!" wailing in my ears; and as soon as I could scrape my faculties together I reached over in the dark and then said, —

"Evangeline, is that you calling? What is the matter? Where are you?"

"Shut up in the boot-closet. You ought to be ashamed to lie there and sleep so, and such an awful storm going on."

"Why, how *can* one be ashamed when he is asleep? It is unreasonable; a man *can't* be ashamed when he is asleep, Evangeline."

"You never try, Mortimer, — you know very well you never try."

I caught the sound of muffled sobs.

That sound smote dead the sharp speech that was on my lips, and I changed it to —

"I'm sorry, dear, — I'm truly sorry. I never meant to act so. Come back and" —

"MORTIMER!"

"Heavens! what is the matter, my love?"

"Do you mean to say you are in that bed yet?"

"Why, of course."

"Come out of it instantly. I should think you would take some *little* care of your life, for *my* sake and the children's, if you will not for your own."

"But my love" —

"Don't talk to me, Mortimer. You *know* there is no place so dangerous as a bed, in such a thunder-storm as this, — all the books say that; yet there you would lie, and deliberately throw away your life, — for goodness knows what, unless for the sake of arguing and arguing, and" —

"But, confound it, Evangeline, I'm *not* in the bed, *now*. I'm" —

[Sentence interrupted by a sudden glare of lightning, followed by a terrified little scream from Mrs. McWilliams and a tremendous blast of thunder.]

"There! You see the result. Oh, Mortimer, how *can* you be so profligate as to swear at such a time as this?"

"I *didn't* swear. And that *was n't* a result of it, any way. It would have come, just the same, if I had n't said a word; and you know very well, Evangeline, — at least you ought to know, — that when the atmosphere is charged with electricity" —

"Oh, yes, now argue it, and argue it, and argue it! — I don't see how you can act so, when you *know* there is not a lightning-rod on the place, and your poor wife and children are absolutely at the mercy of Providence. What *are* you doing? — lighting a match at such a time as this! Are you stark mad?"

"Hang it, woman, where's the harm? The place is as dark as the inside of an infidel, and" —

"Put it out! put it out instantly! Are you determined to sacrifice us all?"

You *know* there is nothing attracts lightning like a light. [*Fzt! — crash! boom — boloom-boom-boom!*] Oh, just hear it! Now you see what you've done!"

"No, I *don't* see what I've done. A match may attract lightning, for all I know, but it don't *cause* lightning, — I'll go odds on that. And it did n't attract it worth a cent this time; for if that shot was leveled at my match, it was blessed poor marksmanship, — about an average of none out of a possible million, I should say. Why, at Dollymount, such marksmanship as that" —

"For shame, Mortimer! Here we are standing right in the very presence of death, and yet in so solemn a moment you are capable of using such language as that. If you have no desire to — Mortimer!"

"Well?"

"Did you say your prayers to-night?"

"I — I — meant to, but I got to trying to cipher out how much twelve times thirteen is, and" —

[*Fzt! — boom-berroom-boom! bumble-umble bang-SMASH!*]

"Oh, we are lost, beyond all help! How *could* you neglect such a thing at such a time as this?"

"But it *wasn't* 'such a time as this.' There was n't a cloud in the sky. How could I know there was going to be all this rumpus and pow-wow about a little slip like that? And I don't think it's just fair for you to make so much out of it, any way, seeing it happens so seldom; I have n't missed before since I brought on that earthquake, four years ago."

"MORTIMER! How you talk! Have you forgotten the yellow fever?"

"My dear, you are always throwing up the yellow fever to me, and I think it is perfectly unreasonable. You can't even send a telegraphic message as far as Memphis without relays, so how is a little devotional slip of mine going to carry so far? I'll *stand* the earth-

quake, because it was in the neighborhood; but I'll be hanged if I'm going to be responsible for every blamed" —

[*Fzt! — BOOM berroom-boom! boom! — BANG!*]

"Oh, dear, dear, dear! I *know* it struck something, Mortimer. We never shall see the light of another day; and if it will do you any good to remember, when we are gone, that your dreadful language — *Mortimer!*"

"WELL! What now?"

"Your voice sounds as if — Mortimer, are you actually standing in front of that open fire-place?"

"That is the very crime I am committing."

"Get away from it, this moment. You do seem determined to bring destruction on us all. Don't you *know* that there is no better conductor for lightning than an open chimney? *Now* where have you got to?"

"I'm here by the window."

"Oh, for pity's sake, have you lost your mind? Clear out from there, this moment. The very children in arms know it is fatal to stand near a window in a thunder-storm. Dear, dear, I know I shall never see the light of another day. Mortimer?"

"Yes?"

"What is that rustling?"

"It's me."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to find the upper end of my pantaloons."

"Quick! throw those things away! I do believe you would deliberately put on those clothes at such a time as this; yet you know perfectly well that *all* authorities agree that woolen stuffs attract lightning. Oh, dear, dear, it is n't sufficient that one's life must be in peril from natural causes, but you must do everything you can possibly think of to augment the danger. Oh, *don't* sing! What *can* you be thinking of?"

"Now where's the harm in it?"

"Mortimer, if I have told you once,

I have told you a hundred times, that singing causes vibrations in the atmosphere which interrupt the flow of the electric fluid, and — What on *earth* are you opening that door for?"

"Goodness gracious, woman, is there any harm in *that*?"

"*Harm*? There's *death* in it. Anybody that has given this subject any attention knows that to create a draught is to invite the lightning. You have n't half shut it; shut it *tight*, — and do hurry, or we are all destroyed. Oh, it is an awful thing to be shut up with a lunatic at such a time as this. Mortimer, what *are* you doing?"

"Nothing. Just turning on the water. This room is smothering hot and close. I want to bathe my face and hands."

"You have certainly parted with the remnant of your mind! Where lightning strikes any other substance once, it strikes water fifty times. Do turn it off. Oh, dear, I am sure that nothing in this world can save us. It does seem to me that — Mortimer, what was that?"

"It was a da — it was a picture. Knocked it down."

"Then you are close to the wall! I never heard of such imprudence! Don't you *know* that there's no better conductor for lightning than a wall? Come away from there! And you came as near as anything to swearing, too. Oh, how can you be so desperately wicked, and your family in such peril? Mortimer, did you order a feather bed, as I asked you to do?"

"No. Forgot it."

"Forgot it! It may cost you your life. If you had a feather bed, now, and could spread it in the middle of the room and lie on it, you would be perfectly safe. Come in here, — come quick, before you have a chance to commit any more frantic indiscretions."

I tried, but the little closet would not hold us both with the door shut, unless we could be content to smother. I

gasped a while, then forced my way out. My wife called out, —

"Mortimer, something *must* be done for your preservation. Give me that German book that is on the end of the mantel-piece, and a candle; but don't light it; give me a match; I will light it in here. That book has some directions in it."

I got the book, — at cost of a vase and some other brittle things; and the madam shut herself up with her candle. I had a moment's peace; then she called out, —

"Mortimer, what was that?"

"Nothing but the cat."

"The cat! Oh, destruction! Catch her, and shut her up in the wash-stand. Do be quick, love; cats are *full* of electricity. I just know my hair will turn white with this night's awful perils."

I heard the muffled sobbings again. But for that, I should not have moved hand or foot in such a wild enterprise in the dark.

However, I went at my task, — over chairs, and against all sorts of obstructions, all of them hard ones, too, and most of them with sharp edges, — and at last I got kitty cooped up in the commode, at an expense of over four hundred dollars in broken furniture and shins. Then these muffled words came from the closet: —

"It says the safest thing is to stand on a chair in the middle of the room, Mortimer; and the legs of the chair must be insulated, with non-conductors. That is, you must set the legs of the chair in glass tumblers. [*Pzt! — boom — bang! — smash!*] Oh, hear that! Do hurry, Mortimer, before you are struck."

I managed to find and secure the tumblers. I got the last four, — broke all the rest. I insulated the chair legs, and called for further instructions.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Während eines Gewitters entferne man Metalle, wie z. B., Ringe, Uhren, Schlüssel, etc., von

sich und halte sich auch nicht an solchen Stellen auf, wo viele Metalle bei einander liegen, oder mit andern Körpern verbunden sind, wie an Herden, Oefen, Eisengittern u. dgl.' What does that mean, Mortimer? Does it mean that you must keep metals *about* you, or keep them *away* from you?"

"Well, I hardly know. It appears to be a little mixed. All German advice is more or less mixed. However, I think that that sentence is mostly in the dative case, with a little genitive and accusative sifted in, here and there, for luck; so I reckon it means that you must keep some metals *about* you."

"Yes, that must be it. It stands to reason that it is. They are in the nature of lightning-rods, you know. Put on your fireman's helmet, Mortimer; that is mostly metal."

I got it and put it on, — a very heavy and clumsy and uncomfortable thing on a hot night in a close room. Even my night-dress seemed to be more clothing than I strictly needed.

"Mortimer, I think your middle ought to be protected. Won't you buckle on your militia sabre, please?"

I complied.

"Now, Mortimer, you ought to have some way to protect your feet. Do please put on your spurs."

I did it, — in silence, — and kept my temper as well as I could.

"Mortimer, it says, 'Das Gewitter läuten ist sehr gefährlich, weil die Glocke selbst, sowie der durch das Läuten veranlasste Luftzug und die Höhe des Thurmes den Blitz anziehen können.' Mortimer, does that mean that it is dangerous not to ring the church bells during a thunder-storm?"

"Yes, it seems to mean that, — if that is the past participle of the nominative case singular, and I reckon it is. Yes, I think it means that on account of the height of the church tower and the absence of *Luftzug* it would be very dangerous (*sehr gefährlich*) not to ring the

bells in time of a storm; and moreover, don't you see, the very wording" —

"Never mind that, Mortimer; don't waste the precious time in talk. Get the large dinner-bell; it is right there in the hall. Quick, Mortimer dear; we are almost safe. Oh, dear, I do believe we are going to be saved, at last!"

Our little summer establishment stands on top of a high range of hills, overlooking a valley. Several farm-houses are in our neighborhood, — the nearest some three or four hundred yards away.

When I, mounted on the chair, had been clanging that dreadful bell a matter of seven or eight minutes, our shutters were suddenly torn open from without, and a brilliant bull's-eye lantern was thrust in at the window, followed by a hoarse inquiry: —

"What in the nation is the matter here?"

The window was full of men's heads, and the heads were full of eyes that stared wildly at my night-dress and my warlike accoutrements.

I dropped the bell, skipped down from the chair in confusion, and said, —

"There is nothing the matter, friends, — only a little discomfort on account of the thunder-storm. I was trying to keep off the lightning."

"Thunder-storm? Lightning? Why, Mr. McWilliams, have you lost your mind? It is a beautiful starlight night; there has been no storm."

I looked out, and I was so astonished I could hardly speak for a while. Then I said, —

"I do not understand this. We distinctly saw the glow of the flashes through the curtains and shutters, and heard the thunder."

One after another those people lay down on the ground to laugh, — and two of them died. One of the survivors remarked, —

"Pity you did n't think to open your blinds and look over to the top of the

high hill yonder. What you heard was cannon; what you saw was the flash. You see, the telegraph brought some news, just at midnight: Garfield's nominated,—and that's what's the matter!"

Yes, Mr. Twain, as I was saying in the beginning (said Mr. McWilliams),

the rules for preserving people against lightning are so excellent and so innumerable that the most incomprehensible thing in the world to me is how anybody ever manages to get struck.

So saying, he gathered up his satchel and umbrella, and departed; for the train had reached his town.

Mark Twain.

WEST WIND.

THE barley bows from the west
Before the delicate breeze
That many a sail caressed
As it swept the sapphire seas.

It has found the garden sweet,
And the poppy's cup it sways,
And the golden ears of wheat;
And its dreamy touch it lays

On the heavy mignonette, —
And it steals its odors fine, —
On the pansies dewy yet,
On the phloxes red as wine.

Where the honeysuckle bright
Storms the sunny porch with flowers,
Like a tempest of delight
Shaking fragrance down in showers,

It touches with airy grace
Each clustering perfumed spray,
Clasps all in a light embrace,
And silently wanders away.

Come forth in the air divine,
Thou dearest, my crown of bliss!
Give that flower-sweet cheek of thine
To the morning breeze to kiss.

Add but thy perfect presence
To gladden my happy eyes,
And I would not change earth's morning
For the dawns of Paradise!

Celia Thaxter.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

THE title of this chapter of my wanderings in England misrepresents my course, for I went to Cambridge first; but custom has so firmly settled that in speaking of the two towns together we shall give precedence to that which is the seat of the elder university that it would seem strange to reverse this order. I set out from London in the company, almost in the charge, of a Cambridge don, a friend who, having met me in the great city, took me off with him, and quietly made himself my host as well as my guide and counselor. I was doubly fortunate, nay, *ter quaterque beatus*, in having such a companion, for he was one who could have made a journey to Newgate in a prison van agreeable; he knew everything about Cambridge, where his official position and personal distinction gave him welcome access everywhere; and he had a pride in his university, and just enough good-natured jealousy of her rival to act as a pleasant stimulus in the discharge of the friendly office which he had assumed.

Apart from the colleges, there is not much to be said of Cambridge by way of description; for it has no other distinguishing features or marked character. And yet I found it — I mean the town itself — attractive, pleasing, almost charming, in every way. I know no place in the United States to which, even eliminating the colleges, it can be compared by way of illustration. Although, like its New England namesake, its only apparent reason for existence is that it may contain a university, there is no other resemblance between the two places. The Cambridge of New England is elegantly rural and is sparsely built; whereas the Cambridge of Old England is urban and compact. We fondly call the seat of Harvard Old Cambridge, — and indeed it is one of the

oldest towns in the country; but compared with the other Cambridge it still has upon it the gloss of newness, not to say the rough edge of rawness, although the latter, except in its colleges, is not antique or even venerable in appearance. Nevertheless it is one of the charms of the town that it is more than a thousand years old, and has for centuries been a place of the first importance in England, and yet has only thirty thousand inhabitants, — an increase of hardly thirty a year since it has been known to history. It has no signs of traffic, no thronged streets, no hurry, no bustle, no clattering, jingling street railways, no omnibuses, no noise, no dirt, no new-built ranks of costly houses in hideous brownstone uniforms. The people are not idle, and yet they all seem to have time to go about their business leisurely; and from their look as you pass them in the streets, and from the whole air of the town, it is plain that it is not the Cambridgean's chief desire and occupation to get quickly somewhere else. To him a railway is not a Jacob's ladder leading to heaven, with angels ascending and descending upon it. At nine o'clock in the morning, near the end of October, I found no one in the streets, and few shops open. Yet its people seem comfortable and happy, and the place has an air of solid, steady prosperity. But this combination of prosperity and quiet is not unusual in England. At a quarter past nine I found Oxford streets almost deserted. A few shop-boys and shop-girls and a few costermongers with their carts were all the visible signs that the day's business was begun. A few shops in "the High" were just open, and boys were rubbing the windows and sweeping. So I found it at Warwick; and not only there, but even at Birmingham, on both my visits, and it was much the same in London

west of Charing Cross. Indeed, nothing impressed me more constantly and more pleasantly in England than the absence of "drive." Everybody seemed to take life easily; nobody seemed to be very hard worked. And yet the amount of effective work of all kinds done in England, whether with hand or head, is very much greater than that which is done in America.

Be this as it may, Cambridge seemed to me to be a place in which a man whose happiness does not consist in living in a big town (of which, by the way, however big it is, he can never see more at a time than he could if it were little) might live comfortably, and as elegantly as his means and his taste would permit. Indeed, the presence of the university makes a provision for elegant life and cultivated tastes an important part of the business of the traders. For example, I found in a Cambridge shop some water-color drawings of English scenery which were of a higher quality than any that I saw for sale in London. It is characteristic of England that I, having looked at these on the afternoon of one day, and going the next morning at half past nine to make a selection from them (as I was to take a morning train for Oxford), found no one in the shop (which a lad was then opening), and had to wait some time until the shop-keeper could be summoned from the domestic recesses of the floor above.

I went, as I was advised, to the Bull Inn (for of course my bachelor friend could not lodge me at his college), and I found the advice good. Nothing more unlike a hotel, even in a small town in America, could well be imagined. From its outside, no one not to the manner born would suspect it to be a public house. Yet it was the best hotel in the county town of Cambridgeshire, the seat of one of England's two great universities, — a house frequented by the best and wealthiest people in that rich country; and well fitted I found it for their

comfort. The door passed, the most unobservant eye could see that the house was not as private houses are; but here the unlikeness to an American hotel in a similar situation was even more striking. A passage-way, on one side of which was a "coffee-room"¹ of moderate size, turned at right angles to a kind of office, which was like a sitting-room with a broad half-shaded window; and this room was nearly filled by half a dozen people, some of whom seemed to be guests, who were chatting with the landlord and with each other. A respectable-looking, intelligent female was attending to the business of the place. The walls of the passage-way were thickly hung with a great variety of prints, the subjects of which were various, — portraits, college views, sporting scenes, and so forth, — and the paper and frames of which were mellow, not to say dingy, with age. My bedroom and bed were the perfection of comfort, and were much like those in a small private house; but they were without the slightest ornament of any kind. My bill shows that one breakfast was the only meal I was allowed to take there in three days; and I remember it as a very satisfactory performance, not only as to the viands but as to the way in which they were served, which was not the formation in front of me of a lunette of small oval dishes, half filled with half-cooked, half-cold, and wholly "soggy" food of half a dozen different kinds, but the bringing to me warm and fresh-cooked what I ordered when I first came down. To satisfy the demands of a first-rate appetite in this way cost me three shillings (seventy-five cents), the usual price of a coffee-room breakfast in England, except in the rural districts, where it diminishes to two shillings, or even to eighteen pence, without deterioration in the quality of anything, except perhaps that of the fish.

¹ This name for the dining-parlor or eating-room is general in England.

The architectural interest of Oxford is so great that Cambridge is too much neglected in this respect. Its college buildings are very beautiful, — so beautiful that only to see them would be worth a journey from any part of England. I shall not undertake to describe them; to do so is no part of my purpose. I shall only say that I found their chief attractions in quarters not likely to meet the eye of the casual visitor; in views of the buildings from old gardens and greens and tennis courts, and from the walks in those silent grounds behind the colleges, on the other side of the Cam, where the aisles of lofty lime-trees make green arches high overhead, along which the eye is led to rest upon the noble tower of Magdalen. One entirely private and secluded place I remember: an old bowling-green it was, or something of the kind, with old walls and gateways, shaded by old trees and by shrubs that, fresh and green as they were, had yet plainly never committed the indiscretion of being very young; and this was looked down upon by wise old windows in the rear of an old but hale and hearty gabled building, which, brick although it was, diffused about it the soft influence of a quaint, and dreamy beauty. I never saw another place, — I did not find one at Oxford, — which so captivated and allured me, lulling me, as if I had eaten lotos with my eyes.

Trinity College, although it is not one of the oldest Cambridge houses, it having been founded by Henry VIII., in 1546, is of preëminent distinction in this university. It has given great men to the world; among them him whose name stands with Shakespeare's and Bacon's as one of the greatest three among the immortals of the modern world. But Trinity is rich and strong in every way. It has sixty fellowships, and the presentation to no less than sixty-three livings and to four master-ships. Its revenues are larger than those of any other college, — much larger than

those of any other except Corpus Christi, called "Corpus." Its library is celebrated for its treasures in print and in manuscript. There among them I saw the great Capell collection of the early quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays, and the manuscript of Capell's own notes. I noted with interest that these grotesque but learned and thoughtful comments were written in a singularly clear, neat, and precise hand, and with hardly an erasure or an interlineation.

Between my visit to Trinity library and one to be made to the Fitzwilliam Museum, I went to luncheon with my friend at his rooms in Trinity. On our way from the gate to the quadrangle from which his stairway ascended, we passed the "buttery hatch," and my host, pausing a moment, said to a man in attendance, "Send a stoup of ale and a manchet to my room, please," and was going on, when he checked himself, and changed his order: "No, send a plate of ale." The term *buttery hatch* may possibly need explanation to some of my readers. It means the hatch, or half door, of the buttery. There are old houses in rural New England in which such half doors or hatches may yet be found. Their purpose was to close the door against entrance by ordinary methods, and yet to permit speech between those who are within and those who are without. To get over the hatch was to effect an irregular and indecorous entrance. Shakespeare makes the Bastard Faulconbridge reply to Queen Elinor, when she says that she is his grandam,

"Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?"

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch."

The buttery hatch is much the same as the buttery bar, which the saucy Maria mentions in *Twelfth Night*, when, meaning to tell Sir Andrew Aguecheek that his hand is dry, she says, "I pray you bring your hand to the buttery bar and let it drink." The modern bar, as in

bar-room, is a remnant of the buttery bar; and its name is a mere abbreviation of that of the place where ale and wine used to be served out in great houses of old. The term *plate* as applied to ale was, my host informed me, in constant use to mean a vessel of two quarts. If a stoup of ale were ordered, a quart pot would be sent; if a plate, a great tankard containing two quarts. Although he was a man well "up" in all such questions, he said that constantly as the word was so used, and had been used from time immemorial, no one knew why two quarts of ale was called a plate. It occurred to me that possibly the word was used because the large tankard was, from its size, brought on a salver of silver or pewter, and he was kind enough to receive my hasty conjecture with favor.

However this might be, the ale—brewed by the college—was excellent, and I enjoyed it so much, and in his judgment, it would seem, with such discrimination, that he declared I should have some "audit ale." This ale is peculiar to Trinity, and one of the privileges of a Fellow of Trinity is that he is entitled to six dozen of it every year. It has its name from being served to the farmers and others who are tenants of the college when they come to the audit of accounts and the payment of rent. The farmers, he told me, preferred it to any wine that could be given them. And well they might do so; for on a bottle's being brought and broached, I found that such a product of malt and hops had never passed my lips before. It was as mighty as that which Cedric found at Torquilstone, as clear as crystal, and had a mingled richness and delicacy of flavor as superior to that of the best brewage I had ever before tasted as that of Château Yquem is to ordinary Sauterne. It would have justified the eulogy of the host in *The Beaux Stratagem*: "As smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as

brandy; . . . fancy it burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart." As I absorbed it I began to think that it is because "they who drink ale think ale" that Trinity produces Newtons and Macaulays. I afterwards found that, like some of the more delicate kinds of wine and finer growths of tea, it was somewhat impaired by transportation across the ocean, even when it was allowed a fortnight's quiet to recover from the effects of the voyage. And yet perhaps it rather owed some loss of its supreme excellence to the absence of the circumstances under which I first made its acquaintance: those still, book-lined chambers, the very air of which seemed saturated with the aroma of elegant scholarship; that noble old quadrangle upon which they opened; and the mingling of common sense, wit, and learning in the discussion of subjects in which we had both been long interested, with which my host had before beguiled our walk and then seasoned our repast. So Persius says:—

"Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis discerpere noctes;
Unum opus, et requiem, pariter disponimus
ambo,

Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa." ¹

To any carping critic who may object that *noctes* makes this fine passage inapplicable to our midday repast, I make the fitting reply that we also did not consume *soles* for luncheon.

Our afternoon was spent in visiting the Fitzwilliam Museum and other places of interest, and in strolling by what I suppose I must call the banks of the classic Cam, which gives this town its name. But what a thing to be called a river! It is a long ditch, hardly as wide as an ordinary drawing-room. The water is turbid, of a tawny tint, and so sluggish that its motion is imperceptible. How the feat of rowing is performed upon it I did not have an opportunity of seeing, and cannot imagine. I should as soon think of yachting in a beer vat.

¹ Sat. V. 74.

And yet what oarsmen the Cambridge under-graduates are ! It would seem as if difficulty did really perfect endeavor. However, they are absolutely secure against one peril, — that of drowning. Even to bathe in the Cam would not be an easy or, I think, a very cleanly operation.

We returned to my host's rooms to rest, and to make a little preparation for dinner ; and as we sat chatting in the early twilight his gyp entered and said, " Hall, sir ! " This is the customary announcement that dinner is served. They speak there not of going to dinner, but of going to hall. The attendance of under-graduates at hall as well as at chapel is noted ; and a customary absence from either is one of the minor offenses against college discipline. Under all circumstances dinner is an important fact in England. A student of law is said to " eat his terms " at the Inns of Court. And here I will add that our afternoon's inspection of the college precincts ended with a visit to the offices, including the kitchen, which my thoughtful host timed so that I saw the latter in full operation. It was a vast ancient stone chamber, full twenty feet high. But the strange and striking part of it was the principal fireplace. This was a shallow recess in the wall, some seven feet high, and a foot or two wider, before which there was an iron grating. In this huge, upright range was burning a perpendicular fire of glowing coals, in front of which was a complicated system of upright jacks, on which no less than twenty-eight legs of mutton in rows, one above the other, were turning and roasting at once. The sight and the savor were anything but appetizing. I wondered if those cooks, of whom there was a small army, ever ate roast meat, or whether they took their nourishment by absorption of the fumes of steaming flesh through the pores of their skins.

At hall the under-graduates sit at ta-

bles which run lengthwise of the great room, the walls of which are decorated with portraits of distinguished Trinity men. The table at which the Dons and Fellows sit stands upon a dais, which runs transversely across the upper end of the hall. My friend had put on his gown and taken his square cap when we were summoned, and I found that all the others were attired in like manner. This full dress is constantly worn in public at the universities. My seat being next the Master's, who of course sat at the head of the table,¹ I happened to stand, before we took our places, close by the officers — for there were two — whose duty it was to say grace. An attendant presented a small wooden tablet on which was pasted a printed paper. One of them held this ; and in a style something like intoning they half read, half chanted, the grace in an antiphony of alternate lines. It was in Latin, of course ; but if I had not happened to stand just behind them, where I could see the paper, I should not have been able to make out one word of it, because of the peculiarity of their pronunciation, which was like nothing that I had ever heard before, either from Continental or from English scholars. I afterwards learned that this pronunciation had been recently introduced by an eminent Latinist and professor of the university ; but that it was by no means common, even at Trinity, of which he was a member. I had the honor of being introduced to this gentleman, and the pleasure of sitting next him at table, and I ventured to ask him some questions as to the Cambridge pronunciation of Latin, in which, as I have mentioned before, I had noted the marked and bald English sound given to the vowels, — the unmitigated English *a*, *e*, and *i*. He replied very kindly to my inquiries. But one little passage between us seemed to me characteristic. To get a clear appre-

¹ I believe at this time, however, that place was filled by the Vice Master.

hension of the vowel sounds, I asked him in regard to the nominative and genitive cases of nouns of the first declension, — *musa*, *musæ* ; “Do you say *musah*, *musay*, or *musay*, *musæ* ?” He hesitated a moment, and then said with a tinge of sadness, not to say of solemn reproach, “I hope that under no circumstances do you say *musah*.” With perfect gravity, I believe, and I hope with the utmost respect, I replied that under no imaginable circumstances would I be guilty of saying *mūsā* but *mūsā*, and that I had accented the last syllable of the word in my question merely by way of discriminating emphasis. My apology and explanation were courteously accepted; but I felt that I had narrowly escaped condemnation for a very gross example of what in any form is a crime at Oxford and Cambridge, — a false quantity. My learned neighbor then asked me how we pronounced Latin in America. I replied that recently, I believed, various new modes of pronunciation had been introduced (I dropped no hint as to the grace), but that I had been taught a pronunciation which I illustrated by speaking a few words. “M! — ah! — yes! — I see! — quite so — a sort of Sc-o-tch pronunciation.” His words dropped slowly from his lips, and he was very long in saying Scotch; and I thought of the Bishop of Oxford in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, who, although he was loyally silent beneath gentle King Jamie’s censure of his Latin as compared with Scotch Latin, was as ready to die for his pronunciation as for any other part of his creed.

When we had dined, the butler laid out a long napkin before the Master, and placed upon it a tall silver vessel containing, or supposed to contain, rose-water; whereupon we all rose, and the Master, bending his head, said “*benedicatur*,” which he pronounced *benedicaytur*. The under-graduates then went out; but a few of us who sat on the dais, taking our napkins in our hands,

marched down the hall together, and went up-stairs to a smaller room, in which a dessert of fruit and wine was set out upon a noble mahogany table, the dark brilliancy of which reminded me of the tea-tables of my boyhood. And indeed, Spanish mahogany is your only wood for such uses; oak and walnut and rosewood are poor, pretentious substitutes. This custom of withdrawing to another room for dessert is a remnant of a very old fashion. We now loosely call a feast from beginning to end a banquet; but *banquet* originally meant a second course of dainties after the principal meal, and it was the custom of old to take this at another table, and generally in another room. The custom died out long ago in general society; but it has been preserved among the dons at the universities. As to what passed at this banquet, I shall only say that a more delightful social hour could hardly be imagined, and that a possible assumption that the talk was confined strictly to subjects of a scholastic nature would be somewhat at variance with the facts. But further than to say that the port wine was worthy of the reputation of the college I shall not go. Hall was public; not so this brief symposium.

On one of the evenings that I spent at Cambridge there was special service in the chapel, in honor of some obscure saint whose name I forget. I attended, and was fortunate in the occasion. All the professors and resident Fellows and all the under-graduates appeared to be present, and as they were all in surplices, the masters of arts and the doctors of law and of divinity wearing their colored hoods, each of a peculiar tint, the sight was an imposing one. The great chapel was filled with this cloud of white-robed men; and when they rose and sat at the various stages of the service the soft rustle of their flowing raiment swept past me like the sound of wings. But I fear there were not so

many angels among them as there seemed to me in this unaccustomed vision. The spectacle was impressive because of this sacred garment and of the numbers of those who wore it. The trappings that are worn by various orders of men, sacred and secular, the stars and the garters and the crosses, seem to me to be only fit to please children; and to see a dozen or a score of men within a chancel or on a dais tricked out with these trinkets provokes me to sit in the seat of the scorner. But here the simplest garb possible concealed the tight, angular ugliness of our daily dress by flowing folds of luminous drapery; and of these white-robed witnesses to Christianity there were hundreds together beneath my eye, as I sat in an elevated stall. To them it was the mere routine performance of an ecclesiastical function; to me it seemed for a moment supramundane. The service was divided, part of it being read in one place, part in another; and a verger, or some such officer, brought the enormous prayer-books now to one, now to another. My stall was next that of the reader of the epistle, and nearly opposite that of the reader of another part of the service. I have heretofore recorded the beauty of their reading, and some marked traits of their pronunciation.

One great beauty of this service was the music. The body of singers was large; but the volume of tone was not more remarkable for quantity than for quality. It was very rich and delicious, and the performance, although lacking a little in *nuance*, was yet marked with intelligently graduated expression. But above all the mass of sound there rose one voice, the counter-tenor of a man, that most ravishing of all voices when it is of fine quality and is delivered with purity and feeling, — a voice compared with which even the finest female *mezzo-soprano* is tame and pale and bloodless. The musical cry of this singer pierced me to the very soul with its poignant

beauty. I could not see him, and I am glad that I could not; for I am sure that nature could not have been so doubly beneficent to him as to give him a face becoming such a voice.

The service ended, the white-robed congregation and the white-robed singers went slowly out. But alas! hardly did they reach the door when they broke headlong for the robing-room, flung off their surplices as if they were tainted garments, and rushed out pell-mell into the streets, shouting, laughing, and careering with the spirits of youth set free from tedious confinement. And this is my last memory of Cambridge.

The next morning I went to Oxford. The country between the two towns is the most uninteresting that I saw in England. It presents no features of any kind to attract the eye. It is not even flat enough to have a character of flatness. A fitter country to pass through by railway could hardly be found; and for almost the first time in my life I wholly approved of that way of travelling.

Oxford is the most beautiful place that I saw in England, and I am inclined to think that it is the most beautiful town in the world. I need hardly say that it is made so chiefly by the colleges. For here in a place of only fifty thousand inhabitants are more than twenty colleges and halls, most of them impressive by their extent (and mere size is a just cause of admiration in architecture, although not in countries or in pictures), and all of them more or less beautiful with a beauty unknown in our country and unattainable; for it is a beauty that comes not by command, nor by purchase, but by growth. These colleges are built around quadrangles, and their gate-ways admit you not to the interior of the building, but to the quadrangle. Some have two quadrangles, an outer and an inner. Their style is what is generally known as Tudor Gothic. Very few exhibit any remains of an earlier school of

architecture. Their effect, consequently, is not that of grandeur or even of solemnity, but of dignity and repose, with a suggestion of domestic comfort. As one looks upon them, it seems that, although it would be possible to live in them and be dull, or even ignorant, it would hardly be possible to be ill-mannered or vulgar. To pass four years in their halls, their courts, and their quadrangles, their closes, their greens, their walks, and their meadows, must be in itself an education, if education is anything but the getting of knowledge out of books. Here I had the good fortune to be expected by a Fellow of Queen's, a scholar whose name is known and honored the world over. It is needless for me, however, to recount an experience of college hospitality which repeated that which was so pleasant at Cambridge. I will only mention that as we were walking through a gallery in which were many portraits, my host named one and another to me, and I recognized Henry V., and mentioned his name myself. "Ah, yes," said my guide, in a by-the-way tone, "he was an under-graduate of this college; and so was the Black Prince for a while."

I was not allowed to miss anything that was of interest; but I am not writing a guide-book, and I shall pass by the show places without mention. But I cannot refrain from advising every one who visits England with a desire to see its characteristic beauties to give at least two or three days to Oxford. Besides the colleges themselves, the views around them are of a peculiar and an enchanting beauty. The view across Merton fields, behind Merton college, to the tower of Magdalen in the distance (for Oxford has also its Magdalen, and strangely enough the relative situation of each Magdalen to the other colleges is much the same in both places),—this view is perfection in its kind. The wide expanse of vivid green coming close up to the college walls, the noble old trees, the

gabled roofs and mullioned windows of Merton, and Magdalen's noble tower closing the vista, the forms of its strongly outlined buttresses and pinnacles softened and enriched by the distance, make this view seem rather like the ideal composition of an imaginative landscapist than the unpremeditated result of man's seeking for his own comfort and convenience. And Magdalen has a deer park, to which and about which I walked three times in my visit, approaching it through quaint and irregular ways more or less public. Skirting its stone-wall, I came one morning upon a little chapel, whose little bell was clamoring sweetly for some half a dozen maids and matrons to come to service;—the cleverest scene-painter that ever wielded brush never devised anything half so pretty. Then not far beyond I found a great old double-roofed stone barn, which on examination proved to be a part of some ancient ecclesiastical building, which had been saved from absolute destruction and converted to farming purposes. More than once I walked past Balliol and St. John's down St. Giles's Street, where the martyrs' monument stands at the head of a double row of trees, to a beautiful place on the edge of the town, where Oxford park lies on one side of the road, along which stretches a noble row of trees for almost half a mile. Here I found a cluster of villa houses that filled me with longing to come and live in one of them, such was their union of comfort and unpretending elegance as they stood there looking out upon the park, and yet within twenty minutes' walk of the High street, where a man could obtain everything that he could crave for the delight of mind or body. I found in three days no end to the beauty of Oxford.

At the Taylorian museum I looked over not only a selection of water-color drawings by Turner, in which he appears at his best, but a collection of original drawings by Raffael and Michael An-

gelo, of such interest and beauty that they would be cheap at their weight in diamonds. But after all I believe that a head, a portrait, by Masaccio, who preceded Raffael and even Leonardo, most impressed me by its large simplicity of style and purity of color. It had a red hat, which was a crown to the painter, if not to the wearer.

In London a distinguished Dublin professor and author had asked me somewhat dubiously, as I was breakfasting with him at the University club, if I would care to know an Oxford under-graduate. "Why not," I replied, "if he is a good fellow, know an under-graduate as well as a don?" — whereupon he gave me a hearty commendation to one of his former pupils. I did not deliver this letter; for on inquiring for the gentleman's rooms I was directed by mistake to those of another under-graduate of the same name. Him I found, and when I presented my letter to him in person (for I was sent straight up to his rooms, which were not in college but in lodgings) he smiled, and explained the mistake; but he received me most courteously and kindly, and at once offered me such attention and such services as were in his power. I did not find in all of England that I saw one specimen of the surly, "grumpy" Englishman of whom we hear so much. As I was walking back briskly toward Queen's in the twilight (for it was almost time for hall) I was conscious of some one overtaking me and keeping pace with me for a moment or two, and then I heard my name spoken with an inflection of inquiry. I turned, and saw a scholar of Baliol whom I had met at his father's house in London. After welcoming me to Oxford, he asked me if I would not like to go the Union (a university debating society and club), where there was to be a debate that evening. Of course I was glad to do so; and he also invited me, with needless but attractive modesty, to take

luncheon with him and some other under-graduates at his rooms next day, — an invitation which I heartily accepted.

After hall at Queen's he called and took me to the Union. The floor of a large room or theatre was filled with under-graduates. There was a Speaker sitting at an elevated table, a secretary, and another officer of some sort. Before the Speaker was an unoccupied table. The audience, among whom I took my place, thronged a gallery which ran round three sides of the theatre. The question for debate that evening was (as nearly as I remember it), Is the foreign policy of Mr. Disraeli and the government entitled to the confidence of the country? The proceedings were conducted in the most parliamentary manner. The speakers went up to the head of the room, and, placing their hats, which they took with them, upon the unoccupied table, faced alternately the Speaker's chair and the audience. They always referred to each other as "the honorable membah," "the honorable membah who had previously addressed the house." Indeed, parliamentary etiquette was strictly observed; and it was (I hope I may be pardoned for saying) a little amusing and not unpleasing to see them lift up and set down their hats, and put their hands behind them under their coat-skirts and cock them up in a manner which perfected the illusion. The debate itself was conducted with an ability that made it highly interesting. The speeches, without being too formal, yet had form, and were remarkable for a happy arrangement and development of the views which the speakers presented. But what chiefly commanded my admiration and caused me some surprise was the readiness and fluency of the speakers. None of them used notes, and all the speeches, except the first, were in reply. In a word, it was a real debate. Yet the hesitancy, the fumbling for fit phrases, the Athelstaniac unreadiness, of which Englishmen are accused, and of which

they even accuse themselves in comparison with American speakers, were in no case apparent, but on the contrary a ready command of a full vocabulary. The "honorable members" on the floor cheered their favorites, cheered ironically, and groaned, all in true parliament fashion. The debate was summed up with marked ability and great spirit by a gentleman who was evidently a favorite with the whole house, even with his opponents, and justly. I think I never listened to an abler speech of the kind in a deliberative assembly, least of all in a state legislature or in Congress. The Speaker's name was Bowman or Bauman, and if he should obtain a seat in Parliament he will be heard of there and elsewhere. When the question was taken, it need hardly be said that there was a large majority in favor of the government; for the Tories are strong at Oxford. But it was delightful, immediately upon adjournment, to hear cheers for Bauman called for and given with a hearty good-will by all the house, his opponents taking the lead. This is a sort of English fairness of spirit which it is pleasant to contemplate.

After the debate we went to the Union refectory, and passed half an hour in chat over cigarettes and coffee. No spirits, wine, or even ale are "licensed to be drunk on the premises," — a sensible provision at which I found no disposition to grumble. And I noted the modest and sober fitting up and furniture of this apartment. There was no display of polished wood or gilding; no bright colors, either on the walls or on the floor. All was simple, but comfortable and cheerful. My luncheon at Baliol was very pleasant, but furnished no occasion for particular remark. There were two other under-graduates besides my host, — sensible, manly, modest fellows, with the careful dress and polished manners of high-class Oxford men. It would have been impossible, I think, to find any difference between them and three

under-graduates at Harvard of like social position. And how and why should any difference exist?

The next day I had a luncheon of quite another sort. As I was walking in "the High" it occurred to me that my inner man needed a little restoration, and having seen a pastry-cook's shop with "Boffin" over the door I decided, for the name's sake, to go there. As I approached it I saw a card in the window announcing that chocolate was to be had, and entering I asked if I could have chocolate and rolls. "Oh, yes, I could 'ave them, but not there. Would I be kind enough to step up to their other place, which was only a little way up the street?" This struck me as rather a curious result of the advertisement in the window; but I was happy to comply. I had before observed the other place, and wondered that Oxford, among its manifold excellences, should be so happy as to possess two Boffins. (I may remark here that I found in London and elsewhere some of Dickens's oddest names, which I had supposed were of his own fabrication.) On reaching the duplicate Boffin's I again asked for chocolate, not this time to be sent elsewhere. "Would I please to walk up-stairs?" I was politely waved to a "dark backward and abysm" of the shop, in which I dimly saw a small winding stairway. Up this I slowly screwed myself, my mind revolving, as my body turned, this singular way of dispensing chocolate to the public. For the affair was of so strictly private and, so to speak, recondite character that I was somewhat embarrassed. I felt as if when I reached the top of the stairs, and before I could unwind myself, I must certainly intrude upon some humble family arrangements which I should be loath to disturb. I did not know but I might break in upon Mr. Wegg engaged in declining and falling off the Roman Empire. At the head of the stairs I found a small dark room, sombre of hue and of furniture, in which

were two or three tables formally laid as if for hot joints, at one of which I sat myself down in meek expectancy. I was kindly allowed some time for reflection. At last, after I had ruminated a while without my cud, there appeared a short, serious, middle-aged man in black, with black hair which had not a perfectly natural look, but seemed as if it were of that color to be in keeping with his general appearance and manner, which was that of a respectable, conscientious undertaker engaged in professional business. He had a dirty white halter round his neck, and he saluted me with so much gloom and so much consideration that I should not have been much surprised if he had asked me if it were perfectly convenient to me to step out and be hanged. But no; he only brought me my luncheon, and said that the weather was very pleasant for the young gentlemen coming up, — plainly meaning the under-graduates. Yet he shut the door so carefully and silently when he went out that he left me not without suspicions that the name over the portal bade me leave all hope behind, and that instead of Boffin it should have been Coffin. Inclosed in this twilight cell I felt shut off from human kind. I have not yet been in prison, but when I do go I am sure the sensation will not be new to me. In solitude I drank my chocolate, feeling that it should have been cold water. I ate my roll and butter conscious that it should have been a moldy crust. I felt guilty, — guilty of some nameless crime. Erelong my attendant stole into the room again, bearing on his arm a damp, limp napkin, with which he solemnly approached me. But he did not throw it over my face; he only asked me, very respectfully, if I would “’ave hanythink else.” I did not choose to have anything else; what I had had already sat heavy on my soul; and I left Boffin’s with the mingled feelings of joy at release and consciousness of moral ruin which become a discharged convict.

They keep early hours at Oxford, and, taking a hint from Charles Lamb, make up for late rising in the morning by going to bed betimes at night. At ten o’clock Oxford streets are silent and almost deserted, and at nine they begin to lose their life. A dim light hangs within the gate-ways of the colleges; and the quadrangles are grayly seen only by the help of the moon when she shines in the pale, shy, shame-faced way with which she does her duty in England. But I found a charm in the sight of these old scholastic buildings at night, and went again and again from one to the other, loitering in and about the quadrangles and cloisters, and contrasting the dim confusion of the architectural forms below with the sharp, irregular lines of the turrets and gables against the sky. More than once some belated Fellow stared at me inquiringly, as he found me sauntering near his own particular precincts; but I was never questioned.

The night before I left Oxford I was walking through a narrow lane, near Queen’s College. Stone-walls were on both sides of me. As I walked I heard the sound of music. I listened, and distinguished the tones of an organ and the voices of a choir. I walked on a little way, the music becoming clearer, till I came to a door, one which appeared not to be in use and not to have been opened for a long time. I laid my ear against it, and now heard the music very plainly. How good it really was I shall not undertake to say, for in my mood then I was not a trustworthy critic; but suiting my temper and veiled by distance and by obstacle, it seemed to me beautiful, ravishing, divine. I could not hear a word, but I needed no word to tell me its sacred character; it seemed indeed less ecclesiastical than celestial. At once I was borne back by swift-winged memory to the boyish days when things were as they are not now, and I was as I shall never be again. Once

more I stood, as at the gate of Canterbury Cathedral choir, shut out from the place whence I heard the songs of Paradise. I remained leaning against the door until the last tones had died away,

and then, loitering no longer, went to my hotel. I did not learn what and why this music was at that late hour; for the next morning I left Oxford for the north.

Richard Grant White.

PROGRESS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.

THUS far the presidential canvass has not been very animated. The democrats avoided at the outset raising any issue which would take a strong hold upon the public mind and stimulate active discussion and earnest controversy. Their nomination signifies nothing. They might have raised the whole question of the fairness and legality of the electoral commission settlement of 1877 by the choice of Mr. Tilden as their candidate. They might have brought prominently forward the old question, recently revived in Congress, of the relative powers of the state and national governments by the nomination of a conspicuous state's rights champion like Mr. Bayard. They might have adopted the Western crusade against the national banks by nominating Mr. Thurman. They did neither. To the surprise of their adversaries and of most of their own people, they pushed aside all candidates representing issues pending before the public mind, and took up a mere soldier, without political record and without known opinions upon any subject likely to come before the administration during the next presidential term. Perhaps this was shrewd, but it was a confession of weakness. The party virtually acknowledged that it feared to go to the country upon any of the issues which its representatives in Congress have been holding up for the past four years as of vital importance. It said in effect, "Let us drop all this talk about the electoral commission, and the returning boards,

and the federal election law, and centralization, and the banks and the currency, and let us hurrah for the hero of Gettysburg who helped put down the rebellion."

By the nomination of Hancock the democratic canvass has become pointless and illogical. During the eight years of General Grant's administration the democrats constantly inveighed against the military spirit which controlled the government, and declared that a successful soldier was, by the very nature of his training and mode of thought, a highly unfit man to make a good president. Now they nominate a man who is nothing but a soldier; who never broke the continuity of his military career, as General Grant did, by a long period of civil life, but who has worn a uniform ever since he went, as a lad, to the West Point Academy. General Hancock's nomination might reasonably be taken to mean that the democrats want to recant all they have said about the danger of the soldier in politics, of a military administration, and of "bayonet rule," and that they desire to assure the country that they have changed their views about the importance of statesmanship, and have concluded that a brilliant corps commander makes the best chief executive for the nation. Of course this is not what the democrats wish the nomination to signify. They would like to escape from the logic of their position. They want Hancock to signify all things to all classes of men in their

ranks, — state's rights to the South, nationality to the North, hard money to the East, soft money to the West, protection to Pennsylvania, free trade to Illinois, and so on through the whole list of questions upon which their party is not agreed; and they hope that his colorless record will serve as a blank sheet which every democrat can fill up with the ideas that he desires carried out in case the party is successful. Nevertheless, they cannot escape the appearance of trying to shirk the questions they loudly declared, up to the day of the Cincinnati convention, to be of vital importance.

On only one point has General Hancock a record touching political issues. While in command of a military district under the reconstruction acts, he issued an order and wrote a letter in which he spoke of the supremacy of the civil law over military authority. But there is nothing here to run a campaign upon. On this very question General Garfield has a much broader and clearer record, made in his argument before the supreme court in the Indiana conspiracy cases, in which he defended the right of persons accused of treasonable acts in time of war to a jury trial, when the territory where the acts were alleged to be committed was not the theatre of the operations of contending armies. The whole question of the relations of military commanders and courts-martial to the civil law was very fully discussed in that argument. General Hancock's New Orleans order deals with a different case. The Southern States were placed under military government by express acts of Congress pending the processes of the restoration of civil authority under the provisions of the reconstruction laws. Civil law was not supreme in General Hancock's military district when he issued his New Orleans order. On the contrary, the military power was the higher legal authority, and the effect of his order was only to raise a question

as to the right of Congress to provide temporary military governments for the rebel States, and to set up his opinion against the laws of the land. The claim of statesmanship made by the democrats for their nominee by reason of that order will not bear scrutiny. Whether he wrote it or it was written for him by a democratic politician desirous of making him a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1868, it was neither statesman-like nor soldierly. It did not lie in the mouth of a military commander, sent to the States just conquered by the national authority for the purpose of executing the laws of Congress, to lecture the people on the dangers of military power and the importance of the supremacy of civil authority.

In the absence of any record on the part of the democratic nominee on the controverted questions of current politics, we turn to the democratic platform to find the principles upon which the campaign is to be fought, but disappointment awaits us there. The theories upon which the party has been making its fight in Congress of late years and in recent state canvasses are not clearly set forth. Some of them are avoided altogether. Nothing is said of the right of Congress to refuse appropriations to carry on the government at its pleasure, and to bring any department of the national administration to a stand-still in case the president will not abandon the veto power and sign measures relating to such department which he does not approve; and yet on this theory the democrats held Congress in session for months last year, and in pursuance of it that body adjourned, leaving the United States marshals, who are to the federal courts what the sheriffs are to the state courts, an entire year without money for their salary and expenses. The constitutional authority of Congress to make laws regulating elections for the choice of its members is not denied in the platform in anything like distinct terms, and

this issue between the two parties is rather obscured than made plain.

There is no such broad assertion of the old doctrine of state's rights as we might have expected from the recent speeches of leading democrats in Congress, the reference to centralization in the platform being rather vague. No pledge is given to destroy the national banks if the democrats get the power, although such eminent democratic leaders as Thurman, Ewing, and Voorhees have been telling the people of the West for the past two years that the banks are hostile to their interests, and that the democratic party means to abolish them. A number of things are said in the platform with an impressive show of positiveness, but they are mainly things upon which both parties are agreed. The general purpose of the document appears to be to avoid the discussion of important national issues upon which the democracy has made a record of late, and depend for success upon the admirable military history of General Hancock and his want of known political opinions.

Upon two questions, however, the democrats have departed from their non-committal policy. The platform demands free ships and a tariff for revenue only. Here the republicans can join issue with them squarely. Free ships, however desirable in a theoretical sense, mean practically the entire abandonment of American ship-yards. The Italians and the Norwegians can put together wooden ships cheaper than our Maine shipwrights can build them, and the great Clyde-side and Tyne-side yards of Great Britain can underbid our Delaware yards for the construction of iron vessels. The ruin of our ship-building industry might be compensated for by commercial advantages in time of peace, but we should be seriously crippled in case of war, for our navy-yards are not capable of supplying our navy with the additional armed vessels it would need,

to say nothing of the fleets of transports that must be rapidly improvised for military operations. Leaving the commercial question aside altogether, the support of American ship-yards by protective legislation is a defensive measure of the highest national importance. The democrats have made no point here that will help them in the canvass. Indeed, in view of the closeness of the State of Maine and their hopes of carrying it by their alliance with the green-backers, it looks as though they had committed a serious blunder.

They have succeeded no better with their "tariff for revenue only" plank. Such a tariff means the entire abandonment of the American system of protection under which our multiform manufacturing industries have grown and prospered. A tariff for revenue is a tariff which will produce the most revenue, and is of necessity a low tariff, that will stimulate large importations of foreign goods to undersell our own products in our home markets. This plank arrays against the democracy the entire manufacturing interest of the country, together with the large body of artisans and laborers whose daily bread depends upon its prosperity. It throws away the very fair chances the democrats had of carrying Connecticut and New Jersey, and the possibility of their securing Pennsylvania, the home State of their candidate. Besides, it will lose them many votes in New York, where there are thousands of industries which would be ruined by the repeal of protective duties. In return, the democrats gain nothing. The South, which is the only section of the country where free-trade ideas largely predominate, is solidly democratic in every case. The West is republican, and will not change its political faith on account of this bid for its favor. The East, where the pivotal States of New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey are to be the battle-field of the presidential contest, is firmly wedded

to the protective system by a thousand motives of self-interest. Thus the democratic assault upon protection can only be regarded as a gigantic blunder.

It is to be regretted that the democrats have not chosen, by their nomination and platform, to identify their canvass clearly with a few broad principles of legislation, administration, or constitutional interpretation. A thorough discussion of the fundamental ideas of our government, as far as they concern the powers of national and state authority, would have been exceedingly valuable in its educational influence upon large masses of voters who have never been led to a serious consideration of the questions involved. The traditions of the democratic party lead it to take the side of state authority as against the federal power; those of the republican party lead it to favor the extension and strengthening of the national authority at the expense of the state governments. A contest on this ground would have involved the revival of the early discussions between the federalists and the anti-federalists and a close study of the opinions of the fathers of the republic, and would have lifted the campaign to a high ground of statesmanship. The democrats, it is true, would have been somewhat at a loss to reconcile the theory of their party with its practice when in power. Jefferson, the great advocate of the state's rights and loose-government theory, made an exceedingly vigorous administration when he got to be president, and was as much disposed as his federalist predecessors, Washington and Adams, to make the most of the powers given him by the constitution. Jackson, when he wanted to destroy the United States Bank and when he threatened to hang the South Carolina nullifiers, was as stalwart a "strong government" man as was Grant in later years. Pierce and Buchanan, in their efforts to fasten slavery upon Kansas against the will of her people, stretched to the utmost all

former broad interpretations of the constitution. As a rule, the party in power takes liberal views of the extent of federal authority, and the party out of power makes use of the rights of the States to combat its successful rival. Nevertheless, so far as professed principles are concerned, the democrats can claim to be the party of the States, and the republicans can claim to be that of the nation. The theory of the right of secession, it must not be forgotten, was essentially a democratic theory, and was the legitimate outgrowth of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1797 and 1798, which were indorsed in democratic national platforms as late as 1860.

If the democrats in their platform had vigorously renewed what is popularly known as their "fraud cry" and had nominated Mr. Tilden, we should have had the issue between the state and the nation presented in another form, and with the relation of parties to it completely reversed. The democrats have been claiming, ever since the settlement of the presidential controversy in 1877, that the electoral commission took wrong ground, from partisan motives, when it decided that Congress had no power to go behind the return of a state in its presidential elections. They made the broadest possible claims for national power, overlooked the express language of the constitution which gives to the States full control over the manner of casting their electoral votes, and claimed for Congress the right to make itself a returning board and investigate the action of state canvassers and even the returns of separate polling-places. Instead of final judges of their own action in the choice of a president, this theory made the States mere certifying authorities, whose attestations Congress might regard or not, according to its pleasure. The republicans appealed to all the early interpretations of the constitution, and to the unbroken line of precedents to justify their position that

the certified return of a State of its vote for president is a finality, and that the only function of Congress in connection with the electoral count is to be present as official witnesses to see that the returns are correctly announced and tabulated. This issue the republicans would be glad to take before the people in the present canvass, but the democrats have avoided it.

At the date this article is written the stump-speaking campaign has not begun, and it is therefore not possible to indicate the drift of argument to be followed by the orators of the two parties in their appeals to the voters. So far as it is foreshadowed by the discussions in the party press, the canvass is not likely to be particularly instructive to those who like to see opposing theories of public policy brought into sharp antagonism. The democrats have outlined no course of argument thus far, and are evidently anxious to obscure the recent record of their party, and to escape the necessity of defending it. They content themselves with personal attacks upon the republican candidate for the presidency, as if there were no principles at issue, and as if the campaign were to settle nothing but the question of who is the better man, Garfield or Hancock. The republicans decline to engage in a defense of the record of their nominee. He has been in public life for twenty-two years, seventeen of which he has spent in a forum which puts men's characters and talents to a severe test, — the national house of representatives. They do not believe his integrity or capacity can be successfully impeached. Besides, no charges are brought against him which were not made before the jury of his own constituents as long ago as 1874, when a great effort was made to defeat his reelection. His district was sown broadcast with printed sheets containing the identical attacks now revived by the democrats, and a Methodist presiding elder, of excellent repute

and great personal popularity, was persuaded to run as the opposing candidate. Having been a republican, it was hoped that this worthy preacher would draw off votes enough from the republican ranks to enable the democrats to defeat General Garfield. It was a year of wide-spread republican disaster. States and congressional districts which had been steadfastly republican ever since the party was organized were carried by the democrats. In the whole belt of States beginning with Massachusetts and running clear through to the Mississippi River, the democrats were swept forward to victory on the wave of popular dissatisfaction with the Grant administration. General Garfield's opponents had the great advantage of this powerful current to aid them in their effort to overthrow him. He made his defense in print and on the stump. The charges against him, printed in the form of a broadside sheet in the office of a New York newspaper, were distributed in every audience he addressed. He met them squarely and manfully, and so effectually disproved them that he led the republican ticket, and had a larger majority in the district than was given for the popular candidate for governor, General Noyes, against whom the democrats directed no personal assaults. General Garfield's district is shown by the census reports to be the most intelligent in the United States. It has always been exceedingly jealous of the reputation of its representatives. In half a century it has had but four. The verdict of such a district on the personal character of its member of Congress is conclusive. Since it was given at the polls in 1874, it has been twice reaffirmed, and has been indorsed by the republicans of the State of Ohio in their unanimous selection of General Garfield for the United States senate.

While the democratic newspapers fire away at the person of the republican nominee, the republican newspapers di-

rect their shots at the record of the democratic party, paying particular attention to its recent performances, since it got power in Congress. Their line of attack substantially is as follows: They charge the democratic party with pursuing a policy that has solidified the States attached to each other by the memories of slavery and rebellion into a compact political entity, hostile to the ideas, achievements, and tendencies of the nation at large, and has made it impossible for a healthful, honest, and respectable opposition party to exist anywhere in the South. This solidity of the South is attributed to a desire to escape from the results of the war so far as they established equal suffrage and citizenship, and so far as they strengthened the national authority and overturned the state's-rights theory; and, furthermore, to an eager ambition to justify the rebellion on the pages of history. The democracy is therefore charged with being a sectional party, ready to do the bidding of the South in return for its votes in Congress and in the electoral colleges. The new democratic doctrine, that a majority in Congress has the right to nullify a law which it cannot repeal by refusing appropriations to execute it, is vigorously assailed as revolutionary in spirit and effect. The course of the democratic party on financial questions, its effort to break down the public credit by schemes to pay the bonds in irredeemable greenbacks, its resistance to resumption, and the aid and encouragement it gave for twelve years to the manifold schemes for inflation and repudiation, which germinated in the West like weeds upon a prairie, are not forgotten. In contrast with the democratic record of sympathy with slavery and rebellion, of resistance

to emancipation and manhood suffrage, and of hostility to specie payments, a sound currency, and the fulfillment of the nation's obligations, is presented the republican record of the Union defended, restored, and strengthened, slavery abolished, equal suffrage and citizenship for all, honest money, and untarnished national honor.

Presidential campaigns are no longer fought simultaneously and with equal ardor all over the country. Certain close States, which hold elections prior to the presidential election, are selected for a battle-ground to test the strength of the opposing parties, and the contest centres in them, while the rest of the country looks on with the eager interest of spectators at a tournament. The arguments and incidents of these local canvasses are repeated by the newspapers all over the land, and the whole people take part in the fight vicariously when they read the daily journals. Maine elects state officers early in September. A coalition upon state and electoral tickets has been effected there between the democrats and the greenbackers, and the contest is thus made a close one. The result will greatly encourage the party which wins. As soon as Maine votes, the battle will shift to Ohio and Indiana, which hold state elections on the second Tuesday in October. If the republicans carry both of those States, the campaign will take such a strong set in their favor that the November fight will practically be won in advance. If they carry Ohio and lose Indiana, a tremendous struggle will be made in New York, and the vote of that State will determine whether Garfield or Hancock is to be the next president.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

[We print, out of many similar communications, the following relations of personal experience, evoked by a curious paragraph in the Contributors' Club in our June number. As the dreamers of strange dreams have notoriously no mercy in telling them, we think it best to warn intending visionaries that the present paper contains all that we shall be able to lay before our readers: they will therefore dream at their own risk. Those particularly interested may address the authors of the following paragraphs at Liverpool; Newport, R. I.; The Dalles, Oregon; Andover, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Brooklyn, N. Y., etc.]

— The question which your contributor asks in the June Atlantic, "What causes the recurrence of a certain kind of dream during a certain period?" is not easily answered. It would be easy to say, "The recurrence of similar conditions," but that is merely restating the question. It is not probable that we shall ever have a complete science of dreams, because when we begin to observe and classify we must be wide awake. Dreams are of too subtle stuff. They easily elude analysis.

My own dreams, however, I can divide into three classes, and I have a theory which fits them exactly. It is this: Sleep comes down on us from above and submerges our faculties in the order of their excellence. In dreams of the first class the artistic sense is asleep, but all the other faculties are awake. In dreams of the second class the moral sense is submerged, and about all that remains active is the instinct of self-preservation and a tigerish love of blood; both feelings which lie near the foundation of our nature. In dreams of the third class hardly the *sense* of personal identity is left; in fact, we are asleep down to protoplasm.

It is true Coleridge composed *Kubla Khan* in a dream, but his sleep was not true sleep; it was probably "secondary coma," induced by opium. You cannot prove anything against my theory by Coleridge. Was it not Cowper who awoke thrilled with a lyric he had composed in his sleep, which began, —

"By heavens, I'll wreak my woes
Upon the cowslip and the pale primrose" ?

And it was an equally celebrated man who, under similar circumstances, could recall but two verses of a poem to youth. These were, —

"Boys, boys, boys, boys,
You great and dangerous hobbledchoys."

My first point, that the constructive imagination is the first faculty to go to sleep, I think may be considered established. We dream that we make eloquent speeches, or visit beautiful scenes, but if we can recall them they are destitute of all proportion and fitness.

In order to make my meaning clearer I will instance a specimen of each class of dreams, at the risk of inflicting a "garrulous relation of visions." They are given merely as scientific illustrations of my theory that sleep comes down like a cloud and obscures the higher faculties first. I would premise by saying that my dreams are never suggested by the subjects in which I have been interested when awake. The following belongs to the first class. The events are as distinctly impressed on my memory as if they were real.

I found myself riding leisurely on horseback on the road from the village to my father's farm, when I became aware of a bright light behind me, and looking upward saw a large meteor, about one thousand feet in the air, moving slowly in the direction I was going. Presently a small, elderly man, also on horseback, joined me, and I mended my

pace to keep up with him. He told me that he was from Boston; that he had foreseen the advent of the meteor, and in fact had followed it by short cuts for several hundred miles. I expressed surprise at the slowness of its motion, but he explained that its velocity was only apparent; that it had overtaken the earth with a motion the same in rate and direction as the earth had; and that though it seemed to be moving slowly it was in reality going very fast. I objected that when it came within the sphere of the earth's attraction it must fall rapidly, under the influence of gravity. On this he looked at me benevolently, and said, half to himself, "Ah, yes, the old Newtonian error." I have seen many times since the same benign expression on the faces of my Boston friends, when I felt that they were saying to themselves, "It is interesting to find the old misconceptions surviving in the New York man."

Meanwhile we reached the foot of a small hill on my father's farm, where the meteor had struck the earth. There were congregated here my father, the tenant of the farm, the village lawyer, a well known horse-jockey, and several others. The Boston man said that he wished to buy the meteor, and that he was authorized to offer ten thousand dollars for it. To this my father agreed, remarking that it was a "mighty good meteor, but no use to him." The tenant claimed half of it as a natural product of the land; but the lawyer said that it was clearly real estate, and was referring to a case in point decided by the court of appeals, when the tenant pulled out his lease and read the clause, "And the said party of the second part, in addition to half of all crops of sanfoin, trefoil, and murrhocks raised on said farm, shall receive to his own use, behoof, and benefit one equal and undivided moiety of all the aereolites and meteoric stones that may fall on said farm during said term." The lawyer said, "That settles it;" but

the Boston man said, with a decision born of knowledge, "This is neither an aereolite nor a meteoric stone; it is a griffolith." The horse-jockey stepped forward solemnly, and laying both hands on the stone burnt them badly. Drawing back hastily, he remarked, "It is a nasty griffolith." Two such authorities agreeing, the tenant made no further claim. The Boston man filled up a check on a form especially prepared for the purpose, headed "*Fera celestia naturæ*," and we dispersed well pleased, and glancing upwards for more griffoliths.

What I wish to emphasize in this dream is that all my instincts of justice and respect for law and reasoning powers were awake. The reverence which the New York mind feels for the Boston mind was also in full force. That, however, is one of the deeper instincts of our nature, and probably never sleeps.

I will give in as few words as possible a specimen of a dream of the second class:—

I was in the waiting-room of a small railway station in Belgium. Opening the door, I stepped directly into Utah. Here I joined a party of mining prospectors, consisting of several divinity students, in an advanced stage of intoxication, and a panther. We began tearing down the side of a mountain, the panther distinguishing himself by the energy with which he wielded his pick, his tail curling and quivering with excitement. We were in search of a gypsum bed, which we soon uncovered. It was securely boxed in rough hemlock boards. Desiring to own it wholly myself, I killed all my party by the simple method of jamming the top of my pick into their backs as they were bent over examining the find. By using my full strength I was able to double them up and drive them deep into the ground, thus dispatching them quickly and burying them in one motion. I then took possession of the coveted gypsum bed, and a similar series of absurdities and

crimes crowded on one another, till I awoke. What I relate this nonsense for is to show that in a dream of this class not only is my perception of distance blurred, but also my sense of equity. I paid no attention to the fundamental principles of the mining code, though I had had practical experience of its absolute necessity as the only means of preserving the semblance of order in a camp. I deceived all my comrades, including the inoffensive and hard-working panther. Few men would be more averse to such a thing than I, and I can only plead that I was all asleep except the savage instincts of the primitive man.

In dreams of the third class, even these and the consciousness of personal identity are at rest. There is left only a vague consciousness of existence, — probably about what the mollusk feels when most awake.

If this classification does not fit the dreams of some people, I can only say that their sleep is not true sleep and their dreams are not true dreams. What they call sleep is probably abnormal hypnotic coma or imperfect lethargy, and what they suppose to be dreams are merely irregular, spasmodic mental action, unworthy of strict scientific classification.

—The most intimate connection exists between the mind and the body; and not unfrequently some physical disorder or idiosyncrasy, of whose existence we may not be aware in our waking hours, makes itself felt in sleep, when the body is more susceptible of internal impressions. In a dream the condition of the physical organization reflects itself in the activity of the nervous system, as surrounding objects are mirrored upon the ruffled surface of the waters beneath; and these distorted images may serve as the index of the state of the physical system.

In these facts I think we may find the explanation of the first class of vis-

ions mentioned by the contributor writing of recurrent dreams. Why and whence the particular visions which he refers to I cannot tell, for "in sleep every man has a world of his own." But I think that such indescribable impressions are frequently made upon the mind in childhood, as we know that they occur in delirium and insanity.

From my earliest years, during my childhood, I was haunted by a strange sensation in sleep, which I called "falling off from the world;" and often now, when fatigued in body or mind, the impression returns. I am alone in space, and feel myself falling faster and still faster to some terrible unknown depth. I refer this sensation to a disordered state of the nervous system, consequent upon excitement or fatigue. I trace a resemblance, a sequence, between the "vast, impalpable something" "moving onward in enormous airy billows," the "tall white-clothed figure," and the "shapes of armed men approaching with awful, silent tread." The first vision gradually resolves itself into the second, and the second assumes the outline of the third, as, in the Arabian Nights, the white, shapeless cloud at length took form and became the huge genie. To fix the limit of such fancies is to set bounds to the imagination, a task impossible. In the child of excitable temperament the mental impressions during sleep are more grotesque; but these shadowy shapes assume more definite form in later years.

Concerning the recurrence of a certain dream during a number of years, to the exclusion of other forms of dreaming, I offer this explanation: A dream is any mental action in sleep of which we are afterward conscious. The more wild and fantastic the dream, the more vividly is it impressed upon the memory. The fact that it is thus impressed leads to its recurrence, especially when the dreamer relates his vision to another person. The readiness with which a train of thought recurs to the mind

is proportionate to the frequency with which it is recalled. Hence, these visions tend to reproduce themselves.

I think that the nocturnal journeys mentioned by the contributor are of frequent occurrence in the experience of others. I know a physician who to long daily rides in the practice of his profession adds longer and more toilsome nightly journeys. Regularly, during the hours of sleep, as he drives his horses over almost impassable roads, his loud cries, urging them on or holding them back, give evidence of the nature of his dreams. In my own experience, I find that a day of hard labor, physical or mental, is quite often followed by nights of driving over fearful roads, or of plowing through stormy waters. In all these dreams the sense of imminent danger or impending trouble is always present. Our actual travels do not seem to affect the case.

Whence comes this sense of danger? Indistinctness is a prevailing characteristic of our dreams. Certain features of the dream may stand out clearly from the rest, but in every vision there is a border-land of impenetrable mystery. In every human mind obscurity awakens an indefinable fear; terror and dread overwhelm us when we wander through the dim and unexplored land of dreams. Reason is not with us to dispel our fears, and until we awake we struggle on, the prey of fancies which our own minds have created.

— In considering the psychology of dreams, a study as fascinating as its subject matter is elusive, theories are not wanting to explain what a recent contributor speaks of as the frequent recurrence of a certain kind of dream, when there was apparently nothing in his circumstances to impress the vision. That may be the very reason it came again. The first visit of the spectral familiar was due to some unnoticed cause such as leads to most of our meetings in the dead of night, — a story told, a word

overheard, a suggestion that the consciousness hardly grasped; and having once come, its very strangeness made so strong an impression as to furnish excuse for repeated appearance. The more inexplicable a dream is, the more frequent its recurrence in many cases.

For months now the same story has been told me in dreamland, variously modified, but always alike in substance. It was a puzzle at first, and seemed utterly inexplicable, until I remembered a conversation held when riding, one morning, more than a year ago, with a cousin who had recently come to us on a visit from her Western home. She remarked, in that decided way happy wives have who consider marriage the chief end of woman's existence, "Susan Jane, you are making a great mistake in your life unless you decide to marry and have a home." "But you would n't have a woman marry for the sake of a home?" "Why not? I did n't love Theophrastus when I took him for better or worse, but now it would be hard to find a more devoted wife." The idea flitted across my mind that this might have proved a dangerous game, but never came again into my waking thoughts till it had been recalled by a succession of dreams, each telling of the wretched, ruined home of my bright little cousin, and giving different reasons for it, but all agreeing in this, — that she alone was the one to blame for the unhappiness, and that she always bore reproach with silent pride. Sometimes the scene has been so vivid that I have said to myself, "I shall have faith in the prophecies of dreams hereafter, for what I have repeatedly dreamed has now come true;" and the sober certainty of waking thoughts could hardly convince me that it was not a reality.

Another fancy that recurs with absurd pertinacity places me in Bremen, ready for a year's roaming over Europe, but utterly without plan and without money. Although I never heard any

one before The Atlantic contributor allude to having the same dream for long periods, it seems so natural that it can hardly fail to have been the experience of many. And now there is a strong temptation to ask sympathy or support for my little pet theory in regard to the moral lesson that may be learned from dreams. Do they not sometimes furnish a man with a clew to hitherto unsuspected traits of his character, suggest some foible, or reveal some hidden weakness? When the conscience is removed for a little and imagination has full play, though she leads her victim into strange complications, does she not still leave him true to the instincts that have been prompted by passion and modified in their course by reason, so that her unregulated whims afford a hint of his real nature, as do the "idle words" by which he shall be judged? Milton had more than one object in representing that when in sleep the fruit was offered Eve she "could not but taste."

— The dream that recurs must frequently with me is a very disagreeable, exhausting one. The scene is an old, dark, high building, with many long, winding corridors and steep, rickety stairways. Through these corridors, up and down these stairways, stumbling, panting, breathless, I am chased by a hag who brandishes a long whip. She is ragged, with hideous teeth protruding from her jaws; her dark hair is flying; and she pursues me with a look of hate and uttering a gibberish not a word of which is intelligible, till I wake in an agony of exhaustion and terror; or rather I used to do so. Since I grew up I have learned to realize that it is "my dream," and can wake myself, but can never resist the impulse to keep on until I have reached a certain door. I always wake just as I throw myself frantically against that; it has never opened. Another dream is of flying, and is less frequent in its recurrence than the first one. The sensation is a delightful one. The scene

always begins in a country church-yard. I begin by flying over the church many times; then invariably fly into a building unlike any I have ever seen, but well adapted for flying; there are domes to fly up to, vaulted galleries, and much space. The feeling is one of perfect complacency at finding myself at these dizzy heights, though I always feel that some time I shall surely fall. I was not a nervous or timid child at any other time, but I have spent hours of suffering in the darkness from waking out of the clutches of the hag; and again have wakened with a thrill of delight, as though saved from some fascinating peril, after the flying dreams. About twice a year I have the former, and about once in two years the latter, dream. I have regarded the oft-repeated recurrence of these dreams as an idiosyncrasy of my own, as I never before knew any one confess to a similar experience.

— For about three years of my life, from eleven to fourteen, I scarcely passed a week without dreaming two or three times that I was living a kind of divided life. I seemed to know that I was in bed, and yet the *real* I was floating about the room near the ceiling in the form of several globes of incandescence. (I use the abstract noun because I was not always conscious whether the material was molten metal, glass, or simply gas.) The globes would circle round each other; sometimes roll together like dewdrops, making a larger globe; at other times separate into a countless multitude. The conviction was always present with me that if the whole would roll into one my soul would come back to me and all would be well; but I never came to the point of realizing this happy consummation; I constantly awoke in terror before the end came. The sense was so perplexing and so vivid that for a long time I absolutely dreaded the night, — I knew the same dream would come.

Then I think I had a year or two free from dreams of any kind. An illness

something like a brain fever turned the current of my life altogether; but when dreams came again they came with provoking regularity. I know to an inch the exact spot where I was always standing when a big black dog leaped on me, and I could point out, I believe, the stone over which, night after night, I was accustomed to trip and fall most ignominiously, within a yard of a friendly door.

That form of dream, too, passed. The third and last that I can call at all regularly recurrent was even more perplexing, but more whimsical. I was at Cambridge, having taken my degree, but remaining in my college rooms, reading with private pupils, and holding the curacy of a church at a short distance from the place. I suppose the desire to settle down in some more home-like way had taken full possession of me. I was then, two or three times a week, in the habit of waking with the dream fresh in my brain that I had gone to the town where my lady-love dwelt, and had been in it two or three days without having called to see her. Incandescent globes and black dogs were "not a circumstance" to the trouble caused by this negligence. About three years of this last dream was enough for me: I banished that evil by marrying the lady.

— The contribution to the Club on the subject of dreams has awakened remembrances of my own early visions that have for some time lain dormant.

For years my dreams have been neither very agreeable nor distressing, — mere incongruities. But once they were of the same evil character as those your contributor describes, and for long periods dominated by some one ever-recurring terror. I can vividly recall the sharp chase that I almost nightly went through with, always to be seized and borne off by the same swift-footed fiend, — the very devil with horns and hoofs familiar to the imagination. Following this came the "last day," with all its horror of veritable flames. These were

early dreams, and easily traced to injudicious instruction of some kind, from which it is so difficult to protect a child.

Another dream that troubled me sorely was that of being "taken up." The interview with the policeman about the offense, of which I was wholly unconscious; the final statement of that official that ignorance of the law made no excuse; and the *dénoûment*, — my being marched off to indefinite imprisonment, — all played a part in this oft-repeated scene. This I think also easily accounted for in a child's vague terror of the "law" as by him imperfectly understood.

But that strange dream of the "procession" described by the contributor, so nearly like my own, which I had before thought my own peculiar property, prompts me to ask, Whence came those dreadful figures that moved athwart the clouded consciousness of at least two children, in form and manner so strangely resembling each other? My dream always began with an awful stillness of preparation. Every house was made ready against the approaching procession, which came from regions without the town. I always thought myself alone in an upper room, the house deathly still lest any one should betray his whereabouts. At length they came, terrible forms both in size and mien. Like that of your contributor, my place of refuge was beneath the window; and there, in my dream, have I lain trembling with fright and pressing closely against the outer wall, only to be discovered at last from a window at the side. With the glance of fiery eyes meeting mine the vision reached its climax, and I awoke.

I am aware that I have only partly answered the question of your correspondent; in fact, have asked another. If any one, however, could enlighten me as to the origin of this dream so full of torture, could suggest the story-book or nursery tale from which its details might have been drawn, I should be glad. The

circus, with its formal entry, has sometimes suggested itself as the solution, and even more forcibly the parade of "Antiques and Horribles" that once so prominently figured in our Fourth of July festivities.

— I would like to add my testimony to what is an interesting subject of investigation. The recurrence of something differing from a dream I experienced many times during childhood. It was so similar to that reported as to be undoubtedly referable to the same physical condition. I heard but little talk of malaria in the hills of Eastern New York, but I remember there was suffering from fevers in the neighborhood. The vision or sensation was this: I saw a something, round, bright, and white, which expanded with indescribable rapidity, filling all space, extinguishing all earth and earthly existence, "breaking the barriers of the heavens." I seemed conscious of the moment when this expansion reached the limits of our solar system and passed on through stellar space, annihilating everything. "Now," I said, "there is only God and I." When that instant of crushing, awful loneliness came, I awoke. There never seemed any sense of duration of time. The whole was like a lightning flash, with intense consciousness, of infinite extended space. In the recurrence of this dream the effect was precisely identical, but it has never visited me in later years. Though it is long since it came, the memory of it is now as a revelation of something hidden from me at all other times. The words eternity, immortality, infinity, have a meaning in the light of that memory inexplicable, which no creed or catechism ever taught me.

— My dream is peculiar, and yet I must believe that it is also that of many thousands of my fellow countrymen. I was in the war, and a participant in several of the largest battles in the eastern zone of operations. Much to my surprise, I emerged from it alive and un-

harmd, and was "reabsorbed" into civil life. Just how long it was after doffing the blue I cannot say, but presently I began to entertain a particular form of dream, that has appeared and reappeared at intervals during all the long years that have since elapsed. It is this: I find myself again a soldier, on the threshold of battle, and *wonder how I got there*. The scene and circumstances change with every dream. Sometimes we are waiting to be attacked; at others aligning for advance, or perhaps acting as scouts or skirmishers, — but always with battle imminent. Now the most distressing part of this dream is the sense of finding one's self in terrible danger without knowing how it came about. The actual circumstances of the old war are never recalled; it is always a *new* war I am engaged in. After a time the dream developed into a dream within a dream. For example, I would seem to say, "I have dreamed of finding myself in this situation a good many times, but *now* it is no longer a dream, but a terrible reality." I used often to wonder, half superstitiously, whether this dream did not prefigure a renewal, at some time, of my army life, but as I am now drawing toward the close of the campaigning age I find the dream latterly giving me less and less trouble. But it all goes to show that war is terribly vivid, earnest, and real, and that the brain retains its images, and that the sensory nerves reverberate with its impressions for many a long year after it has ceased.

— A late number of some magazine — it seems to me that it was the Popular Science Monthly — contained a hint toward shaking off recurrent dreams of a painful character, which was boldly to meet, and even invite, the threatened danger or disagreeable occurrence forming the basis of the vision. As dreams usually come when we are near waking, we are often sufficiently conscious to exert a slight control over our ideas; hence, I believe the suggestion practica-

ble. I have been troubled by two kinds of recurrent dreams, which have been mitigated by just such a course. Until young manhood I was the victim of imaginary falls, occurring at intervals of a week or so. I tumbled over terrific precipices, out of balloons, and from the tops of trees like those in California, but always, though alighting with a shock, which caused a nervous start, sinking into some soft material that arrested my progress without injury. Whether I struck on rocks, turf, or house-tops, I always fell on my feet, sank gently to my waist, and pulled myself out with little difficulty. I gradually acquired such a control over my wandering fancies that I was able to say, "I am asleep, and therefore this fall will not hurt me." Instead of struggling, I would allow myself to take the inevitable plunge, and by idly submitting to the force of gravitation I came to earth without a jar, or checked my flight in mid-air. The other form of persistent dream is of later occurrence, and takes the form of such a flight through space as would have delighted De Quincey. I have made few attempts to check this dream as yet, beyond getting back to earth when I have had enough of it, and rousing myself when there is in it a suggestion of vertigo. At first it was startling and awful, but after I had made sure of a safe return there was a kind of tremulous joy in thus casting loose from earth, and soaring off with the rush of a meteor into the solemn regions of chill and starlit space, passing the great lighted globes that wheel about the sun and comets wandering in measureless orbits. The joy of rapid motion, like that felt in riding in a locomotive cab, or coming down a gravity road, or plowing the billows in a trim yacht, is modified by the necessity of shooting along on my back, head first, so that I get nothing but celestial retrospects; and my advance into the starry regions is accompanied by the feeling that I may run my

head against a big meteor, or drop upon Jupiter, Saturn, or into the horrific craters of the moon, like a meteor myself. When in a tranquil waking or dozing state I can repeat this dream by sheer force of imagination.

Physical causes and business perplexities largely influence our dreams; hence, the gentleman to whom this is addressed — I take it that the contributor is of the male "persuasion" — may find that anxiety, ill success, late suppers, a hard bed, an uncomfortable position (such as lying upon the back), aching teeth, or some such matters are in part responsible for the sombre character of his dreams. Pain may induce recurrent dreams. During a severe inflammatory disease I was dosed with immense quantities of opium, but the visions caused by the drug were distorted by pain into such scenes of horror and occurrences of distress that their reality exhausted me to the point of death. Once only I was permitted a pleasant dream: A boundless and beautiful park extended on every side, and in the midst of it was set a marble palace, whose wings stretched to an immeasurable horizon and were lost in distance. Its front glowed with the warm red light of the setting sun, every one of its countless windows, as it reflected the luminary, shining like burnished gold. The entire sky was of the hue of red wine held to the light, and in this rich crimson great stars blazed and flashed like diamonds and emeralds. The memory of that scene is stronger than the memory of Niagara.

The same exercise of the will that checks a bad dream can sometimes secure a good one. I have on several occasions aroused myself from unpleasant dreams, and determined that the incidents going wrong should take such and such a course. Then, on my falling asleep again with this determination, events would come about much as I wished them.

MUSIC.

It is not often that a musical curiosity is anything more or better than a mere curiosity. M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, professor of musical history at the National Conservatory in Paris, has published a collection of authentic Greek and Oriental songs,¹ which are decidedly interesting from a purely musical point of view. In 1875, M. Bourgault-Ducoudray was sent on a special mission, by the minister of public instruction, to study Oriental music in Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, and the islands in the Ægean. The publication of the collection of songs in question and of two interesting pamphlets² has been the result. There can be little doubt that the author was just the person to send on such a mission: a professor of musical history is *ex officio* conversant with the character of the old Greek modes and of the modes of the plain chant, and these modes are still in general use in the East; if not to the total exclusion of the modern European major and minor scales, at least in sufficiently predominating use to make them especially characteristic of Oriental music. Although the published songs form but a small part of the collection he made on his Eastern trip, one cannot but feel that he has made a wise choice, and has given to the world the cream of the material he had at command. It were idle to object that the essential musical value of these songs is not to be appreciated at once by the general musical public, nor even by the average musician. To Western ears they sound very strange, and often distinctly horrible and unmusical at first; but we should remember that in music, as in other mat-

ters, we must first habituate ourselves to an entirely new order of physiognomy before we can begin to feel its beauties, or even clearly distinguish between different individual examples of it. To our eye, for instance, the Japanese cast of feature is not only distasteful, but we find a certain difficulty in recognizing individuals of that nation. One Japanese looks to us about like another. The general national characteristics of the race are so striking that we have no discriminating eye for individual peculiarities. Just so in music: we must first accustom our ear to the characteristic physiognomy of the Oriental modes before we can be enough at home in them to appreciate the beauty of melodies written in them. Suffice it to say that the thirty songs in M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's collection will richly repay careful study. They are indubitably fine examples of Oriental folk-music, and have a peculiar charm which cannot fail to make itself felt by any one who has rid himself of all exclusive prejudice in favor of our major and minor modes.

There may be room for doubt, however, about the propriety of the manner in which the author has harmonized these songs. He says in his preface, "In our harmonizing we have systematically refrained from forbidding the use of any chord. The only harmonies we have proscribed are those the character of which appeared to us to contravene the *modal* impression made by the melody to be harmonized. Our efforts have had for their object to enlarge the circle of modalities in polyphonic music, and not to diminish the resources of modern harmony." And yet it seems to us as

¹ *Mémoires Populaires de Grèce et d'Orient*. Recueillies et harmonisées par L.-A. BOURGAULT-DUCOUDRAY. Paris: Henry Lemoine.

² *Souvenirs d'une Mission Musicale en Grèce et en Orient*. Par L.-A. BOURGAULT-DUCOUDRAY.

DRAY. 2ième Edition. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1878.

Conférence sur la Modalité dans la Musique Grecque. Par L.-A. BOURGAULT-DUCOUDRAY. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale. 1879.

if M. Bourgault-Ducoudray had tried to put new wine into old bottles with a vengeance. Both in these songs and in many of the examples he gives in his pamphlet (*Conférence*) on the Greek modes, he seems to have been more solicitous to follow an empirical system blindly, and to its farthest conclusion, than to assure himself that his system was really sound. Had he been a German musical theorist, we should not have been surprised at this, because no more astounding examples of sheer empiricism can be found than in German treatises on harmony. But for a professor at the Paris Conservatory, where Fétis's *Traité d'Harmonie* is used as a text-book, to have pursued such a course is astonishing indeed. M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's reckless use of free dissonances is not only diametrically opposed to the essential character of the Greek modes, but is often simply excruciating. There is unquestionably no prescribable limit to the use of free (unprepared) dissonances in modern harmony founded upon our Western tonal system. But a glance at the history of this tonal system of ours will suffice to show that the use of free dissonances is compatible with it, but with it alone. As soon as Monteverde found that the musical ear would readily accept the dissonance of the minor seventh without preparation, *if heard simultaneously with the imperfect fifth or the tritone*, he discovered the *chord of the dominant seventh*, and thus laid the foundations of modern tonality. By the introduction of this most important and distinctive discord the Iastian mode of the plain chant became our modern major mode, and the Æolian became our minor mode. The use of this one free dissonance is essentially characteristic of our tonal system; if in our day we easily accept other and harsher dissonances without preparation (as *appoggiaturas*), it is because we feel a certain analogy between them and the dominant seventh.

But as the chord of the dominant seventh neither does nor can properly find a place in the Greek modal system (for that system was practically overthrown by it, and by it alone), all other free dissonances are naturally debarred with it. We are sufficiently certain, on purely theoretical grounds, that M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's method of harmonizing melodies in the Greek diatonic modes is a fundamentally false one; but the absolutely frightful harmonic excesses which the blind following out of this method has led him into, in some instances, give an equally significant practical proof of it.

In his *Conférence* we find the same unstinted application of an empirical system, resulting in melodic and harmonic forms which sound as atrociously as they look systematically well ordered on paper. Take, for instance, the astounding shape he makes the popular tune, *Au Clair de la Lune*, assume in the minor mode. All that can be said of it is that the third phrase (counting the repeat) is not music at all. The same fault is to be found with the way he puts the air "*J'ai du bon tabac*" through the whole list of Greek diatonic modes. (His harmony to it in the major mode, to which it really belongs, is already open to much exception.) He reaches the acme of unmusical frightfulness in his harmonizing of the Lydian scale, which is positively unbearable.

But apart from his attempts to make the modern use of dissonances fit the Greek modes, M. Bourgault-Ducoudray's theoretical explanation of the Greek and Oriental modal system is of surpassing excellence. Nothing can be clearer or more interesting than his exposition of the whole subject. One omission, which might be easily rectified, tends to confuse the reader a little: the author should have stated that, although the authentic and plagal modes of the plain chant correspond exactly enough to the Greek diatonic modes, their Greek

names do not. Thus the second authentic church mode is called the Phrygian, and corresponds to the Greek Dorian mode (harmonic division), whereas the Greek Phrygian mode corresponds to the Hypo-Mixo-Lydian mode (fourth plagal mode), of the plain chant.

Of the songs published, those in the Oriental chromatic mode are peculiarly fascinating, — especially as the modern harmony of M. Bourgault-Ducoudray suits the character of this mode far better than it does that of the Greek diatonic modes. Such melodies as *Eis τοῦ κόσμου τὸ ταξεῖδι* (No. 2) are extremely difficult to sing, but they are not impossible, and their charm is easily felt even by Occidental listeners.

Whether the hope the author expresses of finding the means of infusing new vitality into Western music, by introducing an extended use of the Greek and Oriental modes to relieve the (fancied?) monotony of our major and minor modes, will prove itself to be delusive or not is hard to tell. True, some of our modern composers have dipped more or less into the old modes in their compositions. The opening phrase of the song *Le Roi de Thulé*, in Gounod's

Faust, is plainly in the (Greek) Hypo-Dorian mode. Herod's air in Berlioz's *Enfance du Christ* is in the Dorian mode. Perhaps the finest and at the same time the most famous example we have in modern music of the use of an old mode is the *Canzone di Ringraziamento*, in Beethoven's A-minor quartet, Op. 132, which is in the (church) Lydian mode.

Yet in spite of these unquestionably fine sporadic examples, the fact still remains that our modern Occidental tonal system, with its two modes (major and minor), is the result of a higher development of the art of music than the Greek and Oriental modes, with their vague and indeterminate tonality. Our tonal system is not the result of a merely empirical selection, but is a natural musical development. To seek inspiration from the old modes is, in almost every case, to go backwards; to write music in them is an actual *tour de force* nowadays, and in nine instances out of ten is nothing more worthy than an affected archaism. Yet, after all, it is not impossible, and cases may occur where the use of an old mode is at once felicitous and æsthetically defensible.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

WE have almost ceased asking, with tiresome monotony, for the great American novel, for we are constantly preoccupied with lesser works of fiction which are conspicuously native and with an interest for us, when we have had our pleasure out of them, through their nativity. We shall not try to play hide and seek with posterity, but we are quite sure that our philosophic descendants will be reading the psychological history of their New England ancestors by the light of Mrs. Whitney's tallow dip. Did

our fresh youth of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, they will ask, really take their little spades and dig to the centre of the earth? We can imagine them threading the bushy paths of *Odd*, or *Even*?¹ picking out the story of the grotesquely named characters, and trying to reconstruct in their imagination the social life of Boston and the hill country. For ourselves it is not so difficult a matter. Does not the interro-

¹ *Odd, or Even?* By MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

gation mark which forms a constituent part of the title of Mrs. Whitney's story stand for the perpetual questioning which not merely the characters in the book, but a goodly portion of our restless community, have inherited from an ancestral speculation? We look upon France Everidge and Bernard Kingsworth and Israel Welcome Heywood as engaged, not upon Carlyle's Everlasting Yes, but upon New England's Eternal Is it? We suspect that the mood in which Mrs. Whitney's book leaves us is not altogether favorable to a just or wise opinion of it; we are tempted to ejaculate our judgment and to enigmatize our criticism. It is true that if we were to attempt a statement of the *motif* of the book a very few words would be sufficient to put the reader in possession of the main facts of the story, but how inadequate an account would that be which represented Mrs. Whitney's purpose as a relation of the steps by which a young Boston girl comes to marry a New Hampshire or Vermont farmer! As soon as we have said this we seem to be reminded how fascinated novelists are to-day with the general subject of leveling distinctions of rank. Mrs. Whitney is not alone in her disposition toward an essential democracy, but, like others who have tried to reorganize society, she has made her selection where the difficulties are least. Her heroine is recognized by her own class as exceptional, odd, and independent; the social objections raised in her own mind are scarcely perceptible. The hero, on the other hand, has all the external features of a horny-handed farmer, but it was misfortune and his own nobility of character which turned him aside from the pursuit of civil engineering.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Mrs. Whitney had in mind only to settle a dispute between truth and conventionalism. She means more than that in her novel, for she interests herself in the growth of character of a young girl

brought face to face with realities of life, and compelled to choose between the real and the conventional. It is her favorite theme, and we have no quarrel with a writer who asks our attention to the deep things of life. The story, with its episode of Sarrell and Mother Pemble, is acted among the hills chiefly, and the incidents are common ones of farm life, but every movement is invested with all its spiritual meaning. If the people are all oracular, so that the commonest farm hands open their mouths in parables, it is only because the writer, with her art of seeing double, cannot divest the story of herself. She reads out to us every change, and turns the light from every side of the truth she sees; thus the book glitters with an epigrammatic sparkle. Even the names must be made parabolic, and one is teased with a conviction that he must go back when he is through, and squeeze words which looked innocent to see if they did not perhaps conceal ideas overlooked at the time. It would be easy to quote sentence after sentence of fine wisdom and trenchant wit; many who read the book will doubtless find pass-keys to truths which before lay just beyond their reach, and, to vary George Herbert's lines, with metrical disaster,

"A novel may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

A reverence for all that is noble pervades the book, and makes it pure and honorable. If — but we must take what we have — if Mrs. Whitney's art had the element of repose; if she would be content with such a view of her characters as did not turn their souls wholly inside out; if, by a wise selection from a throng of incidents, those only were taken which would enable the reader to spell out the destiny of the *dramatis personæ*; and if she were not bound always to tell both the dream and the interpretation thereof, her books would be greater and more enduring. That this, the latest, is well worth reading for its wit

and wisdom is what we would say distinctly, before putting it on the shelf.

If any one is disposed to cavil at Mrs. Whitney's style, and to complain that she works her words too hard, let him give her the benefit of comparison with Sylvester Judd, whose *Richard Edney*¹ has been revived for a generation to whom Margaret also is scarcely more than a name. Curiously enough, the social problem of the book has a likeness to that of *Odd, or Even?* Here, as there, a man of the people is mated with a girl born in the purple; but Judd's purpose was a more deliberate one, and his book rather the result of a theory than an artistic development of characters and a situation. Here, too, we have New England again, but the New England of 1840-1850, and since both books carry internal evidence of truthfulness as records of manners, they offer a curious study of the changes which have taken place, and of the unchanged character of New England life. It is unfortunate for Mr. Judd that his scenes, truthful in point of incident, are singularly distorted in artistic expression. Perhaps as good an account as any of the author's mental attitude toward his work will be found in his own words, taken from a letter preserved in his *Life*: "By dwelling upon certain sentiments, ideas, things, we get far into them, and forget at what a distance we have left the world behind us; we may even close the entrance after us, and the world has no other notion of our whereabouts than by certain subterranean hollowings, the precise place of which it is always difficult to identify. We are innocently guilty of a species of intellectual ventriloquism." This clever phrase admirably describes the impression which a reader gets from *Richard Edney*. He follows the writer through a series of incidents which are realistic in the extreme, yet

constantly suggestive of an unrevealed thought. There are a few passages of dramatic force; there are others which just miss of being good; and there is a great proportion of the book which leaves no doubt of the author's sincerity, but some doubt of his sanity. Has the reader ever fallen asleep after dinner over a book, and gone on constructing a similar one out of the material he has just acquired? If so, he will recognize a state of mind suggested by *Richard Edney*. It is the nebulous production of a man who, when wide awake, had a good book in his head.

We do not get very far away from the combination of social opposites in marriage when we take up Mrs. Burnett's *Louisiana*,² but we have put a wide interval between the scenes of those stories and of this. A lady from New York, whose surroundings have been those chiefly of literature and art, is alone at a North Carolina watering-place, and amuses herself with a new and interesting type of Southern native humanity, a young girl of great beauty and simplicity, but utterly ignorant of the world in which Miss Olivia Ferrol has lived. Louisiana, as the girl is grotesquely named, is also alone, and gives her heart to the good-natured New Yorker, who, in an access of playfulness and wit, transforms her from an ill-dressed country girl into an occupant of one of Worth's dresses. Struck by the marvelous effect upon the girl, she suddenly persuades her to continue the masquerade as a mystification of Mr. Lawrence Ferrol, Olivia's brother, who was shortly to appear at the Springs. Louisiana hesitatingly complies, but the sport suddenly becomes serious to all concerned. They have gone for a drive among the mountains, when they are forced to take shelter in a farm-house. It is Louisiana's home, and by a sudden

¹ *Richard Edney and the Governor's Family*. By SYLVESTER JUDD. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

² *Louisiana*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

resolution she induces her father to ignore the relationship for the time, — as a joke, she explains, but in reality because she is overwhelmed at the possibility of her friends amusing themselves with her father. Unfortunately, they do amuse themselves, and there is a passionate outburst of humiliated confession from the girl. She remains with her father, and the remorseful Olivia and penitent Lawrence return to the Springs. Mr. Rogers, the father of Louisiana, has penetrated, as he thinks, the girl's disguise, and, loving her with a fond self-abnegation, from this time sets himself to making her happy by giving her one thing after another. He rebuilds his house, buys clothes and pictures for his daughter, and gently heaps upon her all his long-won wealth. He offers her European travel, and while he admits that he cannot change himself, will change everything else about her. Louisiana receives it all with renewed protestations of undivided love for her father, yet with secret and repressed love for Lawrence. At length, before the old man is stricken with paralysis, there comes an explanation. Louisiana was not ashamed of her father, as he had supposed, and the loving cross-purposes at which they had been playing give place to a perfect understanding. The nobility of his character fills the girl's mind, yet it cannot close the opening she has had into another world, and after his death, when Lawrence, who could no longer resist the memory of her charm, comes back to be forgiven, there is a fulfillment of her life.

The pathos of the story, while there is a touch of unreality about it, is fine and pervading, while the special charm is in the pictures of mountain life in North Carolina. It is true that this life is presented too much from the observation of a New York *littérateur*, yet it suggests anew what has been so often said, that the variations of life in America afford immense opportunities to the

novelist. The difficulty in this case is that North Carolina is shown to us by a stranger, keen observer though she be. The best of dialect in speech and manners must come from those who have been bred in it. The book is graceful, and if the plot is a trifle artificial the execution is so skillfully and affectionately done that we are almost ready to forgive the author for limiting herself as she has.

When we look for a picture of American society we are offered Mr. Fawcett's *A Hopeless Case*,¹ and think ourselves well off with so entertaining a story. As a portraiture of one phase of New York society, it seems to us exceptionally clever. Mrs. Leroy, Rivington Van Corlear, Oscar Schuyler, Mr. Gascoigne, and other ladies and gentlemen are positively present, and the success is attained by no elaborateness of touch, but by a simple and truthful display of characters needed to present a full group of society figures. The placidity of their unemotional life is made apparent to the reader, and he does not feel that it is insipid. The subtle grace and charm of the do-nothing world has been reproduced to a shade, and the petty ambition and discontent of the unfortunate aspirants to fame in it are not allowed to disturb the even tone of the picture.

Yet Mr. Fawcett knew very well that this flat background, however exquisitely painted, would not of itself make a picture, and he has projected from it, as a contrasting object, the figure of Agnes Wolverton, representing a life and society more in earnest and moved by higher impulses. If the society was good, Miss Wolverton, shot into it from another sphere, was to reveal its insufficiency and to supply a standard which should measure its short-comings. It is perhaps the misfortune of the contrast that Miss Wolverton is less a high-spirit-

¹ *A Hopeless Case*. By EDGAR FAWCETT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

ed, ingenuous, and noble girl, making the light in which the other life is read, than a somewhat angular, aggressive, and self-sufficient maiden, who enters the arena not only with a misconception of what lies before her, but with a misapprehension of what really constitutes the best society. We are to be persuaded that it was a hopeless case when Mrs. Leroy ventured to transform her cousin into a charming girl of society, and we grant that the venture was not successful; but there is implied in all this that Agnes was right and loyal to an ideal, while Mrs. Leroy was the delicate slave of a petted conventionalism. Now we are not prepared to accept Miss Wolverton's reading of the case. We think the Van Corlear set were better to her than she deserved, and that instead of going off into blankness after undertaking to arrange society to her mind, it would have been more becoming if she had shown a little humility, — we are almost ready to add, and modesty, — and disappeared from the story hand in hand with Mr. Livingston Maxwell. Her society friends were really forbearing toward this inharmonious creature, and we think Mr. Fawcett has himself furnished the key in the admirable turn which he has given to the book's close:

"'Fond of me!' cried Mrs. Leroy, starting up from her seat. 'She despised me.'

"Rivington now slowly rose. He looked excessively astonished. His sister had begun to pace the room in a restless, impetuous way.

"'Upon my word, Augusta,' he presently said, 'I should think *you* might afford to stand her contempt.'

"Mrs. Leroy turned suddenly and faced him. She seemed wretchedly overcome. There was more distress than anger in her look. 'Oh, Rivington,' she cried again, 'I am fond of that girl — I can't help it — I miss her already — *I loved her!*'"

This is nature itself, and proves how

well Mr. Fawcett has read the society life. He has seen the woman beneath the fashionable figure, and has presented her to our respect. Now given this sincerity and real humanness, we contend that Agnes Wolverton, with all her fine sentiments, failed clearly to discern it, and our complaint is that Mr. Fawcett has tried his hand at depicting a girl of a higher plane, and has left out the true woman. He redeemed his woman of fashion, but left the girl who was to be the companion of poets to save herself. If she impresses us, therefore, as a refined Pharisee, we must doubt if the author of her being so intended her.

Perhaps Mr. Fawcett would tell us that his Brooklyn girl was in effect a fatal variation of Boston society. Shall we look for the true picture of that other shade of high life in Mrs. Beauchamp Brown?¹ That lady is represented by the author as giving the word to Beacon Hill, and as surrounded by an irreproachable set of young women and young men of Boston-and-London mixture, — irreproachable, that is, in manners and style. Yet these people act throughout the story with a disregard of the simplest rules of good breeding, and the politeness of the camp in which they are intrenched is of the thinnest sort. We have little patience to follow the rather aimless wanderings of an author who had a clever fancy in transporting her characters from Boston to Plum Island without spilling a drop of their life on the way or afterward, but turned what might have been an amusing farce into a piece of disagreeable mockery. The religious portion seems the most unreal of all, and in her apparent glorification of a few fervid devotees she succeeds in making them little more than posturers. It is singular to see, by the way, how the utter unreality of the story is emphasized by the familiar use of realistic properties. The Tremont House, St.

¹ *Mrs. Beauchamp Brown* [No-Name Series]. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

Margaret's, Hovey's, and Doll and Richards's play about as important a part as Mr. Crummies's real pump in Nicholas Nickleby. It is very certain that the historian of manners and morals in Boston society has not been found in the author of this unpleasant compound of half-grown wit and suppressed wickedness.

If our readers will artlessly follow us and read these stories in the order we are setting down, — for what reviewer does not secretly fancy that his notices are read before the books of which they treat? — we can promise a genuine pleasure in passing from the thin humanity and varnished politeness of Mrs. Beauchamp Brown to the delightful innocence of Rudder Grange.¹ We would believe that we are telling most of our readers what they already know when we remind them that Rudder Grange is the fit name of an abandoned canal-boat, which the reporter of the story, his wife, servant Pomona, and a boarder took possession of and transformed into a floating hut; that when the canal boat went under, in a sudden storm, the Grangers transferred the title to a less unique house, which they hired and finally bought, in the country; and that about these two houses, the water house and the land house, most of the adventures of these babes in worldliness gathered. Those who remember the fun of the Sparrowgrass Papers, and do not go back to the book now after a course of more aggressive American humor, will understand us when we say that Rudder Grange has a likeness to that book, but is the better for a more unsophisticated tone. The charm which lies behind the drollery of Rudder Grange — if one wishes to inquire further — is in its sweetness and bucolic simplicity. It stops just short, too, of the extravagance which makes much of our fun heavy, —

or would stop short if the author would only omit the last two chapters, which are an excrescence to be regretted. The surprises which meet the reader at every turn are original and unhackneyed. The author does not draw from any old Joe Miller for his jests, but amuses us with his own dry wit and ingenious situations. If he is sometimes careless in manner, the carelessness offends less than it would in a book of more artistic plan. This has apparently grown like a country house, by the addition of porches and lean-tos to the original structure, and the rambling character of the story is saved from aimlessness of effect by an adherence to a very few persons. Pomona, with her taste for violent reading, her ingenuity in devices, and her experience as a newly married bride, is a positive contribution to the characters of humorous literature. Indeed, the faithfulness with which the characters are drawn gives the book a position much above that of most contemporaneous fun. There is conscientious literary work in it and an unflinching healthfulness of play.

It is never a shock to turn to sober realities after enjoying guileless fun, and it may even be that the innocence of Rudder Grange steadies the mind for a proper appreciation of Mrs. Campbell's melancholy story of *Unto the Third and Fourth Generation*.² The writer calls it a study, and its impulse evidently comes from a grave consideration of the phenomena of heredity. She has not studied the subject in a merely speculative or dilettante mood, but writes like one who has been oppressed in her mind by inevitable facts. A wild, lawless, but generous fellow, living in the Adirondacks, wins the love of a girl who has been brought up after the straightest sect of Scottish fatalists, — for such they may be called who have pushed the

¹ *Rudder Grange*. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

² *Unto the Third and Fourth Generation*. A Study. By HELEN CAMPBELL. New York: Fords, Howard, and Hulbert. 1880.

doctrine of predestination to its farthest logical extreme. She marries him against the consent of her stern father, and not long after the officers arrest her husband on the charge of murder and robbery. He pleads guilty to the former charge, but not to the latter. He is convicted, nevertheless, on both charges, and as a warning in a district where lawlessness had become alarmingly prevalent he is executed, and his widow, who has sued in vain for a reprieve, goes back to her father. In her narrow, iron-bound creed, she knows of no escape from a curse which consigns him to everlasting punishment. "No murderer shall inherit the kingdom of heaven" is seared into her soul, and thenceforth she lives a silent, stony life, which foresees only eternal separation from her husband. A child is born to her, and with a pitiless logic she sees the curse resting upon him also. With something of the desperate single-handed contest with destiny which has its lighter example in the vain attempt of the king to save his daughter from the wicked fairy by shutting her in the tower chamber, she steals away from the place, after her father's death, and, leaving no traces behind her, finds a new home on the shore of Lake Superior. There she tries to guard her son against contact with men, in hopes that he will die before he has committed the unpardonable sin. She herself carefully withholds from him every demonstration of motherly affection, and seeks to encase them both in the armor of stern obedience, but it is obedience to a merciless God. Her boy, catching a glimpse of the outer world, inevitably breaks away from the solitude, and falls in love with the daughter of the man who had been the unwilling cause of his father's conviction. This man longs for the union of the two as an expiation of his own guilt in giving up his friend, but when the disclosure comes to the young man he is filled with a passionate aver-

sion from the girl's father, and feels the murderer rising within him. He flees, and makes his way to his father's old home, determined to learn the exact truth. Then, through the confession of a dying man, it transpires that his father did not commit the murder, though he supposed that he had done so when fighting with an enemy; that this dying wretch had killed the disabled man in robbing him. With this removal of the stain from his father's life, the cloud lifts, and an evening glow spreads over the story.

The reader will have perceived from this hasty summary the weakness of the story as a demonstration of the power to escape an inherited curse. The misery all depends from an error of knowledge; the curse is imaginary. If it is proved that the curse descends from one generation to another, the way of deliverance is not shown, for the discovery of the truth is not a logical result in the story. There are now and then revelations from another side of the incompleteness of Patty Pearson's creed, but they are not for her or for her son. These get their relief from misery only through a sudden intervention, and the God who interposes is still the same distant Providence, whose law is a curse, and whose mercy is a miracle. But though the story finches as an exposition of heredity, it is so strong in many of its passages, and is relieved by so much clever portraiture of country life and character, that we commend it as one worth reading. It is serious work, and its artistic faults appear to follow in part from the author's attempt at making the theory carry the story instead of the story carry the theory. Patty Pearson will be refused by some as an impossibility, yet we think her character, sombre as it is, the one consistent figure in the book. It is a womanly and motherly nature not frequent in fiction, but with suggestive prototypes in real life.

The realistic character of this book goes with the weight of the human his-

tory which seems recorded in it. In the stories of Mr. L. Clarke Davis¹ there is a suggestion of literary manufacture, which recognizes realism as a desirable quality, but works toward it rather than by it. That is, while *Unto the Third and Fourth Generation* reads like the history of a real woman, *A Stranded Ship* reads like the attempt at realizing an abstract conception. A situation is in the mind of the author, and he sets about constructing figures and lives which shall converge toward and radiate from this situation. In the climax of the story, the hero says, "I have read somewhere that God grants it to but few men to carry a line to a stranded ship. I have a fancy that he will grant it to me." The very formula by which this key to the construction of the story is introduced betrays the literary origin of the work. The author read that pregnant sentence somewhere, and straightway invented a set of characters and circumstances which should lead to the actual bearing of a line to a stranded ship. We are not objecting to his discovery of a suggestion for a story in the passage, but we are saying that the entire story begins at the wrong end. It does not begin in life and end in life, but is a web woven about an idea, and the author never forgets that his hero is made for no purpose but to expand and illustrate the idea. Hence he makes mental and moral caricatures of the principal characters by his insistence upon those features of their life which shall have some direct relation to the little incident which he is working toward. Our criticism is that the construction of the book is artificial, and that thus the characters and their actions never lose an artificiality even when they are most realistic. They do not live the story out, but work it out. The other stories in the book, *A Queen*

of Burlesque and Dick Lyle's *Fee*, have the same fictitious air of reality. The staging remains about the buildings which the novelist has been constructing.

A residence in Florence seems to be the chief excuse for the production of *A Foreign Marriage*.² It has not been the reviewer's good fortune to visit that city, yet he finds himself distrusting the author's descriptions of life there, because the American portions of the story and the characterization generally are so untrue to nature. Perhaps this is shallow logic; may not a writer be a good landscapist even if a poor figure painter? But there is so much of an air of ignorance about the writer's account of Herringville and its inhabitants, as if all knowledge had been obtained at second or third hand, that we cannot help wondering if Florence may not be almost as foreign a place. The story is of an American girl marrying an Italian prince with money, which turns out after all to belong to a young sculptor; but as the discovery is made only at the end of the book, and the sculptor declines to call in the money already spent, there is no such dramatic overturning as a more ready novelist might have produced with these materials.

In *Uncle Jack's Executors*³ we have a book of another sort. It goes almost as far in explicit naturalism as *A Foreign Marriage* in vague conventionalism. Uncle Jack was a country doctor, dead before the book begins, and his executors are three young women living together on the old place with their aunt. A more cheerful, optimistic collection of women it would be hard to find. One is an artist, with proclivities for surgery and medicine; another is a writer; and the third the general utility member. They have little money besides what the

¹ *A Stranded Ship. A Story of Sea and Shore.* By L. CLARKE DAVIS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

² *A Foreign Marriage: or, Buying a Title.* New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

³ *Uncle Jack's Executors.* By ANNETTE LUCILLE NOBLE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

two professional sisters earn, but their life is a free and unconstrained one. The aunt is a cleverly sketched inconsecutive old lady, with a little echo in her of Mrs. Nickleby, but more refined and less of a caricature. Three men are introduced, one of whom, Jerry Scudder, a well-to-do farmer, wishes to marry the housekeeperly Dorothy, but is easily persuaded by her to keep his affections till she finds a wife for him, which she does in Molly Howells. A second is a young clergyman of sense and spirit, and the third an editor. We have met this editor before in books. He is the man whom refined and modest contributors wish to exist, and they make him with great satisfaction to themselves and with credit to the profession. We are tempted to raise the question why it is that in novels the introduction of professional literateurs is inevitably attended with confusion and weakness. Let who will answer it, we only assert the fact that it is so, and humbly suggest that the personality of the author in such cases disturbs the focus under which the character is seen. The clergyman and the editor are left for the other two girls, and a mild shuffling of lovers goes on through the book, a process so innocently and openly done that the reader smiles behind his hand, and looks on with hypocritical astonishment when the final result is produced. We can promise our readers a very agreeable hour over the book. It is not, Heaven be praised, in the highest style of art, but it is full of good nature and kindness; some of the scenes are sketched with real humor, and if the book seems amateurish it has at any rate a refinement and quality of freshness which we wish were more common in professional work. We give a taste of its amusing nonsense, premising that the pleasure of the book lies largely in its continuous spirit of humor rather than in isolated good points:—

“Hester stepped back from her work to let Marion come nearer, and in her

turn expressed disapprobation. On the easel were two photographs, — one of a good-natured, big-eyed man, with light hair elaborately brushed, with awkward large hands crossed on his breast, and a general air of rusticity and good clothes. The other picture, evidently thrown up from an old daguerreotype, was of a moon-faced woman. It was whity blank where shadows should be, void of expression, and grotesque with the fashion of a dress long out of date.

“‘What do you paint such caricatures for, Hester?’

“‘Did not Dorothy tell you what I was doing? I was reading on the piazza one day last week, when a man — the original of this photograph — opened the gate, came up the walk, and asked if the young woman who worked in oil was “to home.” I knew what he wanted when he said that he was Mr. Jerry Scudder, and that Uncle Jack once told him that I could paint photographs. Here “was his, and there was hers. His was taken the week before; hers was from a picture taken fifteen years before.” She was dead, and he wished her photograph painted as a companion piece to his own. He explained it all, with a faith in me that was quite touching. He said, “I’d like to have you fix her to look as she would if she had lived up to date.”

“‘I said I could not; but he declared that I could. He said I must paint off those “long, loose ringlets, that ain’t worn now, and put on frizzles along the seam of her head, you know. Could n’t I do that? I said perhaps I could, if that was all. No: her family all had weak eyes when “they got along about so far,” and wore gold glasses. Now Elizabeth would look more natural and “nowadays-like” to him in eye-glasses, could that be managed. It appeared to me a great liberty to take with the late Mrs. Scudder, — “she as was a Perry,” so he said, — but, if her husband insisted, I could not refuse. The

longer he talked the droller it seemed, and I became actually interested in the task he set for me. The unpainted old dress is hideous; but, after I have done my best with her face, I shall put on a neat black dress and lace collar, instead of that plaid with huge frills.'

"Yes. And at last who will she be, I would like to know?" asked Marion.

"Oh! it will not be a *be*, but a *might have been*," said Hester absurdly."

There are stories which we cannot warmly recommend to readers, yet can praise for qualities of work often wanting in more successful books. Thus, *From Madge to Margaret*¹ has little to attract the hardened novel-reader, yet if one attends to it carefully he will lay it aside with respect for an author who has set herself a difficult task, and has labored at it conscientiously. As the title suggests, the story is one of development of character, by which a country girl, married to a city lover, grows from a petted playmate to a revered wife. The courtship is quickly disposed of, — too quickly for one who has any sentiment; but the author is plainly anxious to get to business, and to show the process by which a girl of happy temperament and self-indulgent ways and a man of serious nature and extreme self-rigor drift apart after they are married, and are brought together again, not by any violent collision, but by a succession of resolute efforts. The scenes are homely and simple; no great demand is made on the fancy or imagination, and the writer shrinks from the usual dramatic material of such cases, refusing to make her evil characters very evil, or to let tendencies go much beyond the limit of easy recall. For the refinement of the book and its intelligent purpose, steadily kept in view, we can have only praise, but the writer has not such command over her material as to make the reader

feel her interest, or to have more than a languid anxiety over the fortunes of her heroine.

The excellent Leisure Hour Series, which has so far introduced only English novels and translations, permits a break in its traditions to make room for *Democracy*,² an American novel, as the title-page declares. Yet we are almost tempted to believe that there has been no real break, and that we still have an English novel, with the scene laid in Washington. Not that the book betrays any English ignorance of American life and manners. There is not, apparently, a false accent in it. Nevertheless, with all due respect to the clever author, it seems to us not to have caught the best or the fairest view of what its title intends. Mrs. Lightfoot Lee, a young widow of wealth and social position, determines to leave New York and spend the winter in Washington. She has exhausted the resources of the metropolis, and wishes to try the capital, not only to revive her jaded spirits, but to get, if possible, at the secret of American government. "Here, then, was the explanation of her restlessness, discontent, ambition, — call it what you will. It was the feeling of a passenger on an ocean steamer whose mind will not give him rest until he has been in the engine-room and talked with the engineer. She wanted to see with her own eyes the action of primary forces; to touch with her own hands the massive machinery of society; to measure with her own mind the capacity of the motive power. She was bent upon getting to the heart of the great American mystery of democracy and government. She cared little where her pursuit might lead her, for she put no extravagant value upon life, having already, as she said, exhausted at least two lives, and being fairly hardened to insensibility in this process.

¹ *From Madge to Margaret*. By CARROLL WINCHESTER. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

² *Democracy*. An American Novel. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880. [Leisure Hour Series. No. 112.]

'To lose a husband and a baby,' said she, 'and keep one's courage and reason, one must become very hard or very soft. I am now pure steel. You may beat my heart with a trip-hammer, and it will beat the trip-hammer back again.'"

She was therefore not only directly qualified for her observation, the author would have us believe, but fortified against any possible disturbance of her judgment by passion. It is not long before she discovers, as she thinks, the last personal power in Washington in a certain Senator Ratcliffe, and she secures an acquaintance, which ripens into intimacy. Ratcliffe's power, however, is not for others only. He gradually seems to be drawing Mrs. Lee herself within his circle, and the reader, though scarcely doubting the issue, watches with interest the double game which these two characters play. They are not the only characters. With Mrs. Lee is her sister, Sybil Ross, and very near is a young Virginian connection of the family, John Carrington, while upon the outskirts of the circle hover the English ambassador, a wicked diplomat, Baron Jacobi, who represents the cynical foreigner, a young English lord, and representatives from New England and New York. The interest, however, centres mainly about the course of Ratcliffe, the Peoria Giant as he is called,—a crafty, astute Western politician, who aims at the control of the government, with the presidency as his final prize. As a picture of this very possible character, Ratcliffe is surprisingly well done, and we know nothing in its way so good in our literature. Carrington, we are asked to believe, is the modern reproduction of Washington, and is offered by the author as almost the only redeeming character among the American politicians, but, through some weakness of conception, he impresses us as Washington gone to seed. Mrs. Lee does not marry Ratcliffe; she discovers a piece of subtle dishonesty akin to financial corruption,

and throws him overboard, just as he with reason thinks he has won his matrimonial prize. Thus the principles of justice are vindicated, but the last words in the book are Mrs. Lee's:—

"The bitterest part of all this horrid story is that nine out of ten of our countrymen would say I had made a mistake."

Whatever may have been Mrs. Lee's judgment of her countrymen, the cool judgment to be passed upon the book itself is that the author makes a mistake if it is intended that we shall take this story for a real exposition of American life at its core. Mrs. Lee, with all her equipment, was scarcely qualified to discover the secret of democracy. She had not the esoteric initiation. Again, it may be doubted if Washington presents, after all, the true point of view. The book itself very clearly displays the essential masquerading character of life there, and strongly prejudices us against accepting a judgment founded exclusively upon observation formed within one circle of political life. If we could divest ourselves of sensitiveness we should find it easier to praise this book. As it is, we confess its skill and adroitness. In one point especially it shows ability. It sketches public characters without unerringly pointing to men actually occupying public positions. One thinks he is on the scent of some particular person, and is presently thrown off in the most skillful manner. Able as the book is, it lacks the essential quality of the higher truthfulness. The writer has left out of account forces which, if wisely considered, would crowd back the life here presented into narrower bounds.

If we protest against the inconclusiveness of Democracy, shall we find any relief in an abler book, *A Fool's Errand*?¹ Like Democracy, this too professes to uncover certain phases of current political history, but its field is

¹ *A Fool's Errand*. By ONE OF THE FOOLS. New York: Fords, Howard and Halbert. 1880.

broader and its theme an ampler one. There is, in fact, a certain incongruity in placing this book among recent novels. We declare, as we read it, that it is not fiction, but history, and the weight with which it lies on the mind of the reader is not the weight of imaginary woes. We can sleep off the sheet-iron thunder of the latest tempestuous novel, but this Macbeth does murder sleep. The story is of an officer in the Union army, determining at the close of the war to return with his wife and child to the South, make himself a Southern citizen, and carry forward, in the peaceful form of a planter, that further work of building a free civilization which he sees was begun, not ended, by the war. He is so conscious of his own integrity and blamelessness in this course that he never anticipates from his Southern neighbors anything worse than a coolness at first, to be lived down and transformed into coöperation with him. He chooses a plantation near where he had last been quartered, in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, as the author, who uses generally fictitious names for his localities, betrays in this passage: "The lawyers were of course in the lead, as the profession always is in all matters of public interest in our land. They descanted largely upon Magna Charta and the law-abiding and liberty-loving spirit of the people of the grand old county, on which the sun of American liberty first arose, and had shone his very brightest ever since." The story runs from the close of the war to the time when the Southern gentlemen had recovered their political ascendancy; it presents step by step, through the personal experience of an honorable man, the gradual winning back of the power which the South was supposed to have lost at Lee's surrender, and the horrors of the intimidation policy are revealed with directness and circumstantiality.

A Fool's Errand, then, is a record of life from the heart of the South, written

by a man who was either personally engaged in the scenes, or so intimate with them as to write like an eye-witness. The Fool saw his hopes of a new South crushed before his eyes, but he did not despair. He rested his belief in a final restoration only upon those immutable decrees which make any lasting nationality possible. The outcome of the political situation is given in these words:—

" 'Well, you see that the remedy is not from within,' said the Fool. 'The minority knows its power, and the majority realizes its weakness so keenly as to render that impossible. That which has made bulldozing possible renders progress impossible. Then it seems to me that the question is already answered, — *it must be from without!*' "

" 'But how?' queried the old man, impatiently.

" 'How?' said the Fool. 'I am amazed that you do not see, — that the country will not see; or rather that, seeing, they will let the ghost of a dogma, which rivers of blood have been shed to lay, frighten them from adopting the course which lies before us, broad and plain as the king's highway. *The remedy for darkness is light; for ignorance, knowledge; for wrong, righteousness.*' "

" 'True enough as an abstraction, my friend; but how shall it be reduced to practice?' queried his listener.

" 'The nation nourished and protected slavery. The fruitage of slavery has been the impotent freedman, the ignorant poor-white man, and the arrogant master. The impotence of the freedman, the ignorance of the poor-white, the arrogance of the late master, are all the result of national power exercised in restraint of free thought, free labor, and free speech. Now, let the nation undo the evil it has permitted and encouraged. Let it educate those whom it made ignorant, and protect those whom it made weak. It is not a matter of favor to the black, but of safety to the nation. Make the spelling-book the sceptre of

national power. Let the nation educate the colored man and the poor-white man, *because* the nation held them in bondage, and is responsible for their education; educate the voter, *because* the nation cannot afford that he should be ignorant. Do not try to shuffle off the responsibility, nor cloak the danger. Honest ignorance in the masses is more to be dreaded than malevolent intelligence in the few. It furnished the rank and file of rebellion, and the prejudice-blinded multitude who made the policy of repression effectual. Poor-whites, freedmen, Ku-Klux, and the bulldozers are all alike the harvest of ignorance. The nation cannot afford to grow such a crop. . . . The South — that *pseudo*-South which has the power — does not wish this thing to be done to her people, and will oppose it with might and main. If done at all it must be done by the North — by the nation moved, instigated, and controlled by the North, I mean — in its own self-defense. It must be an act of sovereignty, an exercise of power. The nation expected the liberated slave to be an ally of freedom. It was altogether right and proper that it should desire and expect this. But it made the fatal mistake of expecting the freedman to do successful battle on his part of the line, without training or knowledge. This mistake must be remedied. As to the means, I feel sure that when the nation has smarted enough for its folly it will find a way to undo the evil, whether the state-right Moloch stand in the way, or not."

It is not necessary to think with this author politically, on every point, to find immense food for thought, not only in his facts, but in his reasonings. Of

course everything depends on the honesty of this witness; but this is assured not only by the patience and self-control of the author, but by his admirable analysis of the Southern inherited character and by the generous, impartial tribute which he pays to Southern manhood. It is rare to find an author, with wrongs before him like those which are portrayed in *A Fool's Errand*, who has the courage and the conscience to turn, so clearly as he does, the best side of the wrong-doer before one, and it is because this best side is in part the explanation of the wrong that the historical honesty of the book is forced upon the reader.

It is, as we said, for its historical value that the book will be read, but the causes which have made it worth reading on this side have conspired to render it also a strong piece of novel-work. The characters are clearly defined and typical, the actual events seem to make the plot, and the author has wisely as well as truthfully spared us the distress of seeing the worst calamities falling on the family of the hero. On the contrary, such light as comes issues from the women of the household, and the girl Lily Servosse, who in a more trivial story might be only a conventional piece of dash, rises through the earnestness of the writer into a flesh-and-blood heroine. The title of the book is a stroke of genius, for it results from the story, and is not a clever catch. Throughout the book the irony of the name Fool is skillfully used. When Servosse is about ordinary matters, his name is quietly taken, but when he speaks and acts as the daimon of the book he is the Fool. The distinction is used adroitly, and at times with great effect.

GOLDWIN SMITH'S COWPER.

No one, we think, is so much master of the art of giving the essence of things, without the tediousness of detail, as Mr. Goldwin Smith. His study of Irish History—the book by which most of us probably came to know him first—possessed the reader with a sense of the people and their story in a fashion which was and remains unique. The exquisitely clear style, the vigorous and positive thinking, the unsentimental sympathy, the distinct and unmistakable point of view, are all excellences which unite to one effect. There is no waste of words in his work, but no diction is farther from crabbedness. The sparing is from a full mind; the reticence is that of one who knows how to withhold useless knowledge. If the reader wishes for a recent instance of his peculiar force and directness in characterization, let him turn to the quite matchless portrait of Swift in the paper on Pessimism, lately printed here; or if he would have something almost as good, and indefinitely more pleasing, let him take this little book on Cowper. It is charming, but that does not begin to say all; for it will be one's own fault if one is not more than charmed. One ought to be put in thorough sympathy with a nature which, in spite of insanity and almost immeasurable weakness, became a great power in the world, to the glory, as Mr. Smith points out, of Christian civilization; and one may profitably turn from our time, when so much has been said and so much insinuated in favor of a scientific return to barbarism, and recur to the time when human brotherhood began to be asserted, and the virtue of might to be questioned. Cowper was the prophet of the new impulse, and he

long dictated the morality of that simple and now rather old-fashioned world, in which it was conceded that the feeble and inferior had paramount claims, that it was wrong to give pain, and that selfishness was wicked. It would not be surprising if, in a revulsion from our present collective way of taking ourselves, and condoning injustice and aggression as a perhaps necessary part of the general design, he should regain something of his old popularity. He could never get it all back; the world can never again, we hope, be so didactic as his world, but we trust it can be as gentle, as domestic, as religious.

His world was a world apart,—another world,—even in his own time; but it is historically important because the best modern feeling and morality had their spring in it. The sentiment of religious democracy, the abhorrence of slavery, the recognition of the brotherhood of men, we owe to that world, and Cowper was its poet. He was so much secluded from what seemed the prevailing influences of his time that it is hard to conceive of him as the contemporary of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Sterne and Fielding, of Garrick and Burke, and all that made London splendid and memorable; but, with the exception of Goldsmith, he has had a message for more human hearts than any or all of the others. He has been, like Milton, the poet whom militant devotion has spared, and he has kept the sense of beauty alive in thousands of righteous households where Shakespeare was held profane, and almost the whole body of English poetry was thought as ungodly as card-playing and horse-racing. Yet he was nearly his whole life a hypochondriac, and he had accesses of madness in which he more than once attempted suicide; so frail, so seemingly unfit, are the instru-

¹ *Cowper*. [Morley's English Men of Letters.] By GOLDWIN SMITH. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

ments through which Providence works its will upon the world.

Mr. Smith traces once more, with his graphic force, the outline of the story which is so well known,—the poet's sickly and solitary childhood, darkened by the loss of his mother, and imbittered by his sufferings at school from the brutality of his fellows and teachers; the brief glimpse of gayety and worldly happiness, when "his days were spent in 'giggling and making giggle' with his cousins Theodora and Harriet;" his moment of ambition, when he aspired to be clerk of the journals in the House of Lords, and recoiled from the possible opposition to his appointment in terror that drove him to his first attempt upon his own life; the transition from the mad-house to the household of the good clergyman Unwin, with whose wife he formed that singular friendship, not so much to be called Platonic as Evangelic, which lasted till her death; the residence of the pair with the austere and devout old ex-slaver, Newton; their removal from his too powerful theologic influence, and their episodic relations with the potentially romantic Lady Austen; the domestication of Lady Hesketh, Cowper's cousin, with them; and finally Mrs. Unwin's death, and Cowper's decline to a peaceful end. The biographer fills up this necessarily meagre sketch with special and general criticisms on Cowper's literary growth and performances, and no doubt there will be those to say that he quotes the best of his poetry. It is true that it has formed the pleasure mostly of those for whom a very little poetry in their prose is enough; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Smith's clear and just study will send his reader to it for the means of revising, or perhaps forming, his own opinion of its qualities. "Once for all," he tells us, the reader "must make up his mind to acquiesce in religious forms of expression. If he does not sympathize with them, he will recognize them as

phenomena of opinion, and bear them like a philosopher. He can easily translate them into the language of psychology," or, he adds, with a touch of characteristic irony, "even of physiology, if he thinks fit."

Although Cowper was "the great poet of the religious revival which marked the latter part of the eighteenth century in England," we think that some of Mr. Smith's readers, even after their pleasure and profit in his admirable book, will doubt whether he was "the most important English poet of the period between Pope and the illustrious group headed by Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley." Not especially to name Goldsmith, the supreme poet of the affections, whose influence remains almost undiminished, there are too many other names of that period to permit a ready assent to this sort of claim, which it does not seem to us is ever a useful one for the critic to make. Mr. Smith is on much safer ground in defining Cowper's importance to the religious and moral reform which he promoted; and nothing in his book is more interesting than his sketch of the prevalent irreligion and immorality which Methodism found in England.

He quotes from a letter of the Duchess of Buckingham to Lady Huntingdon, one of the first converts, a delicious passage which expresses the astonishment and indignation of the better classes at the impudence of the preachers, "whose doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with disrespect towards their superiors. . . . It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly insulting and offensive; and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiment so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." Here the primal conception of Christianity was extinct, and it was to the redemption of society at its best so godless that

Cowper was important. He might have been all in all to it without being the most important poet of that long period, for finally a poet's importance is through literature.

Without giving Cowper the place assigned him by Southey as the best of English letter-writers, Mr. Smith is inclined to think it is shared with him by Byron alone; and he gives a delightful chapter to those letters in which Cowper unaffectedly paints his life, with its literary and religious interests, its simple pleasures and cares, and its small excitements, amidst the gentle and good women with whom his lot was cast. When he is not writing at their suggestion, or reading to them, he is amusing himself with his hares or his flowers, or he is holding thread for them to wind. It is not at all a heroic life; but it is an immediately harmless one, and ultimately most beneficent. This poor, sick soul, who dwells like a frail child in the

shelter of feminine sympathy, and for whom beyond it there is no way but that towards madness, is inspired to be the voice and the courage of a sentiment which we in our own day have seen extinguish slavery on fields of blood, and which silently works and has worked to the amelioration of all the wrongs that humanity suffers. The means is so strange, so apparently inadequate, and so little proportioned to the end that we cannot consider it without awe, nor help recurring to the biographer's conviction that it "is a remarkable triumph of the influences which have given birth to Christian civilization." The sense of beauty is inherent in all races, times, and religions; the love of practical righteousness, the feeling for others' woe, the horror of cruelty and wrong, find through Christianity their laureate in the shrinking and self-accusing poet, whose singing-robe was sometimes a strait-jacket.

MR. WHITE'S BOOKS.

THERE is a very distinct fascination in books about the proper use of language. They appeal to a large audience that is always ready to learn something new about an inexhaustible subject. Since a good part of the writer's attention is given to pointing out and condemning mistakes in what other people have said, his writing seldom lacks liveliness, and since no one who had anything to say has ever written faultlessly, the original fault-finding serves as an apt text for other and sometimes harsher criticisms. What theological controversy once was we can now see in the pamphlets that those who write about the

proper use of language hurl at one another. Just as our ancestors wrangled about the federal headship of Adam do we now attack or defend the use of *stand-point*, or what not; and in the minds of some people there is no religious heresy to be compared in shamefulness with certain mispronunciations.

These two volumes¹ have a charm of their own, inasmuch as they are written, so to speak, for the laity, although they contain a great deal that cannot be overlooked by scholars. The advice that the author gives about a great many words and phrases is very good; he denounces with considerable vigor much

¹ *Words and Their Uses, Past and Present. A Study of the English Language.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Third Edition, Revised and Corrected. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

Every-Day English. A Sequel to Words and their Uses. By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

of the bad writing that continually meets our eye, and by careful explanations makes clear the justice of his corrections. As manuals for ready reference about this or that phrase, these volumes are excellent. They are entertaining reading, too, and the scholarship that they contain is nowhere made much of. Yet this is but faint praise, and it might indeed be misleading if it should convey the impression that the thousand pages which the two volumes divide between them contained nothing but hints for conversational etiquette. These things are but the bait that brings readers to the more serious discussions.

One of the more serious of these is concerning the so-called spelling reform, which the author opposes with very strong arguments, if indeed they are not unanswerable. In fact, the arguments both for and against the proposed changes are so evenly balanced that probably spelling will remain in stable equilibrium, with but few changes at any one time. Certainly, the objections to introducing a new alphabet could hardly be better stated.

What the author says about the English as a grammarless tongue is well worth study, and is capable of prolonged discussion. Within the last fifteen or twenty years there have been great changes in the study of grammar. Before that time boys not only had to have the whole Latin grammar from cover to cover at the tip of the tongue, but many of them were dragged through the heavy quagmires of English grammar, and were taught laboriously to parse, although this form of instruction was generally reserved for those who had no chance to sharpen their intellects on Greek and Latin sentences. Nowadays, the effort is to see how little grammar boys may learn, instead of how much. Not only have Latin and Greek grammars been shorn of their abundant rules and exceptions, but Professor Whitney, in his new Sanskrit grammar, has been bold

enough to turn his back on some of the teachings of his venerable Hindu predecessors.

What Mr. White says about the futility of trying to teach the proper use of the English language by means of arid text-books and frequent exercise in parsing few will deny. Correct speech is learned otherwise; on this point the best teachers agree. That English grammars are often full of ridiculous pedantry and inexactness is also undeniable, yet we cannot help thinking that Mr. White goes too far in his denunciation of all English grammars. The classifications of voice, mood, and tense, for instance, are not mere pedantry; they serve to show the forms used to express certain definite relations, such as are to be found in all the languages commonly studied as well as our own. The fact that the English keeps some of the words used to denote past time or future time separate from the verb conjugated, instead of uniting the two, as is done in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, French, etc., does not, in our opinion, make the complete conjugation of a verb a monstrous or absurd thing. Mr. White says, very truly, that it is necessary for any one who wishes to study German to learn German grammar; but when the pupil comes to the verbs of that language he finds that they have a formation of the future, of the pluperfect, the passive, etc., that is very like our own; for example, *ich werde lieben, ich hatte geliebt, ich werde geliebt*, etc. Should these formations be expunged from German grammars, as, according to him, similar formations should be from our own? Mr. White says that *have, shall, and will* are not auxiliary verbs. "In *I am loved* and *I will go*, *am* and *will* are no more helping verbs than *exist* and *determine* are in the sentences, *I exist loved* and *I determine to go*." Mr. White's statement would, to our thinking, be exact only in the case that we expressed "passivity" by *am* and *exist* indifferently, and

futurity by *will* and *determine* indifferently. So long as we are not in the habit of doing this, and do express passivity and futurity by forms of the verb *to be* and *shall* or *will*, respectively, it is convenient to distinguish the verbs we do use from the others by giving them another name, and that commonly used is the phrase "auxiliary verbs." Mr. White says that they are not "helping" verbs; but even this may be doubted, for they are of great service in expressing the notions of passivity and futurity, and in saving us from such awkward phrases as "I exist loved," etc. That they are not consciously helpful may be granted.

That Mr. White clears away a great deal of dead wood from the crowded pages of English grammars is a thing to be grateful for, but we cannot help thinking that there must be something left in the abused text-books which may be of service to the reader and student of English. We find in them a good deal of useful information arranged in a more or less scientific way, and it is through their classification of generally acknowledged facts that they commend themselves to us. In view of Mr. White's assertion (*Words and Their Uses*, p. 296) that "the verb need not, and generally does not, agree with its nominative case in number and person," it is well to have a book of authority to state the contrary. Mr. White's iconoclasm is very often a matter of phraseology. He finds fault with the term *government* to express the relations of words in the sentence, and he suggests that "in English words are formed into sentences by the operation of an invisible power, which is like magnetism." But is not this something like the exaggerated sensitiveness of those people who have conscientious scruples against writing "Yours truly" at the end of a letter? The term *government* is a commonly understood, technical phrase, and life is too short to be spent in altering

all the latent metaphors of language because some are not precise. In the same way, the author says it is wrong to speak of the cases, except the possessive, of English nouns and pronouns (*Every-Day English*, chap. xviii.), and (*loc. cit.*, p. 287) he disposes of some objections in this way. Speaking of the sentences, "Boil me an egg," "Saddle me the ass," etc., he says, "One English grammarian, whose perceptions have carried him beyond the point of an objective case, 'governed by *for* understood,' but no further, declares that in such sentences we have examples of an English dative case. 'In what case is the pronoun,' he asks, 'if not in the dative?' In no case at all, most excellent grammarian. There is simply a dative sense expressed by the meaning of the words and by their order." This is not a complete explanation, for the oblique case of the pronoun helps to express the dative sense, and how a dative sense expressed by the formation of a word, its meaning and order in the sentence, differs from a word in the dative case it is not easy to see. In fact, in the minds of most persons, the dative case expresses a certain relation between one word in a sentence and another, and it is entirely independent of the presence or absence of change in the declension of the noun. In "I gave Charles the hat," Charles is, to their thinking, in the dative, in spite of the fact that its termination is not altered, just as truly as the first persons singular of the present subjunctive and of the future indicative of Latin verbs of the third conjugation are separate words, although identical in form; or that *race*, a nation, and *race*, to drive rapidly, are separate words. Mr. White so far agrees with this as to say that in the phrase used above, "I gave Charles the hat," we have the dative sense, and since it is in the use of language that he differs from the rest of the world there is no occasion for dwelling on the sub-

ject, except so far as to say that matters are simplified by employing a phraseology which is understood without difficulty by all educated persons. The trouble lies in the meaning that he gives to the word *case*. "Case without special form is impossible," he says. According to this, in Latin nouns of the neuter gender there are but two cases in the singular, *regni* and *regno*.

With the more important part of Mr. White's argument we agree wholly, and our purpose in defending English grammar is simply to save what seems to us a convenient form of collecting and arranging information about the language. Take, for instance, even Goold Brown's Grammar of English Grammars, a book in which it would be easy to find errors; yet the arrangement and the system of the book are such that it can hardly fail to be of service to every student. It is not the little lessons in parsing that one will care for, so much as his thorough discussion of many puzzling questions. It shows none of the merits of the modern "historical method," but even this volume, dry and faulty as it is, is in our opinion better than none; and when in it or elsewhere we find such expressions as this word governs that, or such and such words agree, the meaning is more easily gathered than it could be by any other explanation. Even Mr. White finds the grammarian's lingo serviceable in defining what he has to say, as in Every-Day English, p. 436, and it is for exactly this general convenience that grammar should be defended. With the essential part of Mr. White's argument, however, we agree most thoroughly.

Part of the ground on which the denunciation of English grammar rests we cannot help looking upon as unsound, and that is the frequent assertion that *have* and *had* imply only present and past possession, and consequently are never mere formative elements, as some people imagine them to be in such forms as *I have loved*, etc. According to Mr.

White, there is in these so-called past tenses a subtle, intellectual notion of possession; or, to take his own example, *I shall have been beaten* is, in other words, *It will be so that I must possess the perfected recipience of the action of beating*, a sentence which is also a translation of the Greek future perfect passive. Again, in *I shall have a beating* and *I shall have been beaten*, *have*, he says, cannot have one meaning in one instance, another in the second; this is the point at issue.

That originally it was the idea of possession in *have* and its equivalents in other languages that led to its use in the formation of past tenses no one would deny, but Mr. White's assertion does not make it certain that because, in speaking and writing English, we keep the word *have* separate from the participle, say, *loved*, for example, we have the notion of possession clearer in our minds than does the Frenchman when he uses, say, *j'aimerai*, that is, *aimer-ai*, *j'ai à aimer*. If Mr. White affirms that he distinctly feels the notion of possession, well and good; we certainly have no desire to contradict him. A vast number of people, however, lack this perception, and use *have* and *had* purely as formative elements, with as little perception of the meaning of *have* as they have of the pronoun of the first person in the last letter of *am*, or of the third person in the termination of the third person singular of the present indicative of the verb *to love*. If I say, *I have gone there three times*, I possess no feeling of *goneness*. I use the auxiliary with the same unconsciousness of any feeling of possession as of the reduplication in the word *did*, or of any notion that *went* is properly the past tense of the verb *to wend*, when I say, *I went there*. *I have been* Mr. White calls an idiom. *I have come* and *I have gone* have less authority in their favor than *I am come* and *I am gone*; *I have become* holds quite as good a position as

I am become. These changes from one form to another show that *have* is looked upon as a formative element instead of a verb meaning to *possess*.

Mr. White asks, "If in 'I have apples,' *have* means possess, how is *have* voided of that meaning in 'I have lived?'" Simply, we should say, by the fact that in the first case it retains by usage the meaning given to it, and in the other it exists, by equally common usage, as a sign of the past tense. Language is full of these apparent inconsistencies. If a man says to a child, "Do come!" he does not use *do* in the same way as he does in the phrase "Do right." Hence, when Mr. White says that *have* means only possession, we should add, except when it is used as a formative element; but if he acknowledges this power in the word, as distinct from its direct meaning of *possess*, he would have to grant at the same time that the English verb has a more respectable conjugation than he now allows it.

This clinging to the notion that *have* means only to *possess* leads Mr. White to entertain some views that we should have at first sight supposed he would discountenance. The phrases *had as lief*, *had rather*, and *had better*, for instance, fall under his disapprobation; possibly it would be more exact to say that they are led there by *had*, which here does not express, what according to Mr. White it always should express, past possession. These phrases, for which there is abundant authority, from before Chaucer to the latest novel, and in the Elizabethan dramatists, too, are objected to by various persons, mainly, we imagine, because they "will not parse." With parsing Mr. White refuses to have anything to do, but he undertakes to show the unsoundness of the phrases by methods which are not wholly unlike those of the men who are fondest of parsing, as when he says that the incongruity is the combination of the sign of past time with that of present time. The

incongruity exists, and Mr. White says it is the perversion of an idiom, *had rather been*, in which *had* = *would have*. But expressions which are as old as English literature are still in common use, and although objected to by Archbishop Trench, Mr. Wendell Phillips, and Mr. White, might almost stand on their own legs as independent idioms. Instead of looking upon them as originating from the idiom Mr. White mentions, we would suggest their possible connection with the German phrase *lieb haben*, to like; but this is a mere suggestion. Mr. White asks if it would not indicate a barbarous poverty of language if we should use *had* for all the different shades of meaning in *might*, *could*, *would*, and *should*. This is a fair question, and certainly no one should be debarred — and we take it no one is debarred — from the use of these serviceable words. But it may be doubted whether they cover the whole force of *had* in these phrases. We have an example of this on page 294 of *Every-Day English*, where Mr. White says, "It [grammar] is a study far beyond the capacity of the pupils at our public schools and academies, into whose hands even Professor Whitney's *Essentials might better not be put*." To our thinking, this form expresses something different from "had better not be put," — something less positive. If we are right, is it not a mistake to try to purge the language of venerable idioms that express what no other form can so concisely express? We are strongly of the impression that were it not for the unfortunate *had* Mr. White would agree with us. That the whole weight of custom and authority, — Chaucer, Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Bunyan, Sterne, Goldsmith, Johnson, Macaulay, Thackeray, etc., etc., — is in its favor Mr. White acknowledges; of grammarians we need mention only Professor Whitney and Mätzner.

In general, however, Mr. White

avoids the evil habit of ironing out idioms from the language. He stands up for the older and better form for which "is being done" is substituted by those who are morbidly precise, as well as for the customary way of spelling words. Indeed, he recommends the use of the phrase "it irks me," an expression which is certainly not in common use. That Mr. White throws the weight of his influence in favor of idiomatic English is something we should all be grateful for. It is hard to estimate the harm that is done by ignorant people who affect exactness. We are every day expecting that some one will rise in his might and affirm that we should not say, "If you please," because the phrase contains no subject for the verb *please*. The same spirit is to be found in the way that brakemen and public-school children pronounce the names of towns; especially in Massachusetts is this vice rampant, as Mr. White has noticed.

Of the value of Mr. White's books as a sort of manuals for general use it would be hard to say too much. Probably no one person will agree with all his statements, it is true, but, on the other hand, there are few who will not approve of the general tendency of his remarks. The first effect of books of this kind is a perturbing one; the unfortunate speaker remembers that there is a doubt about some phrase he is on the point of using, and cannot for the life of him recollect what is right and what is wrong, but in time Mr. White's statements and proofs will make plain to him many things that once were dark. What the author has said against *is being done*, for instance, has strengthened a number of people in the use of the more agreeable construction of the sentence, and in many ways he helps those who are anxious to speak and write well.

He is successful because he makes no pretensions to vast learning, or to the right of dictating what shall or shall not be said; he continually asserts that his knowledge is limited, although in fact this would not be the general opinion of competent critics. By these means, however, he wins from his readers the attention that other men might not be able to secure. That he should arouse contradiction is not surprising, for there are many points in the subject he has chosen in regard to which usage, authority, and reason may justly differ. Moreover, since taste is the final arbiter, there is here another element of discord. Meanwhile his books remain exceedingly serviceable, and the disputed points will in time receive so full discussion that they may be settled in one way or another. The trouble that Mr. White takes to purge our speech of the many gross errors that are continually creeping into it is something for which even his deadliest foes — and we certainly do not belong to that objectionable class — should feel grateful. His directness in speaking of them always does good, and of the extent of his influence we may judge from his mention of the frequent letters from strangers who consult him about doubtful matters. Our only wish is that he were a little tenderer with idioms, even if they appear unreasonable. Mr. White will remember that it was the error of the grammarians, to whom he objects so strongly, that they put everything to the test of parsing, and so tried to crush out all independent constructions, and that is an undertaking that might well be left to them alone.

We cannot close without a word of commendation for what the publishers have done in the preparation of these two volumes. Neater books have seldom issued from any press. Paper, print, and binding are equally excellent.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

To a Northern man the cost of railroad travel in the South seems arbitrary and excessive. It is rarely less than five cents a mile, and the distances are so magnificent that both factors combine to cause a rapid and unpleasant shrinkage in your pocket. There is, however, a good reason for their high charges. Railroads, except between large cities, depend to a great extent on their receipts from freight. The exportable products of the South, though valuable, are not heavy. An acre of land if sown to wheat will furnish a railroad twelve hundred pounds of freight, but if planted in cotton two or three hundred only. The value may be the same in the one case as in the other, but the railroad business is measured in pounds. The wheat raised in any one of the States where it is the staple weighs nearly as much as the entire cotton crop of the South. As there is in the South little to carry, the passenger receipts must pay a larger share of the operating expenses, and five cents a mile in Georgia is as cheap as two cents in New York. This view explains why the South can never be cut up with roads as Ohio is. The land cannot give them enough to do, and there must always remain as at present wide spaces to the centre of which the strongest wind cannot carry the locomotive's whistle. In some of these isolated areas, now that they are free from the lazy, barren, oppressive incubus of slavery, we may reasonably expect to see a healthy growth of rural communities. A few low malarious districts, where the negroes greatly preponderate, will probably relapse into savagery, and in time be abandoned.

— It was my fortune, not long since, to spend a fortnight in the centre of one of these isolated districts. The family with whom I boarded seemed a curious

reproduction of colonial life. It consisted of father, mother, and two daughters. They were people of marked intelligence, but their habits and modes of thought were those of Revolutionary times. The father, a fine specimen of hale age, called himself jestingly a "blue light federalist." Their stock quotations were from Boswell and Pepys, and although they were familiar with literature up to the beginning of the century they seemed quite unaware that anything had been written since. I happened one day to speak of Dombey and Son, when Mrs. — said that she "had heard it was very well written." After that I confined myself to Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson. Mr. — assured me that he and his friends had been vehemently opposed to the ordinance of secession, but had been carried away by the tide. If we can trust evidence of this kind there were no original secessionists in the South, but each man was hurried along against his judgment by the pressure of all the rest.

I have no doubt, though, that my friend spoke the truth, for he is a brave, simple soul. In all matters of political history his knowledge was accurate and his generalizations broad. I do not know that I ever heard a man talk as well on the subject. On everything connected with physical science his ideas were those of a child. He accounted for a heavy rain by saying that "a cloud struck the side of the mountain and bursted." I noticed that any attempt to explain natural phenomena was distasteful to him as bordering on irreverence. He had in his employ a number of negroes as farm hands, and told me he was convinced that, from an economical point of view, free labor was much to be preferred to slave. The war had ruined him, but in the last two

years he had begun to recover, and in ten years he hoped to be much better off than ever. This from a man of seventy-four! "Modern degeneracy had not reached him." Fortunately Sherman's advance guard had not reached him, either, before the rescinding of the order for subsisting on the country. So the old house and irregular out-buildings stood as they had been built sixty years ago. The house was a hideous rectangular brick structure, with a Grecian portico in front and rear. But it had such an air of being firmly rooted in the ground, its original incongruities had been so harmonized by time and by the vines and straggling rose-bushes growing on it, it had so much honesty and so little sentimentalism, that its ugliness was not displeasing. Within, not a bit of modern furniture or modern ornamentation, or a modern book or magazine, was to be seen. Scott's novels were apparently the last thing out. Mr. — told me that he had read them aloud to his family six times.

The young ladies were rather more than pretty, and they and their father would have appeared to marked advantage in any society. In their manners there was no restlessness and no effort, but a mixture of dignity and careless *bonhomie* that is quite indescribable and altogether charming. The perfection of their physical health, which made a ride of twenty miles on horseback a matter of indifference, was apparent in every free, natural movement. Fine health, which in the North gives rise to exuberant animal spirits and a desire for bodily exertion, in the South seems to result in a well-balanced nervous organization and a sound physical basis, quite superior to the necessity for daily exercise. These people were entirely different from the conventional idea of Southerners, and I instance them to show that there are here and there families in the South in which the old type of life and the old-fashioned love of the country survives.

There are, perhaps, not enough to influence the development of the new South. Such people are too charming to be numerous. It is sad to reflect that they are doomed. The spirit of the age is too pervasive. Although they are twenty miles from a railway station, Harper's Bazar and the Franklin Square Library will reach them. The old people will resist. They are of too tough a fibre. Prosperity cannot spoil them. But I dread to think of those young ladies with their hair square cut and "villainously low" on their foreheads, and their shapely persons loaded with the unclassified paraphernalia of a Franco-American toilette.

— To a stranger the South seems to be inhabited exclusively by judges, doctors, generals, colonels, and a few majors. Young men under thirty are called by their Christian names. At about that age they graduate into one of the above classes, according to weight, height, and bearing. After that, promotion is very slow. It is rare that a colonel lives to be a general. Conductors and engineers on railway trains are made captains without reference to age or size, and never promoted. My friend — had received a medical education, and had thereby escaped the title of general, to which his appearance well entitled him. He had never practiced his profession, but had somehow acquired among the negroes a reputation as an exorcist of the "voudoo." It was believed that he could eject the most firmly seated devil, to whom the ordinary incantations were an object of derision. To be "voudooed" is to be bewitched by some enemy. It is a disease of the imagination, but I am told that the rural negroes are almost universally believers in it, and that one who conceives himself to be under the influence not unfrequently dies. The day after my arrival a stout young negro, who was badly voodooed, came to the doctor's house to beg relief. The poor fellow was evidently in a very

bad way. His pulse was irregular, he could scarcely walk, and his skin, originally a jet, had become the color of dirty cream. He described himself as enduring a "pawful misery innny back, and a pawful misery innny head, and a pawful misery innny mind," a complication of physical and mental disorders which would have taxed the skill of Brown-Séquard. He, by the way, called his trouble "houdoo," not "voodoo," but I should be unwilling to establish a pronounciation on his usage. His range was too limited. For instance, in saying, "I don't know, sir," he employed but one vowel sound: "Aw daw naw saw." Dr. —'s remedies consisted in mesmeric passes, burning a pungent drug, reciting Latin verse, and ended by administering two Sedlitz powders. I was ordered out of the room, as I betrayed too much inclination to laugh. Indeed, it was difficult to refrain from smiling when Dr. —, having tied the man in a chair, addressed to him, with fine old-fashioned scanning and impressive gesticulation, the lines beginning "*Æneadam genetrix hominum divumque voluptas.*" The slightest symptom of mirth on my part, if discovered by the patient, would have rendered my friend's efforts of no avail. The doctor was so solemn that I am not sure he did not believe in the reality of the voodoo himself. At least, he regarded the devil in question as a highly respectable fiend of ancient lineage, and not to be lightly spoken of by an outsider. In this case he was eminently successful; I saw the man two day afterwards at work, in the gayest of spirits. His appearance was entirely changed, and he seemed to have gained twenty pounds in weight. I tried to learn from him and others something about this singular superstition, but was unable to extract a word that would convey any information, though they talked freely on other subjects. The mention of the voodoo seemed to alarm them excessively. I discovered, however, that the bib-

lical Satan and the voodoo evil spirit were regarded as the same person by some of them, but their ideas on subjects of this kind are too nebulous to be analyzed.

— It used to be thought that a chief characteristic of youth was impatience with the actual, a disdain of commonplace, and a disposition to measure persons and actions by the severe standard of its own lofty imaginations. The youth of promise was supposed to be possessed by a rash and restless ardor for the heroic, sublime, and beautiful, which needed the hand of maturer wisdom to rein it in and guide in the slow, safe track of every-day progression. Novels were looked upon with suspicion by parents as bad reading for this youth, tending to foster these romantic, unpractical habits of looking at life; and girls, if allowed to read them at all, were warned not to take them as pictures of the real world, which in fact contained no such ideal personages or modes of living as were painted in the fiction. Where have these old-fashioned young people disappeared? Have they emigrated to some younger and less strictly prosaic planet? I may be mistaken, but I think they have mostly taken their departure some time ago. The young women I meet — I don't know so much about young men — are not of the ancient sort we used to know. So far as lack of romance goes, the heads upon their young shoulders might be fifty instead of fifteen or twenty. It is wonderful to see how discreet and contented with life as they find it the girls of to-day are. They know far too much to take novels seriously, or model their ideas and actions in the slightest degree by the conduct of their favorite heroines. Indeed, the novel-writers themselves appear to comprehend the change in the minds of their readers, and refrain nowadays from picturing characters or incidents at all out of the way of ordinary existence; anything flavored with an

extra amount of sentiment or ideality would, they know, only strike the young people as ridiculous. Of course, this change in the youth of both sexes makes the work of education a far easier one than formerly. Parents are spared much anxiety about the possible mischiefs the youth of old used to fall into. There is not so great need to warn and exhort against heedless and uncalculating attachments; for if now and then a girl marries unadvisedly and without foresight as to her due provision of luxuries, it is well understood among young women in general that such is a very foolish proceeding, and the unwise one is sure to hear of it from her contemporaries as soon as from her elders. Ah, well! let me hope the change I speak of is not so universal as it seems, for it is anything but a pleasing one. From over-indulgence in sentiment and preoccupation with ideals to having no sentiment and no ideals at all is a long and a sad distance, and perhaps the young people have not swung yet the whole length of the pendulum, or will yet swing back to the happy middle point of rest. If the case were really so extreme as I have sometimes fancied, and the girls and boys were as old and as wise as their talk, their parents would after all find their training no easier, but rather harder, than before. It is harder to put in than to take out feelings and opinions; easier to replace one idea with another, a false with a true one, than to create something to fill a vacuum, and to make feelings and imaginations flourish and blossom in a barren soil.

—Is it not a pity that some things cannot be taught, as children are taught the three R's and their higher school lessons? I have thought of this with regard to the faculty or quality of humor, whichever it is to be called. Perhaps we should speak of it as either, indifferently, since it seems to pertain almost, if not quite, as much to the moral

nature as to the mental constitution. Education can do so much for us in developing both mental and moral faculties that one almost expects it to be capable of creating them in us as well. And yet I believe that if a sense of humor is not born with a person it is impossible to put it into him. At least I have never heard of any way of doing so, and if any experienced educator knows a method of indoctrinating pupils with a feeling for humor I should be delighted to know of it too. People lacking in this sixth sense, or but poorly gifted with it, are difficult persons to have to do with; they are terribly trying, at times, and yet one has no right to be provoked with them, since the defect is their misfortune, not their fault. There is something rather mysterious to me in this faculty; I don't care for definitions of it, but I should like to comprehend more clearly the nature of its kinship to or alliance with intellectual and moral qualities, such as imagination and tolerance or charity. We all know that these are apt to go together; that the non-humorous man is more likely to be dull and narrow of perception than one whose sense of humor is keen and swift. The gift is so invaluable both to its possessor and to all those he comes in contact with that one longs to impart it in some way to those who have it not. If I were a poet I should before now have sat me down and written a hymn of praise to this sweetener of existence, of mollifier of the ills of daily life, light the mind, and cheerer of the heart. What burden of annoyance or trouble ever presses so heavily when we have discovered its ludicrous side and been able to laugh at it? The man that hath not humor in his soul may be a most estimable person, quite unfit for treason, stratagems, etc., but he is to be greatly pitied, and one whose companionship, by that want, is just so much the less to be enjoyed. Is it possible that by having begun young with him, and put him

through a course of humorous reading, accompanied with short lectures on the text, — taking all varieties of the humorist for his teachers, Mark Twain, Dickens, Thackeray, Cervantes, Shakespeare, — he might have been turned out a different being, one “evolved” from the lower, non-humorous into the higher, humorous type of man? The tutor should, in such a case, be himself a man of humor, whose own conversation should abound with illustration of the subject he is coaching his pupil in. Of course such a tutor’s task being trying and laborious, he would require to be well paid for his services; but if he were competent, parents should consider him cheap at a large salary.

— The contributor who launched forth into a kind of mild tirade against public libraries evidently has a nice taste in literature, and living near a circulating library must stop on his way home for a volume of the *Spectator*, even when he knows full well that his artistic eye will make him fall an easy victim to the subtle tints in the “high decorative” binding of the newest book, and that dear old Addison’s polished essays will be left to their unbroken quiet under their sober calf-skin covers. He blames the libraries for keeping what we want; you and I and all of us can no more seal our hearts against modern literature than against the circus.

I do not attempt to deny that most of us pass by with an unblushing neglect the rich field of good old English literature. But we live in the present; it may be our misfortune; it is nevertheless true that our joys, our sorrows, and our hopes belong to this nineteenth century. Then, why should we so condemn frail mortals who take the frothy writings of to-day, and leave the ponderous octavos of our worthy ancestors?

Suppose we do read Froude’s *Cæsar*, simply following our desire to do the correct thing; we must get some good from it. And then we may venture to

talk about a new book, even a profound one, without running the risk of appearing pedantic. I know a young lady who for some time has devoted a part of each day to the perusal of good books; “browsing at will on this fair and wholesome pasturage,” as Charles Lamb has it. She is a pupil of the Society for Home Studies (which, by the way, is doing a great good in a quiet fashion), and she has not lost courage even when ordered to attack the ecclesiastical polity and advancement of learning. This kind of reading is a wholesome discipline to her mind and a genuine pleasure likewise, for it makes her more a companion to herself. Still, she does not dare give point to her conversation by an apt quotation from a favorite author, lest she be thought a show-off sort of girl. In pure fun, she once attempted at an evening party a reference to her studies. She gravely informed a Yale graduate that she had just finished Milton’s *Areopagitica*, and found it highly interesting. “Ah, yes, I’ve looked it over. Irene Macgillicuddy? Awfully clever hit!” answered the youth, unconsciously dooming the maiden to eternal silence on any subject older than Pinafore.

“I’m going to drop ancient history, and take up art. We can talk about art, you know,” said a charming girl, with all the candor of genuine young America. Yes, yes, we are all united in the search after knowledge, but we want only the kind which shows and adorns, and never think that a rich mind is the outgrowth of long years of patient, hidden work.

— There is a proverb that “one wedding makes many,” but it may be fairly wondered whether it might not be even truer to say that one funeral makes many. Every one must be able to recall instances of serious, if not fatal, illnesses that have been produced by exposure at funerals. Supposing the funeral takes place in winter, the mourners, after first being chilled by a long

drive to a remote grave-yard, must then comply with the rigid etiquette of these mortuary ceremonies by tramping, possibly through snow and slush, to the grave, and standing bare-headed while the last rites are performed. I have an instance in mind now. A very few weeks ago a man died and was buried. About two or three weeks later, I saw announced in the paper the death of a friend of his from an illness contracted at this funeral. To-day I see that this second man's brother has just died from an attack of pneumonia which was the result of a severe cold caught at his brother's funeral. And so it may go on indefinitely, only interrupted by the approach of summer.

While reformers are endeavoring in various ways to reduce the expense of these costly rites, and to make other plans for the disposition of human remains, is it not of more importance that steps should be taken to abolish this wholly unnecessary sacrifice of human life? A story ran through the papers the other day that the king of Burmah had put to death seven hundred persons, to placate the angry deities who had afflicted him with disease. This sounds inconsequent enough, and indeed it has been declared untrue; but is it, after all, noticeably unwise than our way of encouraging illness and death by demanding, with all the sullen force of etiquette, that every one who dies in winter should put his surviving friends and relatives to an enormous risk?

The barbaric habit of sacrificing a wife and slave for the dead man's company should be left to the savage. We do the same thing without knowing it.

— It is not only the old countries of Europe that are afflicted with a foolish sense of inter-parochial rivalry, standing in the way of public spirit and of details of local improvement. Though it is not common among our people to talk of neighbors and fellow-citizens as "foreigners," as the Italians do, their old

municipal traditions surviving in forms of speech, still a good deal of local jealousy is developed among ourselves in daily life. It is only in Fourth-of-July oratory that we hear of our national bond from sea to sea, and the oneness of our people interpreting the supreme unity of our principle of government. Near neighbors, not to say men from neighboring States, nevertheless display human pettiness in the matter of local boasts and local breaches. Cliques, animated by a bitter spirit, split up even villages of a few hundred souls, while the efforts or suggestions of progressive residents, not natives of the place, are often met by a wall of stolid resistance on the plea that "what was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us." A sort of surprised, defiant hostility to change is the bulwark of such conservatism all over the world; reasons and arguments are the last things thought of, local and personal traditions the first. "We don't do so here" is considered a final decision, and there is a note of rather pitying and incredulous interrogation tacked to every statement about some improved way of managing a given thing elsewhere, or solving a given problem. Experiment is less a basis of action than tradition, and the simple fact that a man is a stranger is *prima facie* against any suggestion he may offer. Even money is seldom an inducement to a reconsideration of a new proposal. Offer to defray the expenses of a modest attempt at improvement, and the population will stand aloof, chuckling at your probable failure, and wondering at your incredible self-confidence; rather sorry to see you succeed, and hardly stirred into interest by such a result. If you fail, a loud pæan of ignorant exultation attests the local belief in the infallibility of the local methods; *not* because they are old or time-honored, or based upon mechanical principles hitherto considered true, but because they form part of the customs of the country. Even tolerably

"live" places seldom take pride in any distinction attained by a citizen of their own, unless for the sake of the notoriety involved, and it is immaterial of what kind the celebrity may be, whether that of a new walking champion, or that of a useful scientific inventor. The feeling of localism, however, is generally enlisted on the antiquated side, and connected with personal partisanship. If such and such a place has an institution which it is possible to imitate, its next neighbors will not be content before they can say, "Oh, so have we, and ours can beat yours." Emulation of the right sort never coexists with this spirit. What little energy there is is diverted into the channel of futile rivalry with neighbors perhaps better fitted to succeed in the line chosen, while solid, slow, silent improvement makes no progress and elicits no enthusiasm. The plea of precedent has some reason, but to make it the absolute test of right and wrong is singularly obstinate and eminently anti-American.

— If Mr. Edgar Fawcett, in his clever little study, *A Hopeless Case*, intends us to regard Miss Agnes Wolverton as a representative Brooklyn girl, he betrays a lack of acquaintance with that city which would be surprising if he were not a New Yorker, and if New Yorkers as a rule were not as profoundly ignorant of Brooklyn as they are of Boston and Philadelphia. This want in the case of his fellow-citizens Mr. Fawcett fully apprehends. "Brooklyn was a sort of Kamschatka to both of them," he says of two of his New York characters. "They admitted its existence as a remote portion of the globe inhabited by obscure nobodies." But in his own case he fails to recognize it, or relies upon some superficial observation and a vivid fancy to supply the lack.

Miss Wolverton, for example, is represented by the author as an engaging young lady, who has been to New York

only three times in her life. She has neither the "manner nor the accent" to which her New York relatives — moving in the "best society" — are accustomed, accepts her host's arm at a dinner party with "stiff astonishment," behaves "very respectably at dinner," "but is dressed with no taste whatever," and has "no snap nor the least bit of style." Everything that she wears needs "radical alteration." She spends four or five hours a day in reading; cannot dance, and does not want to learn.

Few people who have any knowledge of Brooklyn society will recognize this portraiture. In a somewhat extended acquaintance I have yet to meet the Brooklyn girl who does not dance, and who does not engage in it, moreover, with a zest and abandon to which her more conventional New York sister is a stranger. There is, to be sure, a good deal of domestic culture and quiet home life in Brooklyn; and these by no means take the place of social gayety, which in its way is quite as prevalent as in New York, though perhaps on a less conventional basis.

With respect to New York, where he ought to be at home, the author displays almost an equal lack of discernment. He describes it as a "world that laughs and enjoys itself a great deal; that reads little, thinks little, and is very careless of to-morrow. It is an exceedingly dainty world, with no sympathies for what lies beyond its limits, no interests that do not concern its present amusements." "They don't talk about books," he makes one of his characters say of New York people; "they have n't time; they are too busy enjoying themselves."

Now I do not deny that this is a picture of New York life; but it is a picture as seen from the outside. Mr. Fawcett misses altogether its inner significance. He does not apprehend that the laughter and enjoyment, the gayety and mirth, are made to serve as a diversion from an immense amount of hard work,

of benevolent effort, of true culture, of genuine sympathy, of hard study and painstaking care. He knows that New York girls spend their afternoons at receptions or teas, and their evenings at a German or the opera; but he either does not know or fails to take into account the French, German, reading, music, and art classes that occupy their mornings, their industrial and mission-school work, the responsibilities of their home life, their service for charitable institutions, and the many duties which a wide social acquaintance imposes upon them; and any picture of New York life into which these elements do not enter is external and incomplete.

I am aware that not many people who discuss this subject, even in conversation, take this comprehensive view. Most of them, indeed, treat of it from Mr. Fawcett's stand-point; and where one generous word is spoken in appreciation of the finer phases of society, a hundred expressions will be heard reproaching its empty pomps and vain shows. This may be due either to entire ignorance of the subject, the critic being one who has no access to society and is imbibed against it, or to a moral or intellectual myopia, which, though he be within society, limits the range of his observation. It is very far from being the case that the best New York society, even measuring its quality by the low standard of wealth, is unsympathetic; that it lives only an epicurean sort of life, — reading little, thinking little, and having no interests beyond its present amusement. It is especially untrue of the class which Mr. Fawcett has undertaken to describe, — the "Knickerbocker" element in New York society, — which, as a matter of fact, displays the dignity and repose of its Dutch ancestry, with the culture and refinement that have come from the uninterrupted

possession of wealth and social distinction during a period of two hundred years.

— I have been much interested in the quality of an unpretending volume of verse, from the press of Messrs. A. Williams & Co., bearing the title of *Risk and Other Poems*. The author, Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates, has been known for several years as a contributor to the principal magazines and literary journals, and she has here collected some three or four score of her poems, old and new. They are not great poems, for none overpass the limit of a few stanzas, and the themes are such simple ones as touch the experience or the sympathy of all. Yet they have qualities which the reader often misses in greater and more ambitious poems, — an absolute purity of thought and a remarkable spirituality of feeling. There are many among them the sex of whose author it would be difficult to determine from internal evidence, so clear and impersonal is the sense of abstract reflection which they convey. Indeed, there are moments when this sense comes rather chillingly upon the reader, who may find, perhaps, rather more philosopher than poet in the verse. But he cannot help feeling the charm of its delicate and aspiring spirituality, which is as well illustrated in these lines as in any which I could cite: —

THE PARADOX.

I wish that the day were over,
The week, the month, and the year;
Yet life is not such a burden
That I wish the end were near.

And my birthdays come so swiftly
That I meet them grudgingly:
Would it be so, were I longing
For the life that is to be?

Nay: the soul, though ever reaching
For that which is out of sight,
Yet soars with reluctant motion,
Since there is no backward flight.